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THURSDAY, JULY 30, 1914.

We kind o' thought Christ went ag'in war an' pillage. —Lowell.

LOOKING UP "It's always morning somewhere."

Are we come to the end of wars? Close students of the trend of world affairs find more than ordinary importance in the present European crisis, for upon it hang the hopes of all the world. If the determination of the masses to engage in no more wars, a determination fostered and developed by social workers and leaders, can withstand the fever of martial music and appeals to patriotism, this struggle in Europe will be short-lived.

The great body of the people in Austria and Germany is socialist. The workers are bound together in determination to engage in no more capitalist-inspired wars; they have for long clung to the intention of stopping war by going on strike against it. If they can hold to this purpose the war will stop, and there will, in all likelihood, be no more wars. But reason does not always endure the trying heat of national passion. Especially true is this of the reason of the great, ignorant, slow-thinking mass of the people. In peaceful times they have come to the conclusion that war is wrong. In calm they have stripped from war its gaudy trappings to gaze upon the naked horror that is beneath. But now they are not at leisure to think. The pomp and pageantry of war are in evidence again. The waving of flags, the throbbing of drums, the blaring of bands and the glittering of brass buttons thrill primitive instincts which reason cannot still. The mob is in a mad ecstasy, and it is hard for the wisest and calmest to withstand such a crowd appeal.

As lieutenants of the devil in snaking their purpose the workers of Austria will find government and press and church. The master classes, war, must have war. For social war, no antidote is so sure as a great war. The flames of the nation's passion face warring elements in the population and bid all of the people into one easily-led, easily-fooled mass. War uses up the troublesome unemployed and by the simplest of processes betters the condition of the survivors. Moreover, for their surplus of production the masters find a market when war is on. The capitalists of this country won't look with much disfavor upon a struggle in Europe, for American prosperity will be a direct result. Plenty of hands there will be, then, to fan the flames. In the fever-heat of this crisis reason will melt like butter, and the mad instincts rule. Perhaps their determination is adamant enough to bring the Austrian masses through the test of fire. Certainly, they will be alone, for Serbs and Russians will offer slight resistance to the passion of the moment.

The world is indeed at a crisis. The chance is here to put an end to wars forever. Let a general strike be called and before a month has passed the hands that pull the strings that send nations one at another's throat will stop their tugging. Pray tonight that there may be courage in Europe, if you believe in the psychological effect of prayer and are not willing to let your pockets may be silvered, for the crisis is at hand. —THE OPTIMIST.

IS IT WORTH WHILE?

Out here in Northern Pacific territory, we have a personal interest in the New Haven situation. Charles Meilen and Howard Elliott, the prominent figures in two chapters of New Haven history, were Northern Pacific men before they took up the terrible responsibility of the eastern road's affairs. Each of them, in his own way had got close to the people of the northwest; had won their confidence and respect. So it is natural that, to us, the New Haven readjustment should possess special interest.

Those who were fortunate to know to some degree of intimacy these two men in the west recall that each of them was a man of splendid physique as well as of remarkable mentality. They seemed built for carrying weight; they were up-standing men. It was as big men, physically, and mentally, that the northwest knew them.

To those of us who had known Mr. Mellen in his Northern Pacific days, it was a shock to see the portraits which were published when the New Haven exposure came. It did not seem that these pictures could be a likeness of the Mellen that the northwest had known. For these pictures showed a man, physically broken—an old man in strength, with wasted features and worn expression. So great had been the strain upon him.

This morning The Missoulian prints a Boston dispatch which says that Howard Elliott is a physical wreck. He has been compelled to seek the seclusion of the woods and has gone beyond the reach of telegraph or mail, there to remain for the rest of the summer. This would be a surprise were it not for the fact that the newspapers have recently, in connection with New Haven affairs, carried a portrait of Mr. Elliott, which indicated that he has been going the route that undermined the sturdy system of his predecessor.

