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SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1912.

PASSING EVENTS

A general rain raised the hopes and expectations of the farmers last week and a Roosevelt landslide blighted the anticipations of the Taft boomers. These were the incidents which stood out most conspicuously in the happenings of the seven days just closed.

CLEARED UP.—The result of the Ohio primaries was significant; yet it was only in line with what had occurred in other states when a fair opportunity was given the people to express their opinion in the matter of presidential preference.

TAFT IS MISLED.—That President Taft is misled by his advisers becomes apparent every time he speaks in public. It is not possible that he would countenance the flagrant fraud in which his managers have resorted in order to accomplish his nomination, if possible.

SPRINGTIME--1912

Every year, in May, we marvel at the wonderful miracle of Spring. Out of the dark and the death of gray winter come the light and the life of the new season. We have seen the transformation take place each year since we were born, but we never cease to wonder at it; it is always new and strange and marvelous.

Tucked away in the beautiful chapters which Oliver Wendell Holmes left us—a priceless legacy—is a little story of the magic power of sunshine, which is as good a springtime sermon as we ever read or heard. It is a sermon which is singularly appropriate on this Sunday of May, 1912. Here it is:

Did you ever, in walking the fields, come across a large, flat stone, which has lain, nobody knows how long, just where you found it, with the grass forming a little hedge, as it were, close to its edges; and have you not, in obedience to a kind of feeling that told you it had been lying there long enough, insinuated your stick or your foot or your fingers under its edges and turned it over, as a housewife turns a cake when she says to herself, "It's done brown enough by this time?"

There is meaning in each of these images, the butterfly as well as the others. The stone is ancient error. The grass is human nature borne down and bleached of all its color by it. The shapes that are driven beneath are the crafty beings that thrive in darkness and the weaker organisms kept helpless by it.

The next year stands for the coming time. Then shall the nature which has lain blanched and broken rise in its full stature and noble blue in the sunshine. Then shall God's minstrels build their nests in the hearts of a new-born humanity.

We hold these words of the quaint New England humorist-philosopher to be specially applicable to this particular springtime season. The regularly scheduled spring miracle is this year supplemented by another transformation. The sunlight of progressiveness is breaking into the darkness of bossism; the hand of the honest-thinking people is lifting the stone of system in order that the sunlight may shine in.

The effort to restore the people's political rule; the interference with the illegal privileges of the favored interests; the safeguarding of the life of the child, that he may play and live instead of slaving and dying; all the preachments of wise discontent for which we are so bitterly denounced by the reactionaries, have in reality the same essential purpose and meaning.

Woodrow Wilson, Theodore Roosevelt, Jane Addams, Harvey Wiley, Gifford Pinchot, Louis Brandeis, Frank Heney and Ben Lindsey—these are the advocates of the wise change in every quarter of the land, the change which means the upgrowth into health of the starved and crushed lives which have been the victims of privileged system.

The people's hands are under the edge of the stone—it must be lifted and the light must be let in. It means the salvation of our country and its people. It means the discomfort and discontent of the black and drab crawling things in their cherished slime and darkness.

genting as facts the reports which are given him by his campaign managers; his public statements are made in apparent good faith, but they are so remote from the true state of affairs that they are pitifully absurd. Repeatedly he has said that he has enough votes to insure his nomination; the public knows that this is a ridiculous claim. He denounces as false the claim that there has been fraud in his campaign—yet the tactics of the Taft machine in Indiana have been denounced by papers which are friendly to the president; in the state of Washington the attempted theft of the state delegation has roused the indignation of editors who had, previously, been earnest in their advocacy of the Taft candidacy; in Montana, we are familiar with the open fraud which was perpetrated in many counties. The people will not stand for these methods. They are determined to be the masters and not the servants of the men they choose to represent them. This is the issue of this campaign. It is the issue which the Taft managers forced and which the people have taken up. And the verdict at the polls has everywhere been emphatically against the machine.

