

The River Press.

Published every Wednesday Morning by the River Press Publishing Company.

EXPLORATION FAKERS.

If Dr. Cook deliberately attempted to fool the world into believing that he had reached the pole, he at least deserves a high place in the brilliant company of discoverers whose imagination carries them further than their legs, and none of his predecessors in this particular line was so successful as he in turning his alleged exploits to account financially.

The hoax which he is believed to have perpetrated is not the first of its kind. The history of exploration is replete with false narratives of men who claimed to have visited remote regions of the world. Most of them decorated their stories with descriptions of strange races and treasure cities.

John Davis, of Devonshire, told in his World's Hydrographical Description, published near the end of the sixteenth century, of men-fish that he found in Greenland. Marco Polo's account of what he saw in the orient or "heard from men of credit and veracity" assumed that nothing was too wonderful to be believed by the public.

Only ten years ago Louis de Rougemont astonished London with a circumstantial narrative of his thirty years' experience as chief of a cannibal tribe in central Australia. He was vouched for by prominent people and was about to appear before the British Society for the Advancement of Science when a native wife arrived and spoiled his story.

Pierre Vignaud was believed by Champlain when he told of white men on the shores of a western sea. Radisson, on the strength of whose reports the Hudson Bay company was organized, really traveled into the unexplored northwest, but described some journeys which he could hardly have made. In the revised journal of Father Hennepin, the Flemish friar claimed to have descended to the mouth of the Mississippi in advance of La Salle—an adventure that was generally regarded as imaginary and intended to strengthen French claims on Louisiana.—Spokesman-Review.

THE MACHINERY OF JUSTICE.

It is becoming too much the practice of courts to protect the machinery of justice—the technicalities and the formalities—rather than justice itself. If the technicalities are duly respected and maintained, the question of justice is too often forgotten, comments the Miles City Independent. Out in Colorado the other day a woman went to the court house on her twenty-first birthday and tried to file a paper protecting her alleged interest in the great Tabor estate.

The paper was not in form according to the requirements of the law and the clerk could not file it. The clerk was right, of course. If the poor paper had been filed it would not have bound anyone, nor could it have done her a particle of good.

Yet it was the last day for her to lay any claim to this property, and when she went away she wept bitterly under a sense of wrong. She was poor, and could not hire a lawyer. Probably her case was weak or some lawyer would have taken it up for her, but that is not the point. She believed herself to have a claim and because she could hire no one to take it up for her, she lost it.

Good case or bad, weak case or strong, did she have the treatment that a just government would have given her? She had spent a long time in preparing in girlish language her assertion that others were taking her birthright from her, and because it was not written properly, though clear to the ordinary understanding, and because she took it to the wrong one of the many offices of the state, she was turned away weeping, regardless of the old adage that the tears of the orphan are the call of the gods for vengeance.

In Job's time the daysman laid hold on the wrong doer and brought him before the judge, who dispensed justice at the door of his tent. There were no mysterious forms to be followed. The question was the more simple one of right and wrong.

When the machinery of justice is more important than justice itself, is not wrong sure to be done? And in all the technicalities of law do we not set up the machine above its function? Ought there not to be in a civilized jurisprudence some office to which people might go for legal guidance and advice? Should not persons like the Tabor girl have provided for them an agency for examining their claims and presenting them properly.

There is a deep and widespread sense of injustice pervading the poor of the nation, underlying which is the belief that the laws are made for lawyers, by lawyers, and that courts are labyrinths through which litigants may thread their way only by the aid of hired guides. There is some foundation for their discontent. The state

has filled its law with traps and pitfalls. Should it not give guides to the blind and the man with no money to hire them?

TRIBUTE TO JUDGE HUNT.

