

MISSOULA, MONTANA, SUNDAY MORNING, APRIL 28, 1918.

Pure Bred Cattle Will Be Large Factor in Bitter Root Valley's Development

Holstein Ranch Near Darby Proving Worth of High Grade Herds

Ford and Hollister Farm Becoming One of Show Places in Western Montana ---Modern Improvements Are Making It Model for Dairymen of State.

Slowly, but surely, the doctrine that pure-bred stock is the only paying kind is being heard by the farmers of western Montana.

The Bitter Root valley, once heralded throughout the country as superior for fruit raising, is awakening to the possibilities contained in the dairying industry, and each year sees a few more high-grade animals added to the herds that browse in the valley pastures.

A good example of the new sight that has come to the Bitter Root is found at the Ford & Hollister Ranch (Inc.) south of Darby and owned by Judge Hollister and William Ford of Cincinnati, Ohio, and will be, when the improvements now under way are completed, one of the show places of Montana.

Devoted to Fine Stock. The ranch, which is devoted to fine stock raising and dairying, consists of about a thousand acres of partly bottom and partly bench land, most of which is used for hay and for pasture. There is some grain raised on the farm and a small part in orchard.

The ranch herd consists of about 50 head of thoroughbred Holstein cattle. Twenty cows are now giving milk. The herd is headed by Imperial Valley View Kornyke, 116623, second premium bull at the Montana state fair, 1917. His "get" received first premium at this fair. This is a magnificent animal.

Prize Milk Producer. Pontiac Piebe 2nd, Holstein cow, which took second premium in open class and first premium for milk production at the 1917 Montana state fair, and which was also the winner of the Mrs. Marcus Daly prize at the Ravalli county fair in 1917, for cow producing the highest number of pounds of milk for June, July, August and September, also belongs to this herd.

Records of Five Cows. Johanna Ormaby Springbrook--3708, pounds milk, 19,707 pounds butter in seven days at the age of 3 years, 11 months, 17 days.

Duchess Colantha Springbrook--3514, pounds milk, 15,535 pounds of butter in seven days at the age of 3 years, 11 months and 14 days, from a three-quarters udder.

Wilhelmina Johanna Springbrook--3562, pounds milk, 17,908 pounds butter in seven days at the age of 3 years, 8 months, 16 days.

Princess Piebe Rue--4492, pounds milk, 18,311 pounds butter in seven days at the age of 4 years, 10 months, 16 days.

Queen Louise DeKol--4615, pounds milk, 20,572 pounds butter in seven days at the age of 3 years, 11 months.

No Special Feeding. The above official records were made in the months of February and March of this year, under the supervision of Mr. Albert Benson of Stevensville, who was appointed for that purpose by Professor G. L. Martin of the State Agricultural college, Bozeman.

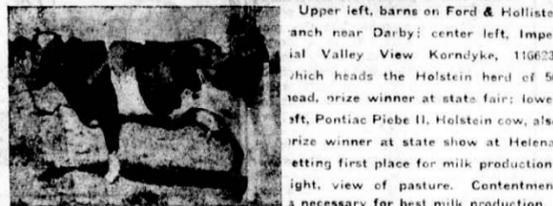
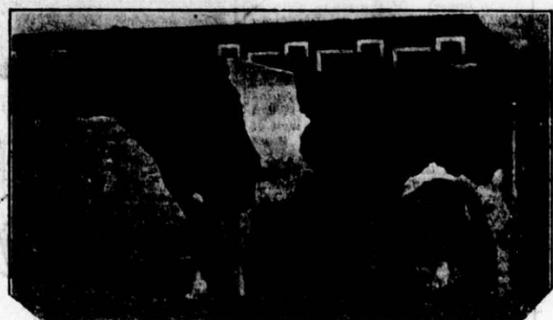
Modern Equipment. There are two large barns on the ranch. The concrete cow barn has stanchions for 40 cows, besides several large box stalls, all of modern equipment. The milk room, in connection, is a marvel of convenience and cleanliness, as is everything about the place.

"Bungalow" a Marvel. The "Bungalow" now in course of construction and to be finished by July 1 of this year, is a magnificent building of native material.

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Upper left, barns on Ford & Hollister ranch near Darby; center left, Imperial Valley View Kornyke, 116623, which heads the Holstein herd of 50 head, prize winner at state fair; lower left, Pontiac Piebe 2nd, Holstein cow, also prize winner at state show at Helena, setting first place for milk production; right, view of pasture. Contentment a necessary for best milk production.



Missoula Writer Wins Honors With 'How We Cleaned Up Our Town' Story

Mrs. Elsie V. Baxter Wins Second Place in Contest Conducted by Magazine Publishers.

"How We Cleaned Up Our Town," as written by Elsie V. Baxter of Missoula, in a story contest on that subject conducted by Today's Housewife, won second honors according to the announcement made by the publishers of the magazine, due not only to literary merit, but also to the originality of plan and method.

