

PATRIOT'S END FOR BILLIE KEE

MONTANA CHINAMAN WHO RETURNED TO NATIVE LAND BEHEADED.

Ran Hotel at Lombard for Years and Accumulated Fortune; Returned to China to Spend Old Age; Became Involved in Revolutionary Plot.

Billie Kee, a Chinaman who was well known in Montana, and who had accumulated a fortune here, has been executed for complicity in one of the recent uprisings in China. He was beheaded.

Kee conducted a hotel at Lombard for years, and was especially well known among commercial travelers. He came to Montana about 25 years ago, locating in Helena. The late Senator Carter became interested in him, and helped him to learn to read and write. He was very clever, and in the course of a few years became fluent in English. He read everything and was as well informed as any man in the state.

Made a Fortune.

His hotel was very profitable, and through it and fortunate investments he became wealthy. But all the time his heart was in his native land. He bought himself an aristocratic wife, and was the father of two sons, one of which was named for Senator Carter and the other for former Congressman Joseph Dixon.

Lombard was the place of entry, over the Jawbone railroad, of the Judith basin country. With the coming of the Milwaukee railroad, which absorbed the Jawbone road, Lombard lost its place on the map. The trains did not even stop there.

Returned to China.

In the meantime Kee, having accumulated enough to make him a very rich man in China, decided to spend the rest of his days in the land of his nativity. He disposed of his interests, bade his adopted country goodbye and sailed away. This was about six years ago.

Friends to whom he had written say that he speedily became interested in the movement to make of China a republic. He stood very well with Sun Yat Sen, the first president of the republic, who saw that he was given a post of responsibility in the new government.

But Sun Yat Sen's administration was short lived. He was succeeded by Yuan Shi Kai, the strong man of China, who attempted to use the presidential place as a stepping stone to the throne of the Manchus. Men of Kee's type did not approve of the ambitions of Yuan, and got into disfavor.

There may be no such thing as True Love; but there is an imitation that is very pleasant and serves well enough.

Montana Author Wins Wide Fame With His Book of Indian Folk Lore

The most important contribution ever made to the world of letters by a Montana writer is "Indian Why Stories," by Frank B. Linderman, according to reviewers in the east and also in Europe. The volume, in the few months it has been off the press, has gone through three editions, and is still going strong.

The volume is published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Linderman, who resides at Helena, is beginning to feel like a real celebrity, for he has had letters commending his book from dozens of famous authors and other people of note, including one from the secretary of a European crowned head, who states that he has been commanded by his illustrious sovereign to express to Mr. Linderman the pleasure the aforesaid sovereign received from reading the volume written by the Montanan, which, his majesty pre-



Frank B. Linderman.

dicts, will be recognized as a classic for children. This letter comes from the secretary of King George of England, who takes interest in books written for children, and never fails to praise and encourage an author who has done something out of the ordinary along that line.

"I have received one or two extremely pathetic letters and at least one that is downright funny, although I am sure it was not intended to be," said Mr. Linderman, as he lifted a bundle of correspondence from his desk and ran through it. Listen to this:

"My dear Mr. Linderman: 'While we live in New York and you live in Montana, I couldn't resist writing to tell you how much pleasure your book has given our family.' We haven't any of us read

it, but our only son, George Albert, who is nearly three years old, simply adores the book and will sit for hours looking at the pictures, turning the leaves over and back again and never tearing one, although he is usually very rough with books. This book of yours and an automobile catalogue are his favorites. They keep him out of mischief so much of the time that I feel as though I owed you a debt of gratitude. I am sure the book is a delightful one, and as soon as the boy is old enough I am going to read it to him!"

"Can you beat that?" inquired Mr. Linderman.

"Here is another letter which, I am not ashamed to say, brought tears to my eyes," said the author of "Indian Why Stories," as he took another letter from the bundle:

"Dear Mr. Linderman: 'I am sure that you will be glad to know how much your book has meant to our little boy. This summer, at the age of 10, he suffered an

attack of infantile paralysis, which has transformed our sturdy, healthy, little man into a hopeless invalid for life, who will never be able to walk except with crutches.

"As he lies on his bed, pale and weak, but so patient, he seems to care for nothing but to be read to, and the books he calls for oftenest is that book about the Indians and the animals." He follows your stories with such pleasure and asks innumerable questions about it that are sometimes hard to answer.

"You have no idea what it means to us to see him smile at something amusing in a story. I feel deeply appreciative for this book of yours, which children and grown folks alike enjoy so much."

One of the best reviews of Mr. Linderman's book appeared in the Boston Advertiser. It follows:

"Have you ever considered the possibility of there being a treasury of Indian legends relating to the animals, the sun, the moon, the earth,

the stars, to mysterious forces of nature, far more enthralling than the fables of 'Brer Remus?' And what is more to the point these legends are native American, not the hybrid imagery of an alien race, American as Niagara Falls, the Yosemite, the Mississippi are American. We owe it to ourselves and to our children to know what they are, in all their weird beauty and profound significance.