The promotion of Judge Hunt to the federal tariff court is very pleasant news to the Montana friends of the distinguished jurist, and especially pleasant to his old-time friends and neighbors in this vicinity, where he commenced his Montana career about thirty years ago. Judge Hunt opened a law office in Fort Benton in 1879, and was associated with the late Horace Book in the practice of his profession. His advancement since that time, and the recent recognition of his ability by President Taft, is the subject of many tributes from the Montana press, among which is the following by the Butte Inter-Mountain:

In the promotion of Judge William H. Hunt merely the expected has happened. His distinguished ability as a judge and his record as an executive while directing the affairs of Porto Rico at a critical time in the history of that island, together with the intimate friendship he enjoys with the president, has made his advancement certain. It is gratifying that it is in line with his profession, for although Judge Hunt would grace a position in the cabinet or any high station in the legislative branch or in the diplomatic service, it is reasonable to suppose he would prefer to round out his career as a judge than to devote his abilities to other departments of state.

By some strange chance, the Taft and Hunt families have long been associated. President Taft's father, Alphonso Taft, and Judge Hunt's father, William H. Hunt, were warm friends; the former was a cabinet officer under Grant, who appointed him attorney general in 1876; the latter was President Garfield's secretary of the navy, having been appointed in 1881 to a place in the cabinet. The one was from Ohio, the other from Louisiana, and they met at Yale university, the intimacy that followed acquaintance there having been continued through life. Their sons were classmates at Yale and now their sons' sons are classmates at the same institution. While the president was serving his country in various high capacities, Judge Hunt was governor of Porto Rico. With his public career both before and since that time the people of Montana are familiar.

Montana will regret to lose so distinguished a citizen as Judge Hunt, but the state appreciates the honor done to him. As a member of the new federal customs court, a tribunal which is probably destined to rank next to the supreme court of the United States, Judge Hunt will have an opportunity for the display of his peculiar talents. No one familiar with his record as a judge or his attributes as a man will believe that his advancement will stop with the new court. It is quite in the line of probability that some day he will grace the supreme bench of the nation, and when that time comes all Montana will rejoice in the recognition accorded him.

The New Tariff Law.

A careful scrutiny of the act will show that the decreases vastly outnumber the increases; and that, when luxuries are thrown out of the account, there are probably 500 more decreases than increases. Except in the case of luxuries, there are few increases that are really important in character, while many of the decreases are upon articles that underlie great industries and are of fundamental importance.

The act is drawn upon great industrial lines, and takes a step in the direction of emancipating many enterprises from the tribute that high duties compelled them to pay for the privilege of existing at all. The New York National cannot be accused of any unfriendliness towards protection. The Payne law has had no severer nor more intelligent critic, and yet it frankly declares that it is the best tariff ever enacted by the republican party.

Here and there, some child of the people may be seen riding the tumult, and basking in a popularity won by indiscriminate abuse of the bill; but only time, and a brief time at that, will be needed to dissipate the tumult, and give the people a correct view.

Dimensions of An Acre.

An acre in this country contains 43,560 square feet, or 160 square rods. A patch 69 yards five inches wide and 70 yards long is practically an acre of ground. It is far better to see just how much can be raised on an acre than to follow the old plan of showing just how many acres one is able to plant and partially cultivate. The one-acre crop is in line with high-class diversified farming.

HELENA, Jan. 5.—The Great Northern Railway company confessed judgment in the federal court today in two actions brought against it for violating the safety appliance act. The judgment in each case was \$1,200.

The Scrap Book

Saving Himself.
An Irishman who was repairing a chimney on a housetop fell from the roof and luckily hit several clotheslines that broke his fall until he landed uninjured on a wire about twenty feet from the ground. After he had struggled there for a few moments the man deliberately let go and fell with a heavy bump on the ground. Another workman ran and picked him up and asked, "That the divil did ye let go for, you bluntherin' blockhead?" "Faith," was the reply, "I was afraid the dom'd wire would break."

The Game of Life.
Life is a game of whist. From unseen sources The cards are shuffled and the hands are dealt. Blind are our efforts to control the forces That, though unseen, are no less strongly felt.