There is a bare chance the news says, that seclusion and the pines will restore Mr. Elliott, but it is the only chance and the last one. The doctors say that Mr. Elliott will collapse utterly if he does not abandon work entirely for a time. And he has gone into the woods. Not even the members of his family know where he is. He is removed from all contact with the activity that has broken him down.

It is not necessary to say that Mr. Elliott's northwest friends are sorry that he has succumbed and that we hope the summer's rest will restore his health and strength—all that is natural.

But the question which must suggest itself, first of all, to those who read the news of Mr. Elliott's illness, is the wonder if it is worth while. Even the great salary which is paid to Mr. Elliott cannot compensate him for the loss of his health of mind and body. The strain on nerve and brain and muscle is more than human frame can bear. Something must snap—something must give way. And is it worth while?

On the Spur of the Moment

By ROY K. MOULTON.

THE CITY.

I love to hear the city's noise, The rattle and the roar, For it is music to my ear And never becomes a bore. I love to hear the street car gong, For its melodious clang Reminds me much of Wagner And the old composer gong. I love to hear the auto honk And dodge for all I'm worth, Just for the simple privilege Of staying on this earth. I love to hear the teamster shout And hear his wagon jar Upon the ragged pavement like An Irish jaunting car. I love to hear the newsboys yell And barrel organs squeak Their mournful sentimental tunes And hear their valves all creek. I love the corner fakier's voice; It has a charm for me. I long to hear his raucous tones That ring forth glad and free. I cannot stand for solitude; I want noise, day and night. I know you think I'm lying and I guess that you are right.

DON'TS FOR RESORTERS.

Don't work up an appetite. There's no way to get rid of it. Don't dance the fango in a rowboat. Don't eat things that you wouldn't eat at home. Remember you have your same old stomach with you. Don't fill up on soda fountain drinks three times a day. Don't try to start a flirtation with every beautiful blonde girl you see. Most of them are married. Don't try to buy anything for what it is worth. Don't blame the sand fleas, chiggers and mosquitoes. If you had stayed at home they would not have bothered you.

THE VILLAGE COMPLAINT.

We're sick of reading 'bout the Mexican war! We're weary of hearing what they're fighting for. We're tired of the plecters of Huerta and his jug. And Villa and Carranza and the whole blamed snag. We're weary of the stories from old Vera Cruz, And hearing of the antics caused by Mexican booze. We're weary of the patent diplomatic bluff. We're filled to overflowing with the "grape juice" stuff. We've heard enough of Teddy and his "River of Doubt." We wish our doggone editor would cut it out. Us folks here in our village, we would like a rest, A little change of news would surely be for the best. For instance, we would like to know right now, flat down, Who's goin' to git the postoffice in our town.

UNCLE ABNER.

Luke Bibbins says he always likes hot weather, especially when it is too hot to work. Every time a family moves in next

to Ame Hilliker that Ame don't like very well, he gets out his slide rule and begins to practice every evening, and within a week there is a sign next door which reads, "This House for Rent." If a fellow wants to flirt with the undertaker, there ain't any better way to do it than to walk across a ploughed field with a stick of dynamite in his hip pocket. Bug Nichols did this once and only once. He was going to blast a stump and one of the neighbor's goats caught up with him before he was half way across the field. The goat hit Bug and the only things they ever found was a piece of his red necktie and his dollar watch.

WHAT A WOMAN CAN DO.

She can do a first class job of carpenter work with a pair of shears. She can fix almost anything with a hairpin and a bottle of glue. She can smile when she is miserable and weep when she is happy. She can make a \$57 hat out of an old handkerchief and some trimming off an old party gown. She can put away things where nobody, including herself, can't ever find them. She can suffer the privations and hardships of a martyr to preserve her beauty. She can make a full meal out of a pickle and a dish of ice cream.