THE HIGH SCHOOL.—Another year's work has been done by the Missoula county high school, another year of good work. The class that graduated Friday should make its mark and the things that its mem-

their work, probably for the reason that school days are not over for the majority of them. Yet, The Missoulian cannot but add to the splendid advice already given, and, presumably, digested by this time, the plea that these boys and girls do not hold in contempt the smallest duty or labor that comes their way, that no matter how unimportant a place they come to fill at first, they do it in their very best. It is to be remembered that there is no experience so slight that it is not of value later on, that we can learn nothing without some profit, that faithful service in a minor capacity fits one for the greatest service in a position more responsible. It is a cumulative proposition, this success, this thing that the street calls "making good." There is no phrase that sums it all up as well as this. Just "make good."

THAT ORATORICAL.—From time to time the University of Montana asks the city of Missoula to co-operate in some high school enterprise. As an invariable rule, the town does all it can to help the gown. Friday night there was an interstate oratorical contest at the university. Representatives of Washington, Oregon and Montana met in competition. It was an important event, a contest that all the northwest watched. The attendance was small, much to the disappointment of the university. Yet, the university has no right to blame Missoula. There were less than fifty students in the audience, while the proportion of the faculty that was represented was about as small. Now, while the university has the recognized right to call upon the town for help in such things, nevertheless, the university has no right to expect the town to patronize something in which the university itself takes but a passive interest. If the university people do not attend their own oratorical, they cannot expect the people of the town to show any extraordinary enthusiasm about it.

MEMORIAL DAY.—Next Thursday is Memorial day, set aside for honor to the veterans of the war that a generation and more ago seemed about to rend the country in two great and bitterly hostile divisions, but really served the common good and made for territorial unity and amity, even if at a terrible cost of blood. Memorial day, sometimes called Decoration day, is a holiday originally appointed by the surviving members of the veterans of the civil war for the memory of their comrades who had died. In most communities, the celebration took the simple form of a procession to the soldiers' graves, with decoration of these graves with flowers. Then, usually, there was a public address or two on patriotic subjects, an oratorical decoration. The Grand Army of the Republic has, almost invariably, had full charge of such celebration. Now, however, time has thinned the ranks of the Grand Army, has declaimed its forces as no shock of battle could. The situation in Cornwall, New York, seems likely to be the one that will obtain generally within a few years more. The Cornwall veterans about four years ago came to the conclusion that they could no longer assume the responsibilities of the Memorial-day celebration. Thereupon, the lodges of the town, with whom many of the veterans were affiliated, decided to take up the burden, if burden this may be called. A committee was organized, upon which the fraternal, religious and civic bodies of the town were represented, and this committee took full charge of the celebration, with complete success. Through the efforts of a member of this Cornwall committee, a bill has been passed by the New York legislature providing that any town in the state may vote upon a proposition to appropriate from the public funds a sum toward the expenses of Memorial-day celebration. This gives the occasion the legal recognition of the legislature and provides assurance that the custom will not die with the last member of the G. A. R. of that state. It would appear that in such a way Memorial day is to be saved to the country. This is well. The occasion has always had significance deeper than that of a memorial to silent heroes, even if in that one phase there is ample reason for such a day. It has ever been the occasion of awakened patriotism and civic conscience. In the men who give their lives for principle, for what, right or wrong, they considered the right, we have our finest examples of what real men should be and how they should conduct themselves. We should not lose Memorial day from our list of special occasions, especially in these days when imported unrest appears likely to spread to an extent to the less well balanced of our native citizens.

It has taken many months to get Banker O'Neil started from Canada to his home in Wallace, but the trip will not be as long as the start.

If the prosecution proves half its allegations in the Darrow case, our opinion of the notorious attorney will be confirmed.

Also, the fine Italian band of the Amalgamated company can be seen in the local democratic movements.

Following Old Trails XLVII—Newt Dickinson's Last Trail

It is true that a good many of the men who laid the cornerstone of Montana are living now on Easy street; they have prospered, as they deserved to prosper, and they are now riding in automobiles where once they trudged beside oxen or tramped with pack and pan upon their own backs. Moreover, it is equally true that a good many others of the old-time guard are not bank presidents or mining magnates; there are scores of them who failed to find the pot of gold at the rainbow's foot or, finding it, exhausted its contents in the quest for another one which was never discovered. Looking over the list of those who have accumulated stocks and bonds, it is a fact which strikes the student somewhat impressively, that most of the millionaires are men who didn't mine. The prospectors, as a rule, were too busy to get rich.