I do not like the way the cards are shuffled, But yet I like the game and want to play. And through the long, long night will I, untrifled, Play what I get until the break of day. —Eugene F. Ware.

One Enough.
A Chinese missionary, a lady, was taking tea with a mandarin's eight wives. The Chinese ladies examined her clothing, her hair, her teeth, and so on, but her feet especially amazed them. "Why," one cried, "you can walk and run as well as a man!" "Yes, to be sure!" said the missionary. "Can you ride a horse and swim too?" "Yes." "Then you must be as strong as a man?" "I am." "And you wouldn't let a man beat you, not even if he was your husband, would you?" "Indeed, I wouldn't!" said the missionary.

The mandarin's eight wives looked at one another, nodding their heads. Then the oldest said softly: "Now I understand why the foreign devil never has more than one wife. He is afraid."

Choose Your Words.

A lady who was very plain looking called on a friend. This friend's little girl came into the room, and her mother introduced her. "But, mamma, isn't she awfully homely?" said the "young hopeful" after the lady's departure. "Why, Laura, you mustn't say such things. It isn't polite." "I meant it only as a joke." "But, dear, how much more of a joke it would have been if you had said, 'How pretty she is!'"

He Thought It Peculiar.

Some years ago Frank A. Munsey, the magazine man, hired a private secretary. Speaker Reed dropped in to call on Mr. Munsey, who was an old friend of his. The secretary said that Mr. Munsey was engaged. "All right," said Reed, "I'll wait." At the end of half an hour Munsey's door opened, and the publisher appeared, showing his caller out. Seeing the speaker, he grasped his hand and dragged him into his office. An hour later, when Reed had gone, Mr. Munsey called his secretary. "Look here, Block," he said, "what do you mean by letting Speaker Reed wait unannounced half an hour?" "Wa-wa-wa that Mr. Reed?" "It certainly was." "Why, I thought it with the Rev. Dr. John Hall," said the secretary. "Dr. Hall has been dead two years," answered Munsey severely. "I know it," replied the secretary. "That's why I thought it with the very peculiar."

Joined the Rejected.

A murder case had been called in court, and it was extremely difficult to get a jury. A long list of talesmen had been examined with poor results when Mike McGinnis was summoned. "Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge, "have you formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?" "No, sir," replied Mike. "Have you any conscientious scruples against capital punishment?" "Not in this case, your honor," Mike replied.

Staying Power.

Success in life depends upon staying power. The reason for failure in most cases is lack of perseverance. Men get tired and give up.—J. R. Miller.

Had It In For Them.

Harvey Nangan's mother-in-law was taken sick at his house one night and helped herself to a large dose of rat poison, thinking it was painkiller. They had a frightful time with the old lady. She had consumed sufficient poison, the doctor said, to kill a dozen persons. But she pulled through. "It was a close shave," said the doctor the next morning. "She took enough to kill the whole family, but the stuff fortunately must have been in stock for some time, and nearly all its strength was gone." A month later a friend asked Harvey Nangan to recommend a reliable druggist to him. "Squills is a good man, I understand," said the friend. "Know anything about him?" "Well," said Harvey Nangan slowly, "I couldn't conscientiously recommend Squills & Co. to you, old man. They swindled me on some rat poison once."—Louisville Times.

WILLING TO DODGE.

The Old Man's Opinion of "A Lot of Them New York People." A traveler in Tennessee came across an aged negro seated in front of his cabin door basking in the sunshine. He must have been eighty years of age. "Good morning, uncle," said the stranger. "Mornin', sah, mornin'," said the aged one. Then he added, "Be you the gentleman over yonder from New York?" Being told that such was the case, the old dorky said: "Do you mind tellin' me somethin' that has been botherin' my old bald? I have got a grandson—he runs on the Pullman