"Frank B. Linderman, in 'Indian Why Stories,' has opened a door to the mystery-land of the Blackfeet, Chippewa and Cree tribes, and he has found an able coadjutor in Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, who knows Indians from head-feather to moccasin. There are pictures in this remarkable book that preserve the essentials of the Indian as we paint him at his best, a being close to the lore that resides, untranslated in fragmentary pages, in the very selves of forest, prairie, river, sky and cloud.

"Frank B. Linderman says in his preface: 'There is a wide difference between folk-lore of the so-called Old World and that of America. Transmitted orally through countless generations, the folk stories of our ancestors show many evidences of distortion and change in material particulars; but the Indian seems to have been too fond of nature and too proud of tradition to have forgotten or changed the teachings of his forefathers. Childlike in simplicity, beginning with creation itself, and reaching to the whys and wherefores of nature's moods and eccentricities, these tales impress me as being well worth saving.' Now that we have read them, we fully agree with him.

"An effective way of leading into the telling of these traditions is secured by introducing us at the start to War Eagle, an old Indian chief, who, across his lodge-fire in the evening, with the stars above, relates stories from the Indian store of myths. In them figures Old-man, a strange minor god whom the great Manitou entrusted with the arrangement of the world, and we learn, fascinated in the learning by the weird beauty of this aboriginal mythology, why the chipmunk's back is striped, why Blackfeet never kill mice, why the mountain lion is long and lean, and many other things fully as novel and as deeply interesting.

"This book has marked educational value. Much stress has been laid on the myths of Greece and Rome and northern Europe in the curricula of our schools. Here is a mythology isolated, autochthonic, sad in its memories of a departing people, peculiarly close to the great world of out-of-doors, of nature and of animal life, perhaps the one enduring contribution of the American Indian to the cultural growth of civilization in his peculiarly appropriate and individual interpretation of the phenomena that encompassed and moulded him."

Why the Kingfisher Always Wears a War-Bonnet

(From "Indian Why Stories," by Frank B. Linderman.)

AUTUMN nights on the upper Missouri river in Montana are indescribably beautiful, and under their spell imagination is a constant companion to him who lives in wilderness, lending strange weird echoes to the voice of man or wolf, and unnatural shapes in shadow to commonplace forms.

The moon had not yet climbed the distant mountain range to look down on the humbler lands when I started for War Eagle's lodge; and dimming the stars in its course, the milky way stretched across the jeweled sky. "The wolf's trail," the Indians call this filmy streak that foretells fair weather, and tonight it promised much, for it seemed plainer and brighter than ever before.

"How-how!" greeted War Eagle, making the sign for me to be seated near him, as I entered his lodge. Then he passed me his pipe and together we smoked till the children came.

Entering quietly they seated themselves in exactly the same positions they had occupied on previous evenings, and patiently waited in silence. Finally War Eagle laid the pipe away and said: "Ho! Little Buffalo Calf, throw a big stick on the fire and I will tell you why the Kingfisher wears a war-bonnet."

The boy did as he was bidden. The sparks jumped up toward the smoke hole and the blaze lighted up the lodge until it was as bright as day-time, when War Eagle continued:

"You have often seen Kingfisher at his fishing along the rivers, I know; and you have heard him laugh in his queer way, for he laughs a good deal when he flies. That same laugh nearly cost him his life once, as you will see. I am sure none could see the Kingfisher without noticing his great head, but not many know how he came by it because it happened so long ago that most men have forgotten.

"It was one day in the winter time when Old-Man and the Wolf were hunting. The snow covered the land and ice was on all of the rivers. It was so cold that Old-Man wrapped his robe close about him and his breath showed white in the air. Of course the Wolf was not cold. Wolves never get cold as men do. Both Old-Man and the Wolf were hungry for they had travelled far and had killed no meat. Old-Man was complaining and grumbling, for his heart is not very good. It is never well to grumble when we are doing out best, because it will do no good and makes us weak in our hearts. When our hearts are weak our heads sicken and our strength goes away. Yes, it is bad to grumble.

"When the sun was getting low Old-Man and the Wolf came to a great river. On the ice that covered the water, they saw four fat Otters playing.

"There is meat," said the Wolf; "wait here and I will try to catch one of those fellows."

"No! No! cried Old-Man, 'do not run after the Otter on the ice, because there are airholes in all ice that covers rivers, and you may fall in the water and die.' Old-Man didn't care much if the Wolf did drown. He was afraid to be left alone and hungry in the snow—that was all.