THE FIRST FLAG

Editor, Missoulian: Dear Sir:—I notice in The Sentinel this evening a special from Boise, Idaho, wherein it makes statements that history will hardly bear out as regards the first raising of the flag in the Inter-Mountain region. We notice from time to time in the press throughout the country similar statements, which put the people astray as regards the facts of early day events, and thus is the historic stories torn over our broad land. Fort Hall, Idaho, was built in 1824 by Captain Nathaniel Wyath, who came out with his brother and a small party from New England to enter the fur trade, but owing to his ignorance of the wants and demands of the trapper and the Indian failed. The machinations of the American and N. W. Fur companies had much to do with it, and under the great hickory tree its sold out to the Hudson's Bay company. (Later he returned and with his party and a new stock of goods more suitable to the demand and needs of the trade and continued on to the Columbia, where he established what has since become the Salmon canning industry.) Nothing is known, at least, authentically, as to the raising of a flag or that they even had one upon the completion of the fort, but we do know, that the first flag affair in this Inter-Mountain region was flung to the breeze on the snow-cold peak in the Wind River mountains of Wyoming by General John C. Fremont August 15th, 1844. In the party were Mr. Preuss, Basil La-Jeanne (killed later in Oregon by

Klamath Indians), Cleman Lambert, Jurisse and Desocentux. This mountain is known as Fremont's peak, in Wyoming.

As to Lewis and Clark being at Fort Hall or any of the members of that historic band is a mistake. At the time of building the fort, with the exception of Sargeant Cass (who died at Willis Creek, Va., in 1864, over 80 years old) and Willard (who passed away in California some years later), the brave spirits had passed beyond.

Fort Hall later became a haven for those hardy men and women who passed over the Green trail to make their homes and establish a state in the wilderness—Whitman and the Lees to establish the church, Wyeth to build up a great industry; men of iron, the pioneers, such as Carson, Fitzpatrick, Bridger, Vanderberg, Dripps, Bonneville, Ashley, Robert Campbell, Captain William Sublett and his brother, Ramsey Crooks, who led the Astor party. These and many others were the men who in times of dire distress held back the strong and barred the way to establish the line that put Oregon and the great northwest on the map. Pages and volumes could be written and put before the boys and girls, who growing up in our institutions of learning, are partially ignorant of the things worth while. Homes and farms are built today along these trails that have been trod by the prospected foot of the red man and the pioneer, each could tell a wonderful story of pain and sorrow, of pleasure and triumph in the making of the west. Right here at home we have food for thought. Front street in Missoula marks the trail of Lewis and his party of nine men, who, after leaving the camp at Lolo, where he parted with Clark, camped at the mouth of Battlesnake creek on the 4th of July, the day before they crossed the Missoula (Clark's Fork) two and one-half miles below the entrance of the Bitter Root river, opposite the mouth of Grant creek, where they made camp on the 3d. Just below Maclay's bridge on the timber beside the south bank of the river is the remains of a log cabin. This no doubt is the one built by "Bill" Hamilton who, on his return to Walla Walla with General Stevens, came back later with pack horses laden with goods for the Indian trade and for some time did "big business" in the vicinity. This was in the early fifties. A few miles below stands the cabin built by Judge Woody, about the same time, and in which Woodson and Higgins established a store and trading post. Here began the making of a state and men worth while, who later built up a commonwealth that put another star in Old Glory. Let us get together and mark these hallowed places with suitable and enduring monuments, so that he who runs may read as they pass, the things that have been done for those who now enjoy the things for what they suffered. E. S. PANSON.

ASTOR FREEZE-OUT DIDN'T CHILL MRS. EUSTIS

PRETTY AMERICAN WOMAN QUERRS LONDON DESPITE OPPOSITION OF EXPATRIATES.