"Well, you suttently surprise me." cars—and he done tell me that up thar in New York you all burn up youab folks when they die. He is a powerful liar, and I don't believe him." "Yes," replied the other, "that is the truth in some cases. We call it cremation." "Well, you suttently surprise me," said the negro, and then he paused as if in deep reflection. Finally he said: "You all know I am a Baptist. I believe in the resurrection and the life everlastin' and the comin' of the angel Gabriel and the blowin' of that great horn, and Lawdy me, how am they evah goin' to find them folks on that great mornin'?" It was too great a task for an off-hand answer, and the suggestion was made that the aged one consult his minister. Again the negro fell into a brown study, and then he raised his head, and his eyes twinkled merrily, and he said in a soft voice: "Meanin' no offense, sah, but from what I have heard about New York I kinder calculate they is a lot of them New York people that doan' wantter be found on that mornin'."—Cosmopolitan Magazine.

Time and Eternity.

The efforts and strivings of our threescore years are not adjusted to the scale of seventy; they are adjusted to the scale of immortality. This life is not the opera; it is the overture. It is not the book; it is the first chapter of the book. A man must be wakeful to his eternal destiny if he would know the magnitude of things.—G. H. Morrison.

Marry, Come Up.

A middle aged Welsh market woman visited a theater for the first time in her life and was much interested in the piece, which was founded on Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" "Marry" sat in a front seat. In one scene an actor, representing famous old Admiral John Hawkins, came on the stage and wrathfully testified against "croakers," concluding his speech with the old fashioned epithet: "Marry, come up!" "No, thank eu, surr," said Mari, rising in her seat and courtesying respectfully. "I will do famous down by here." The audience roared, and Mari gazed about in wonder. Quiet restored, the actor continued his vigorous tirade against "croakers," again concluding with, "Marry, sneak up, I say!" "I can see splendid by here, surr; thank eu, surr," protested Mari. "I am 'shamed to go on the platform."

A Good Reason For Silence.

Lord Courtney was once addressing a political meeting and spoke in favor of the much debated deceased wife's sister bill. On the conclusion of Lord Courtney's remarks a man put the question, "If your wife were to die, would you marry her sister?" "To answer that I must put another question," replied the speaker. "Are you married?" The man answered in the affirmative. "Is your wife present?" "She was not." "Then mine is!" came the telling retort, and a storm of applause greeted the reply.

Outraged.

A traveling phrenologist visited a village and advertised a lecture. During the performance he offered to examine any one's bumps for a dime. A burly blacksmith's helper said he would have his bumps examined, and as he took his place another man whispered in the phrenologist's ear: "He's very fond of veal." At this hint the phrenologist nodded gratefully. He then read out the blacksmith's bumps, crediting him with all sorts of virtues, and finally he said in a loud, positive tone: "Now I come to your diet, Gents. If there is one thing in the world our subject dotes on it is veal. Why?" But the sentence was never finished. The blacksmith rose suddenly and knocked the phrenologist down. "Blast ye!" he roared. "What's it got to do with you if I did steal a calf?"

RELIEF FOR SETTLERS.

Congress May Amend Land Laws in Important Particular.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—On account of the unusually severe winter weather which has prevailed throughout the west for the past month, preventing settlers from making residence upon land entries and preventing them from making a living upon lands upon which residence has been established, an effort will be made to have legislation enacted which will relieve the situation. Representative Martin of South Dakota, who has introduced a bill to grant homestead entrymen a leave of absence from their claims during the winter months, will receive the co-operation and support of Chairman Mondell and other members of the house public lands committee in his effort to secure early action. In the senate a measure will be pushed for consideration by Senator Warren extending for a period of three months the time within which homestead entrymen are required by law to make residence upon their entries where the time expires or expired after December 1, 1909.

Under a general law the commissioner of the general land office may allow 12 months from the date of filing in which to establish residence on homestead entries, but the extension cannot be allowed in advance and does not protect the entryman from contest if he does not perfect residence within six months from the date of filing.