There are some of the men who washed Montana gravel, forty years ago and more, who are spending the sunset days of their lives in luxury. There are more of them who are in only moderate circumstances. There are a few who are able to report no other asset than the living hope which inspired them half a century ago—but they can boast of as strong an inspiration as they had then, the fire of their confidence has not waned with years. As long as they can get into the hills in the spring, they are certain they will get strike it rich. And a man who at three score can show this asset is, I believe, richer than his fellow whose capital is invested in bank stock.

The real eternal hope is that which the prospector holds. There is no other belief as strong as his; there is no confidence as great; there is no faith so positive. He knows the gold is there, waiting for him, and he knows that he is going to find it if he persists. And he does persist as long as his strength lasts. He never surrenders. Always brave and reliant, he asks no quarter in the fight of life. He may have had a setback, now and then, but he is not discouraged and he is as alert for news of new diggings as he was when the spring of youth was in his step and the eyes, now dimmed, glowed with boyish zeal. Undaunted and undismayed, the prospector faces the setting sun. He envies no man. He has sympathy, always, for the man who is shut up in the city, who cannot get out into the hills, who has to drudge for a living and who has not the glorious company of nature and the opportunity of finding a fortune all at once instead of pecking away for it, year in and year out.

If you have seen the prospector at three score and ten, you know that he is as buoyant as the prospector at thirty. Time deals kindly with him. His life is ideal in the thorough enjoyment it contains and in the solid comfort it brings. Perhaps, for a season, he yields to the impotency of friends and settles in town. But the lure of the bar attracts him, the murmur of the pines calls him, the song of the stream draws him and he goes. He cannot resist. It is life to him to be in the hills—it is all of life.

Of this type was Newt Dickinson. He had been in the early vanguard of the advance upon Montana. His was the story of the men who washed the gravel of scores of gulches in the days of the first stampedes. He had seen fortunes made and lost; he had found colors in new bars and he had followed in the wake of others who had found diggings where none had been known before. He had known all the stages from affluence to want. He had suffered hardships and had faced the perils of easy living.

It is not a new story. We have all read it just with a different hero—and we are all familiar with its episodes. He had been in most of the early-day camps. He was known in all the towns of western Montana. In and out of them he had moved, showing up in the fall and disappearing in the spring. He had many friends in the Deer Lodge valley; once he had lived on Cottonwood. He had even tried his hand at running a saloon in Deer Lodge, but he was not successful at that kind of a bar.

Up in Anaconda, a place was found for him in the great smelters; he had an easy berth. It was something of a prospector's position. But it was not the sort of thing that Newt Dickinson liked. There is a heap of difference between spending days in a smelter and spending them in the Montana hills. There is a difference in the atmosphere, for one thing. There is, too, a difference in the company—what a man is used to the birds and the blue sky and the sunshine, the environment of a smelter, even if it is a very fine smelter, is not congenial.

Seventy-three years old was Newt Dickinson when the news came of the discovery of Thunder Mountain in Idaho. That was, I believe, in 1902. Dickinson was then over in Deer Lodge. The news came to him and stirred the old yearning which had been dormant for a long time.

It was like the familiar story of the superannuated warhorse renewing his youth at the sound of the bugle call or the old veteran of the fire department springing into a collop at the sound of the gong and clashing the milkwagon to which he was harnessed. The word from Thunder Mountain was to Newt Dickinson the call of the trail.

He could not resist it. Vainly his friends sought to dissuade him from the trip; they told him of the long journey through the wilderness and they recited the dangers to which he would be exposed. But he heeded them not in the least. Had he not been through all the experiences which they related and had he not come out alive? Was he not as good a man as he ever was and had he not the experience of years to guide him?

So he answered them. And his preparations for the journey were continued. With all the rosy enthusiasm of youth, the old man equipped himself for the long journey through the

mountains. All of the failures of years were forgotten in the anticipation which thrilled him. He was as confident as a 18-year-old boy. He knew that this was his time to win.