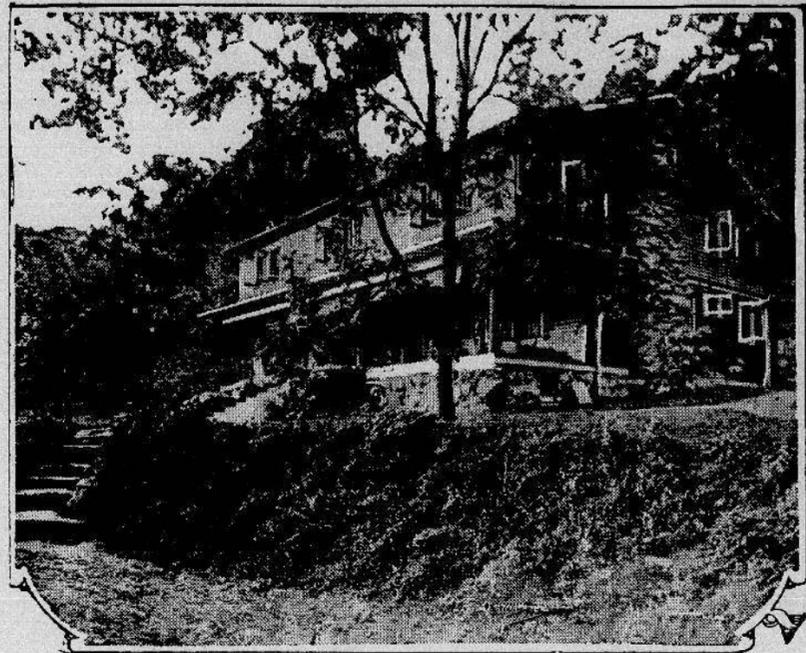
London, July 28.—Mrs. James B. Eustis, the wife of the former United States ambassador to France, is having a brilliant time in London, although the established Anglo-American division headed by Mrs. John Astor has been applying its usual deadly freeze-out tactics towards her, which is the lot of any new American woman who gets into the English set without their assistance and patronage. These women get quite a shock a few days ago when a coterie of the smartest young men about town got



MRS. JAMES B. EUSTIS.

up a special dance for Mrs. Eustis and Mrs. Linda Thomas of Philadelphia, which was attended by exclusive people, though cold-shouldered by the Anglo-American contingent. Mrs. Thomas has become quite the rage, and the devotion of the Duke is undisguised, despite the frowns of the handsome English semi-detached duchess to whom he has been solely attached for years. It appears that the duke and Mrs. Thomas, not abroad, and that Mrs. Thomas and Mrs. Eustis joined a motoring party in Spain, organized by the duke and some friends, where they had a fine time. Both women are prolonging their stay in London.

BRYAN RENTS A SUMMER HOME UP IN NORTH CAROLINA HILLS



"BLUE BRIER," BRYAN'S SUMMER HOME NEAR ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Asheville, N. C., July 29.—High up on the Sunset mountain, 2,850 feet above sea level and 600 feet above Asheville, in a cool woody retreat nestles "Blue Brier," the charming country home which William J. Bryan and family have rented for the summer months. The Bryans are expected to arrive before long. The front porch of Bryan's newest home commands a fine view to the west, looking across the 18-hole golf

course of the Asheville Country club, the French Broad river valley, the plateau, and, in the distance, range upon range of mountains piling high up in the sky with the climax of altitude in "Pisgah and the Rat," 5,749 feet above the sea. Within 400 yards to the north is the famous Grove Park Inn, and nearby, still further north is the Students' Military camp, with 145 students and Troop K Fifth cavalry, Captain Pres-

ton Brown commanding. The house is the property of E. W. Grove and has been put in readiness for the secretary of state and family by Fred L. Seely, son-in-law of Mr. Grove and former editor of the Atlanta Georgian. The house contains ten rooms in addition to baths and linen rooms, and is located on the famous Grove Autoway, the first exclusive mountain auto road to be constructed in this country.

Local Lumbering Operations

Coast Expert Writes of Western-Montana Men and Plants, Describing Important Phases of the Work in This Field.

From the current issue of The Timberman, published in Portland, is taken the following comment upon local lumbermen and lumbering.

A. C. M. Co.

The Anaconda Copper Mining company is operating its mills at Bonner, Hamilton and St. Regis. The three mills will cut about 100,000,000 feet this season. A large share of the cut goes to the company's mines in Butte.