Mrs. Baxter is an editor and feature story writer of much ability. She was the first woman scoutmaster in the United States, and probably in the world. Her association with boys has given her an insight into the interests of youngsters which she uses in her weekly stories for three of the David C. Cook publications. Her appreciation and understanding of women's problems she applies in her service as department editor of Every Woman's World, a magazine published monthly in Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. and Mr. G. L. Baxter reside on East Front street, Mr. Baxter being advertising manager for the D. J. DeWolfe company.

This is the way she describes "How We Clean Up Our Town," as it appears in the May number of Today's Housewife: Perhaps one of the biggest lessons instilled by the present world war is that of mobilization of forces for an undertaking. That was the basis upon which we planned and carried to a successful conclusion our well-remembered clean-up campaign which not only resulted in a clean city then, but the ability to keep it clean.

Too often in other clean-up efforts the general public in the movement by offering cash prizes for the cleanest premises or the largest pile of refuse. All of this was done with the one final result--we had a beautifully kept town just so long as the contest was on and immediately thereafter things settled back.

However, we woke up. We have in our town not only the Business Men's association, Women's club, church societies and the like, but a bunch of Campfire Girls, Boy Scouts and High School Cadets. And I want to tell you that, since it is usually the youngsters who do so much of the "mussing up" of a town, it is going to be up to these same young people to keep it clean.

We mobilized our civic army of boys and girls, with the organizations of grown-ups taking an active part as directors. We opened the campaign in the same manner a Liberty loan campaign should be launched. Everybody who was to take an active part in the work was present with a round-up good program. The Campfire Girls, a self-reliant, interested bunch, opened the program at the theater where our mass meetings are held, and the demonstrations of their ability to "do things" was so well evidenced that these members of the audience who had heretofore regarded them as a negligible quantity in community affairs had ample reason to change their minds.



Mary Stewart Describes Sensations Experienced Taking First Tank Ride

Former Dean of Women at State University Gives Vivid Picture of How It "Works."

You have read much concerning the "tanks" which are an important implement in the conduct of modern warfare. You have seen their pictures and marveled at their construction. But did you ever imagine what the sensations would be actually to "ride" in one of these monsters of the battlefield?

Miss Mary Stewart, formerly dean of women at the State University, and now attending New York University, had a journey in one of these gigantic weapons and she describes the experience with all its thrills and palpitations. This is how it impressed her:

I was inside a tank at last--swallowed by the frightful monster that had ploughed over blighted and scarred fields of France and put terror into the stomachs of the southern Tyrolians.

A tiny red light signalled above the row of cranks on the left rear side where I sat. A similar light blinked on the other side. The men shifted the gears. The big beast groaned and lurched, then settled back for a moment of grunting effort. There was more puffing and clanking, clanking and clanking, another lurch, and with a thundering crash, she began to crawl slowly forward on her caterpillar tracks.

The voice of the sergeant on top could be heard through the open hatch warning the curious crowds out of the way. It had been the tank's business to cut through masses of flesh as well as of earth and barbed wire and she could not be expected to learn discrimination all at once.

This was a female tank. The basis of genders in tanks is the un-kipling-like one that the female of the species is less deadly than the male. She carries no mounted guns when out of action. He still carries two. She is an

Seventy-two hours in the bowels of that roaring steel beast! No room to stand up, no room to lie down, no relief from the thundering noise of machinery and guns; crowded, close, dark, reeking with oil and gasoline, belching like an avalanche, in momentary danger of being blown to bits by a German shell. Jonah didn't have no more of an experience after all!

All the noise of that powerful machinery, let loose to echo and re-echo in the cavity of 50 tons of steel, crashes against your ears like physical blows. It seems to peel every ounce of your flesh with gloves of heavy weight, to loosen your teeth and squeeze water from your eyes.

I leaned over and shrieked in Saville's ear: "What's it like when the German shells are howling on the outside, too?"

"Just the same," he shrieked back--"can't hear anything but your own noise."

At first such violent shaking gives the illusion of speed. But you are making only eight miles an hour on New York pavements, Saville told me on his fingers. And it is seldom more than three or four over the holes and bumps, the barbed wire and mud of the battlefield.

Shut up tight in the blind noise it was easy to imagine we were driving desperately toward the German trenches. And we were only rolling decorously up Fourth avenue. I needed to be convinced. So I climbed up on the box and thrust my head through the open trap, half expecting to see the desolate stretches of No-Man's Land.

Thousands of smiling faces greeted me from the streets and windows, cheered from the following throngs, and friendly waving handkerchiefs from the white-collared clerks and Red Cross workers on the steps of Calvary church.