"Ho!" said the Wolf, 'I am swift of foot and my teeth are white and sharp. What chance has an Otter against me? Yes, I will go,' and he did.

"Away ran the Otters with the Wolf after them, while Old-Man stood on the bank and shivered with fright and cold. Of course the Wolf was faster than the Otter, but he was running on ice, remember, and slipping a good deal. Nearer and nearer ran the Wolf. In fact he was just about to seize an Otter, when SPLASH—into an air-hole all the Otters went. Ho! the Wolf was going so fast he couldn't stop, and SWOW! into the air-hole he went like a badger after mice, and the current carried him under the ice. The Otters knew that the hole was there. That was their country and they were running to reach that same hole all the time, but the Wolf didn't know that.

"Old-man saw it all and began to cry and wail as women do. Ho! but he made a great fuss. He ran along the bank of the river, stumbling in the snowdrifts, and crying like a woman whose child is dead; but it was because he didn't want to be left in that country alone that he cried—not because he loved his brother, the Wolf. On and on he ran until he came to a place where the water was too swift to freeze, and there he waited and watched for the Wolf to come out from under the ice, crying and wailing and making an awful noise for a man.

"Well—right there is where the thing happened. You see, Kingfisher can't fish through the ice, and he knows it, too; so he always finds places like the one Old-Man found. He was there that day, sitting on the limb of a birch-tree, watching for fishes, and when Old-man came near to Kingfisher's tree, crying like an old woman, it tickled the Fisher so much that he laughed that queer, chattering laugh.

"Old-man heard him and—Ho! but he was angry. He looked about to see who was laughing at him and that time the Kingfisher laughed again, longer and louder than before. This time Old-man saw him and SWOW! he threw his war-club at Kingfisher; tried to kill the bird for laughing. Kingfisher ducked so quickly that Old-man's club just grazed the feathers on his head, making them stand up straight.

"There," said Old-man, 'I'll teach you to laugh at me when I'm sad. Your feathers are standing up on the top of your head now and they will stay that way, too. As long as you live you must wear a headdress, to pay for your laughing, and all your children must do the same.'

"This was long, long ago, but the Kingfishers have not forgotten, and they all wear war-bonnets, and always will as long as there are Kingfishers."



Platinum Discovery in Carbon County Attracting Attention; Placer Prospector Makes Find

HAS George Peoples, prospector, found a rich platinum deposit in Carbon county? On the face of the returns it looks as though he had made a find of considerable importance to himself and the state. In placer diggings at the mouth of Pat O'Hara creek he is panning out platinum and gold. From two yards of dirt recently he washed \$15 worth of gold and an ounce of platinum.

Peoples' like all placer miners, is after gold, and the yellow metal he is producing is attracting much attention in Red Lodge and other towns of Carbon county. But if his diggings contain any great amount of platinum he has made a discovery that should make a rich man of him. Platinum is worth nearly four times as much as gold. It continues to rise, and is now quoted at \$90 an ounce for soft

metal and \$96 for that which contains 10 per cent irridium.

Carbon county's diversified resources are attracting a great deal of attention, and no little capital. Her coal deposits have made of Red Lodge one of the good cities of the southern part of the state. The famous Elk basin oil district is located in the southern portion of the county, on the Wyoming boundary line. About 35 wells, all of which have been drilled during the past eight months, are producing more oil than the recently completed pipe line from the source of supply to the railroad can carry, and a second pipe line is now being constructed. Her agricultural possibilities are being nicely developed, and if it should be demonstrated that she has within her borders a bed of platinum in placer her asset resources will be materially added to.

300 Millions Is Montana's Share of the Year's Wealth

Montana will add to the world's wealth this year over \$300,000,000. In this immense production mining will lead with a total of \$146,000,000. Agriculture comes next with \$82,000,000 to its credit, while livestock will yield a total of \$29,000,000. Industries other than these will produce the remainder.

Ten years ago the total worth of the state's output from all sources was under \$100,000,000.

War prices of metals are responsible for the high total of the mineral wealth to be produced during 1916. But new processes like oil flotation and the reduction of zinc by electrical methods will keep the mining totals high for all time. It is believed that the Butte district will be employing several thousand additional miners in the mining of zinc ores alone, within a few years.

Agricultural products will show a steady increase for the next ten years. A Chicago grain expert who recently made a survey of the wheat possibilities of the state is of the opinion that within ten years Montana will be producing ten times as much wheat as is now produced. The state's present production, conservatively estimated, is around 33,000,000 bushels, although a government grain expert recently put this year's estimate at 40,000,000. Discounting these figures, if the state is producing 250,000,000 bushels of grain annually ten years from now, the production will be 50,000,000 bushels in excess of bumper years of Kansas.

These totals are astounding. But for that matter the increase of every year surprises even the most sanguine believers in Montana's magnificent future.