Bonner.

The Bonner plant is the largest of the three mills operated by the Anaconda Copper Mining company. It is located on the Northern Pacific and Milwaukee tracks. It consists of two single bands, one double band and a horizontal saw. The mill will cut in an ordinary eight-months' run, about 40,000,000 feet. The logs will average about 90 feet, and consist of larch, yellow pine and fir. A 40-foot Muskegon burner is employed to care for the refuse. The plant is modern in every detail. The power is supplied by a battery of eight 150-horsepower boilers, which drive a 750-horsepower Adams-Curtis engine. The fly wheel is 22 feet in diameter with a 54-inch driving bolt. The planing mill is driven by 500-horsepower engine. Among the machinery in the planing mill is two American fast feed machines, J. F. Bode, the well-known sash and door man, has charge of the factory, which turns out about 100 doors daily, in addition to a full line of special work sash, window, door frames and moulding, interior finish. The box factory manufactures freight boxes of every character. One of the most noticeable features of this splendid institution is the installation of "safety first" ideas by Manager Ross. Every precaution that is possible for human ingenuity to contrive has been adopted. Around every planer, for instance, have been placed folding sectional gates which allow easy access to the man who is operating the machine to reach the driving gear or change the head, but keeps the belt drive practically inaccessible. The same precautions have been taken in the saw-mill. If anyone gets hurt around the Bonner plant it certainly is not the fault of the management. The same spirit of thoughtfulness pervades the quarters of the men, where a hotel with all modern conveniences have been provided. In the carrying out of the practical ideas for accident prevention and the welfare of the workers, Manager Ross, who has been lumbering in Montana for 20 years, receives the hearty co-operation of President John R. Toole, one of Montana's big men in every sense of the word. It is little wonder that the Anaconda Copper Mining company is a success if men of the caliber of Ross and Toole direct its affairs. It deserves to win. Corporations very often are entitled to credit which they do not get. It has become a habit to criticize but never praise.

Polleys.

Polleys Lumber company is operating on a double shift, and is averaging 125,000 feet. The mill will produce 25,000,000 feet this year with 75 acres Idaho white pine. The camps are located at Taft, Mont., and railed to the mill. The performance of this mill is remarkable. It consists of a single band, edger, trimmer and slasher. The total number of men on the mill floor, including the man at the bottom of the log slip, is nine all told with three men on the sort-

ing table. It was designed and constructed by W. D. Starbird, the well-known mill designer of Portland and Spokane. The cut of the mill is piled by contract by four men. When it comes to handling the material from the planing mill, the acme of economy is again displayed. Back of the planer is a sorting table. Every piece is marked for grade. The sorting table is extended into the dry shed where three men pile the lumber in its proper place. It would look as if it were impossible to reduce labor handling to any greater degree. Manager Polleys is assisted in the office by his brother, J. P. Lamping, the sales manager. The logging equipment at Taft, Mont., consists of two Washington Iron Works engines, 2,500-foot aerial skidder, Heister locomotive, Mc Giffert log loader and about seven miles logging road. Mr. Polleys says he is disposing of a large share of the product on the Atlantic seaboard. His stock is cut to regular western standards and he has never heard a complaint. The box factory operates as demand arises.

Western.

Western Lumber company's modern electrically driven saw and planing mill is operating steadily. This is one of the most modern plants in the west. Every machine is driven by an independent motor. The logs are brought to the mill by rail and switched by an electric locomotive. Charles H. Richardson is the manager. The plant was recently visited by ex-Senator Clark who expressed himself highly pleased with the operation of the mill. A. B. Hammond, accompanied by his son, Leonard, were Missoula visitors during the month en route from New York to San Francisco via Portland. Mr. Hammond is the principal owner of the Missoula Mercantile company, with a branch in Kalispell, and was formerly an important factor in the lumber business in the Bitter Root valley for many years and was the owner of the Bonner mill. Manager McLeod, as the head of the Hammond interests, is the right man in the right place.