Dickinson got two horses. His outfit was the regulation prospector's kit. He assembled it with as great glee as if it were his first trip into the hills over the trail which led to certain treasure. He showed his equipment to his friends and explained the use of it to his acquaintances, just as if they were his underfoot.

As they watched the preparations, the friends sought all the more earnestly to dissuade the old man from his purpose. But their arguments were without effect. It was useless. And finally they lent their efforts toward making the journey as easy as possible for the veteran.

Out over the old pioneer trail rode Dickinson to Hell Gate canyon and down through the mountains he went to Missoula, riding his one horse and leading the other. He was as debonair as the merriest knight-errant. His hope rose higher than ever, as he moved along the trail; his confidence became stronger as he journeyed toward the Idaho line, beyond which a long way beyond lay the hidden treasure which was waiting for him.

Out of Missoula the prospector moved toward the Lolo trail. The country was familiar to him—he had traversed it years before. The journey was pleasant because it recalled old memories. To the people he met along the trail Dickinson talked of some of these.

There were those among the folks who listened to the wayfarer who listened indulgently, humoring him as one humors a simple. A bit daft they thought him and wondered if it were safe to let him out into the hills alone. But the old man moved on and he was forgotten. There were a few of the men whom he met who knew him; they had known him in the years of the old stampedes. To these he talked and they understood him. At a couple of houses on the Lolo trail he would have been welcome had he stayed on indefinitely.

On and up the trail around Lolo peak—past the hot springs and up to the divide. Then he breasted the summit and Idaho was before him. Down the trail he dropped and was in the Clearwater with its great forests, its vast plains and its wonderful streams. Even as late as 10 years ago, the Idaho Clearwater was a good deal of a wilderness.

It was in August. The west slope of the Bitter Roots is a fine country in the late summer. That summer was particularly fine. It is easy to imagine the delight with which Dickinson must have plunged into the wilderness, impatiently moving forward to the gold ahead, but reluctant to leave the beauties which were all about him. He was all alone with his horses and he never told much of what happened over the hills.

Do not lose sight of the fact that Newt Dickinson was seventy-three years old. That will make it easier to understand how things happened as they did, later. Seventy-three years young he was when he breasted the summit of the Bitter Root divide, going west, and guided his horses down into the Clearwater. Seventy-three years old he was when, a fortnight or so later, he climbed back over the trail, weary and discouraged.

One day, in the Clearwater, his pack horse got away from him and Dickinson was not able to catch him. He tried hard enough, but the chase was unsuccessful and the led horse went off into the wilderness, carrying all of the old man's provisions and leaving him in a sorry plight.

Discouraged at last, Dickinson turned back toward Montana, riding his one horse. Fortunately there was forage and water enough for the horse and Dickinson pushed on over the back trail as rapidly as possible. He was weak and, worst of all, his courage was gone. But he pushed on, determined to get back to Montana.

They say Dickinson was much worn and exhausted when he got back to the Lolo hot springs. But he told them little of his troubles; he was proud and reserved. He had a little money and he bought a few supplies. He said he had lost his packhorse and was going back for a new outfit. They didn't know him and merely thought him a little daft—perhaps rating him as a crazy prospector. He made no fuss; he just took the meager stock of provisions which he bought and moved on down the trail. How little he bought may be imagined from the fact that he had nothing left when he got down into the Bitter Root, a couple of days later.

How proud—foolishly proud—he was may be understood from the fact that he would have been recognized had he been at the Williams ranch, where he was known and where he knew the people. There were two other places on the Lolo trails, where his reception would have been cordial. But with his crackers and cheese and his bit of tea he rode on down the trail. He talked little to the people he met.

There was hospitable comfort for him in any one of the farm homes along the lower part of the Lolo trail had he made known his plight. At the places mentioned there would have been a home welcome for him, had the folks within but dreamed that out on the trail the old man was plodding along and in such a plight.

At Lolo town, Dickinson bought a few crackers and a little tea. The storekeeper paid little attention to the old man. Later, he recollected that it seemed to him all the money his queer customer had, just to pay for the handful of food that he got. But a roadside storekeeper gets used to such things and is not inclined to philanthropy. And, after all, Dickinson was a common type.