BUTTE MAN EATS 40,000 STEAKS

WILLIAM OWSLEY CONSUMES THREE T-BONES EVERY DAY OF LIFE.

Is Doing More for Beef Industry Than Any Other Man in State; Left Nome Because Steaks There Not Up to the Butte Standard.

THERE is one man in Montana who views with alarm the advancing price of beef and the upward tilt of the T-bone. He also can point with pride to his T-bone record. He is former Mayor William Owsley of Butte, first municipal chief of the mining metropolis and discoverer of Twin Bridges. He enjoys the distinction of having eaten more T-bone steaks than any other man of 70 years of age in Montana. Caterers like Jack Henshaw and William Davy go even further than that. They assert that "Bill" Owsley holds the T-bone record of the world.

Eats Three Steaks Daily.

As a matter of fact Mr. Owsley's invariable rule is to breakfast on a T-bone. Then after a morning spent in the "bridge" works of Phil Gillis he takes his luncheon. It is always a T-bone. The afternoon is usually spent at the McGovern club. Then he dines on a T-bone at night, and if he feels like taking a light lunch before retiring he disposes of his fourth T-bone steak for the day.

For more than forty years Mr. Owsley has eaten three T-bone steaks a day, consuming in this time 43,800 of these choice cuts of meat. In point of personal consumption he has done more to encourage the beef growing industry than any other man in the world, and now, at 70 years of age, he is as fine a specimen of physical manhood as one would wish to see.

Preferred Steaks to Gold.

In 1898, at the time of the Nome discovery, Owsley, always an adventurer, got the gold fever. He sailed from Seattle on one of the first steamers after the news came out of the wonderful find. On his arrival at Nome he hunted up the best cafe in the new camp and ordered his first Alaska T-bone. It was thin and tasteless and not up to the juicy standard served by the Chequamegon. His first Alaska breakfast was a failure. His luncheon steak was no better. The dinner offering was even worse. That settled Nome for Bill Owsley. That very night he engaged passage back to Seattle on the same steamer he had made the trip upon. He needed three good steaks every day to furnish sustenance for his big frame, and if Alaska could not supply them he wanted none of her gold.

FIRST NATIONAL BANKS.

Washington.—The comptroller of the currency today issued a charter for the First National bank of Judith Gap, Mont., which will have \$25,000 capital.

Fifty-Year-Old Wooden Water Mains of Virginia City Are Still Intact; They Have Outlived Steel

FIFTY years ago, when Virginia City was the metropolis of Montana, and the capital of the territory as well, an enterprising group of pioneers decided that the town needed a water works system. Above the town, on the hillside, were several mountain springs that gave up a considerable volume of pure mountain water, making it possible for the construction of a gravity system. But the young town was many miles from the end of the railroad, and this meant that the necessary pipe mains would have to be freighted from Corinne, Utah, and the ox-train freight rates of those days made this undertaking absolutely prohibitive.

There was much discussion of this problem. The town council appointed a committee which went into every phase of the proposed undertaking. The result of their investigations

were of a discouraging character. It was decided that because of the freight charges on the mains, the work could not be undertaken.

Finally a carpenter, whose name history does not record, hit upon a happy idea. His plan was to take pine poles of a uniform size, and bore them out with a large augur, making wooden pipes of them, and shaping their ends so that one joint of the pipe would fit into the other. The joints, smoothly turned, were to be coated with tar, and fastened securely. His plan was not received with much favor, but his enthusiasm finally prevailed and he was given the contract to furnish the wooden pipe. How well he did his work was demonstrated by the fact that six months later the mountain spring water was flowing through these wooden mains and supplying the town with the fluid.

The Cruise of the Bremen

(BY ROBERT STROTHER.)

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Note.—An American who has just returned from England states that the Bremen has been captured and lies in Falmouth harbor, England.

The captain lay in his roomy bunk in the hold of the good ship Bremen. As he closed his eyes for a peaceful nap, he straightway started dreamin'. And he dreamed that he carried apologies from the emperor of Germania to the grinning skulls 'round the hapless hull of the late ship Lusitania. So they left the crest of the bounding main for a plunge 'neath the great Atlantic and embarked on a cruise through the deep-sea ooze, both eventful and romantic. When they stopped for lunch, in a day or two, at the great god Neptune's palace, the mermaids plied them with rare old wine from a fine old golden chalice. And the maidens smiled as they twined their arms 'round the necks of the crew and captain, while a handsome blonde, who was over-fond, even hugged the dear old chaplain. As they idled away each happy day in palace or coral arbor, some one severed the Bremen's anchor rope and she landed in Falmouth harbor! And I'm askin' you, could this dream be true, of the captain and German seamen? If you say it's not, then I ask you, what has become of the good ship Bremen?