Hamilton.

Hotel Ravalli is a landmark. It was built by the late Marcus Daly to entertain his horsemen guests. The walls of the hotel are adorned with some famous paintings of thoroughbred race horses. The whole atmosphere of the hotel breathes of days gone by, when Marcus Daly, the greatest horseman of America, held sway. The famous Daly ranch of over 20,000 acres, is located here with its splendid barns and blooded stock, and a magnificent palatial residence occupied for brief periods each year by Mrs. Daly.

First Sawmill.

The lumber industry of western Montana had its inception in the Bitter Root valley. The first attempt at sawmilling was undertaken by Father Ravalli, after whom the county is named. The following brief account was given of the founding of the industry early in the forties, by Miss Monica Shannon, of Hamilton, whose father is manager of the Daly ranch. She says: "It was he (Father Ravalli) who established the first saw-mill in the state. Very quaint it must have been, this mill, with its crank made from welding four wagon tires together and its saw made from a fifth tire that had been flattened out and widened into a steel blade by hammering, and then filed into a saw." J. E. Totman is the manager of the

Hamilton plant of the Anaconda Copper Mining company, with him John Marble as mill superintendent. The mill is equipped with two single bands and averages 110,000 feet. A modern planing mill and well laid out yard in keeping with the Anaconda Copper Mining company's standard comprise the plant. Harper & Harper, Darby, are logging contractors for the Hamilton mill.

H. L. Hart of Hamilton, now county treasurer of Ravalli county is an old Hoop-Hop and formerly Shark of northern Idaho. He has lived in Montana for several years and owns a fruit ranch. Mr. Hart was formerly connected with Alexander & Edgar company of Iron River, Wis., and White River Lumber company of Mason, Wis. He is in love with Montana.

Montana Larch.

The Anaconda Copper Mining company has just forwarded an order of a second car of larch to South Africa from their Bonner plant. The first trial car was sent about two years ago and the result was so satisfactory that an order was placed by the New York exporting firm for the second car to still further test its possibilities in that part of the world. The two most common species of larch or tamarack found in western Montana is the black and yellow bark varieties. The yellow bark larch is softer and more easily worked than the black species. Stock can be gotten up 50 inches in width and two inches thick, but this is of course wider than the usual run. The wood has a beautiful reddish color. Kenneth Ross, manager of the lumber department of the Anaconda Copper Mining company, says it requires careful and special handling to get the best results out of larch. It must be done dry before it is worked. His plan is to cut and stack the lumber for a season and then put it in the shed and allow it to season for 18 months. J. F. Bode, who has charge of the factory and door department of the Anaconda Copper Mining company and who has worked in fir, red and white cedar, spruce, and western soft pine in various sections, states that in his judgment Montana larch, carefully dried, will not shrink or swell and will produce equally as good results as any wood he has ever worked, but the lumber must be dry.

Missoula.

Mahoney Brothers operate a planing mill for local trade. Richard Lumber company carries a stock of lumber for retail trade. George W. Waisel has finished his logging contract for the Anaconda Copper Mining company at St. Regis. Western Flouring Mill operates a planing mill and factory in connection with the mill. Baird & Harper, who are operating on O'Brien river, near Missoula, will cut out this fall. The mill is furnishing about eight million feet of timbers for the Anaconda Copper Mining company. E. E. Swinchart is the yard manager of the Interstate Lumber company, which is the retail end of the Anaconda Copper Mining company. He has seven yards under his direction including the Missoula yard. Harry D. Soare, manager of the Hope Lumber company, Hope, Idaho, was in attendance at the Good Templar convalescence, at Missoula. Mr. Soare was located at Bonner for several years and his old friends are always glad to see him.

Quick Cure for Diarrhoea.

The most prompt and effectual cure for diarrhoea is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. When given as soon as the first unnatural looseness of the bowels appears one dose is nearly always sufficient to effect a cure. It should be kept at hand ready for instant use. For sale by all dealers.—Adv.