It was remembered, a good while later, that the old man turned down toward the mouth of Lolo. Probably he went to the clear water to make his tea and eat his crackers. It was as nearly as the Lolo folks could remember, late in the afternoon when Dickinson moved toward the creek.

Several weeks afterward, when the

early autumn had merged into Indian summer, some boys, playing in the dense grove, where the Lolo flows into the Bitter Root, came upon what had one time been a man. Lying there in the timber was the mortal part of Newt Dickinson.

The coroner was called; there was the formality of an inquiry; there was a new grave in the potter's field. We can never know how Newt Dickinson's end came. We can only hope that he ate his frugal supper that afternoon and then fell asleep. That would be the merciful ending of such a life as his.

There, in all the beauty of that Indian summer evening, as he brewed his tea beside the stream, what weight of woe must have burdened the old man's heart. Then it must have been borne in upon him that he was out of the running, that he was of a generation gone and that the pot of gold was not his to find.

What disappointment it must have been to him! How his heart must have ached and how bitter that simple meal must have been to him! His sturdy old heart had held his courage long and well. Even then, had Providence directed a friendly footstep his way, there might have been a different story written of that evening. But he ate his crackers and drank his tea all by himself.

Perhaps he had a bit of tobacco left. If so, we can imagine that he filled his pipe, and, sitting there beside the singing water, watched the sunlight's purple fade into gray as the shadows rose on the smooth hills across the river. The deepening shadows must have suggested to him the darkness that had clouded his plans—so hopelessly and so helplessly conceived. Perhaps he puffed away at the pipe thinking of the days that had been, of the hopes they had kindled, and of the joys they had brought. It was not natural for Newt Dickinson to be depressed.

And, perhaps, as the scenes of those older, happy days passed before him, he leaned back upon the grass, and, as the birds sang their good night to the sun, he sank into slumber. Perhaps, as he slept, the dark angel came and Newt Dickinson's awakening was on the other side of the Great Divide.

Let us hope that it was that way. The brave old fellow, tired of a broad which is well-nigh extinct, had made a brave fight. To the end he fought sturdily. He never weakened. His independence forbade that he should turn even to friends nearby for the aid that would have prolonged his years. He had bought and had paid for the last meal that he ever ate. Nobody's charity had been extended to him.

They say that everything about the place indicated that the end had been peaceful. The end of that journey had taken Newt Dickinson to the gate which swings but one way. In slumber he had passed over the last trail. It was fitting, too, that his last falling asleep should have been beneath the blue sky and under the trees. He had slept there so many years—the trees and the birds and the hills had been his intimate companions for a long, long time.

In that comradeship he had his last glimpse of earth. There, with his head pillowed upon the bosom which he had mothered him through days of happiness and of sorrow, he breathed his last. To the music of the waters he sank into the sleep from which he was never to awaken.

Perhaps he dreamed of treasure trove. Maybe, in his vision there came to him a glimpse of the gold which he had sought so many years. When he had started upon that journey, he had confidently predicted that he would find that for which he had been all his life in quest.

And, on the banks of the Bitter Root, he found it. Better luck than that journey, than that other end of great suffering and long years of dependence which come sometimes to those of his type. He died in the harness. The dark angel found him on the trail.

Among the pioneers of western Montana, Newt Dickinson had many friends. It happened that not one of them heard of this finding of the body at the mouth of the Lolo. It was a good while afterward that the real identity of the man was known. Judge Hiram Knowles was one of those who had known Newt Dickinson. When he learned what had befallen the old prospector, the Judge swore—and it was a righteous oath.

But, probably, if he had had any choice in the matter, Newt Dickinson would have chosen to die in the open, rather than in a shut-in room. I like to think that his crossing of the divide was not unhappy, even if his last prospecting trip did not lead him to his pot of gold.

—A. L. S.
Missoula, May 25, 1912.

ANTI-ENGLISH FEELING STRONG.

Berlin, May 25.—The depth and persistence of the anti-English feeling in Germany, which resulted from last summer's crisis in Anglo-German relations was demonstrated today by the refusal of the Potsdam board of aldermen to vote funds for the entertainment of the British physicians who are to attend the convention of the royal institute of public health in July. This convention enjoys the patronage of the highest official circles in Germany.