Presently the noise grated off into silence and the tank stood still. I sprawled out much in the manner that I had crawled in, to the sudden silence of Madison Square. The noise of New York traffic had taken on a milder tone. I have a new tolerance for even the unlovely roar of the elevated railroad and a new idea of the noise of battle.

A Connecticut inventor's musical instrument has a single violin string of more than usual length and is played with a bow while held between the knees, an aluminum horn amplifying the sound.

GIRL TURNS SPY JUST TO PLEASE HER HUN LOVER

War Book, "The Big Fight," Tells Thrilling Story of Capture Only After Fatal Shooting of Man.

By Marguerite Moores Marshall. The story of girl spy, a tale of love and treachery in the house of war, is one of the most interesting and thrilling chapters in the newest man's-size book about the world strife, "The Big Fight," described by Captain David Fallon, M. C.

"The Big Fight" is the sort of book to send your soldier boy, for in intimate, humorous man-talk Captain Fallon tells of an exciting and unusually varied military career. An Irishman of fighting stock, with years of distinguished service in India, and other years as a military instructor in New South Wales, Captain Fallon went through the terrible Gallipoli campaign, fought in scores of trench battles on the western front, did scout duty back of the German lines, commanded a tank, acted as aerial observer and bomber, spent three days in a shell hole suffering from half a dozen serious wounds after a pitch-and-toss board game with two Germans, and finally received the Military Cross from King George.

It fell to his lot to unmask the girl spy and write the tragic denouement of her treachery while he was resting with his regiment, the Oxford and Bucks, near the little shell-wreathed village of St. Eloise, in Belgium.

"Our most welcome visitor," he writes in "The Big Fight," was a young peasant girl, decidedly attractive because of raven hair and very blue eyes. She brought us the conventional mail, she served us with home newspapers, she sometimes brought us roast fowl and other homelike edibles to enhance our soldier food. She was frequently intrusted with our letters for mailing.

"About this time became remarkable the accuracy with which the Germans were planting shells along the road of our very rest camp; also how neatly they seemed to be able to time their shots and how accurately along the roads which the supply wagons travelled toward the front lines. If it had been guesswork it would have been uncanny, and none of us for a minute believed it to be guesswork.

"One evening a private of my platoon came to me with the information that he had happened upon the girl seated in a small dugout in one of our trenches most studiously studying a paper spread upon the top of the basket in which she usually brought edibles she sold us in camp. This private had the good sense to snigger along as though he had observed nothing. I warned him to continue to say nothing and went looking for the girl.

"I observed her in her free passage in our lines, joking with our soldiers, smiling, affable and, you would say, the most simple minded and innocent of maidens. She never asked questions, but if you watched her you would find her standing near a group of men who might be discussing our own immediate affairs--our position, what they had learned or guessed of their commander's plans. Every one had a pat on the cheek and a smile for Marie.

"It did not seem possible there could be any harm in her! However, as Americans say, it is 'bad business' to dismiss such matters in war with a wave of the hand. I decided to follow the girl."

And Captain Fallon noticed, first, that no peasants in the neighborhood appeared acquainted with Marie. He saw her steal into a rooftop house, half destroyed by gunfire. Still, he was not sure that she might not be a refugee, unable to find better quarters. But as a light appeared in the interior of the house he heard a deeply significant sound--the cooling of a carrier pigeon, much used in this war, as in earlier ones, for secret communication.

"Stealing up to the lighted window, Captain Fallon goes in, 'I saw the girl in closest conversation with a man of peasant type. They were going over a loose bucket in the lamp between them. They were so interested in the papers that it was obvious the opportunity was as good as I could expect to take them by surprise. So I stole away from the window and to the back door of the house, which opened directly into this room.

"I managed to open the door without alarming them, but was so intently keeping my eyes on them as I crept into the room that I stumbled over a loose bucket in the floor of a shell-shaken house. Marie leaped to her feet. He lost no reaching under his blouse for a

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MISS MARY STEWART.

Loyal Legion Loggers Work Now for City

Stray Into Missoula to Find Employment With Cross-Cut Saw at the Municipal Wood Pile--Booked as Drunks.

"See those two fellows out there?" said Police Magistrate Allen, pointing to two men who could be seen through the police station window, indifferently sawing cottonwood logs into fuel lengths. "They're going to be at that for the next 30 days. Whether they want to or not, they're going to do some lumbering or logging or what you may wish to call it. The two were brought in here the other night. We marked them 'drunk' on the blotter and sent them down stairs. This morning I informed them that they owed the city and county a little work, and set them about it.

"If they were just ordinary tramps or bums, it would not be the same, and perhaps we could find some way of taming them, but they're not. Each of them carried a card certifying that he was a member of the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen. But if they feel that they can't cut logs in the woods where they are wanted, they'll do a considerable bit of such work here before they get through. "They are not the first ones to act

(Continued on Page Three.)