Big Rent For Mail Cars.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The United States government is paying the railroads \$4,800,000 annually merely for the rental of the cars used to carry the mails. An additional \$46,000,000 is paid for the actual carrying of the mails. The amount paid for the rentals alone in two years would buy the cars outright.

These are features of the postoffice department not taken into consideration by Postmaster General Hitchcock in his annual report to explain the \$17,500,000 deficit in his department.

When the postoffice appropriation bill came up in the senate, LaFollette of Wisconsin, added to his unpopularity by pointing out the government's extravagance in the rental of cars. "This bill, carrying as it does \$4,800,000 for car rental," declared LaFollette, "makes an allowance to the railroad companies of the country for the mere use of the cars \$4,229 per car, on the average."

Wool Growers Meet At Ogden.

OGDEN, Jan. 4.—The advance guard of delegates has arrived in Ogden for the annual convention of the National Woolgrowers' association, which is to hold its sessions here during the remainder of this week. George Walker, secretary of the association, estimates that the attendance will eclipse all previous records and will probably include nearly 1,500 delegates. All sections of the country will be represented, but the largest delegations are expected from Ohio, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and Oregon. Public lands and the tariff on wool will be the chief subjects considered by the convention. The governors of several states and a number of other public men of prominence will be among the speakers.

Millionaire Banker In Jail.

ATLANTA, Ga., Jan. 3.—Charles W. Morse, former "ice king" and millionaire banker, at noon today began serving a fifteen year sentence in the Atlanta federal prison for violation of the national banking laws. He is registered as convict No. 2814 and tonight occupies a steel cell, not in the least different from those to which are assigned several hundred other prisoners.

His immaculate tailored garments gave way to a regulation suit of stripes, nor did the distinguished prisoner escape the Bertillon expert, the prison photographer, the regulation bath or the barber.

Strike Breakers Coming West.

CHICAGO, Jan. 4.—It was announced here tonight by the railroad managers that more than a thousand men had been sent to the northwest to take the places of striking switchmen since negotiations for a settlement of the difficulties were closed last Wednesday in St. Paul.

The men were recruited in large numbers from railroads not affected by the strike and assembled in Chicago according to F. L. Dickinson, spokesman for the railroad managers association.

BILLINGS, Jan. 4.—Not for many years have conditions in this section of Montana been so severe, and the situation so gloomy from the standpoint of stockmen, especially the owners of sheep. Heavier snows have fallen during the past four weeks than during any similar period for a score of years, and while the temperature has not been materially lower than usual, it was necessary to begin feeding earlier for the reason that sheep were unable to dig through the snow and secure forage.

(4194)
STOCKMEN'S NATIONAL BANK.
OF FORT BENTON, MONTANA.
Capital Paid Up \$200,000
Surplus \$200,000

DAVID G. BROWN, Pres.
J. V. CARROLL, Vice-Prest.
F. A. FLANAGAN, Asst. Cashier.
BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Chas. E. Duer, Chas. Lepley, Jos. Hirschberg, A. S. Lohman, C. H. Merrill, Jno. V. Carroll, M. E. Milner, David G. Brown, John Harris
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.
Local Securities a Specialty.
Interest Allowed on Time Deposits

Conrad Banking COMPANY,
GREAT FALLS MONT
(Incorporated.)
PAID UP CAPITAL.....\$ 100,000
INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY...\$ 900,000
W. G. CONRAD, Pres.
JAMES T. STANFORD, Vice-Pres. and Manager.
A. E. SCHWINGEL, Cashier.
OMAR J. MALCOLM, Asst. Cashier.

This bank solicits accounts, and offers to depositors absolute security, prompt and careful attention, and the most liberal treatment consistent with safe and profitable banking. Buys and sells foreign exchange, drawing direct on all principal American and European cities, and issues its own Letters of Credit.
Interest paid on time deposits. The highest cash price paid for approved state, county, city and school bonds and warrants.

Benton :: Stables



HILAIRE LABARRE, Prop'r.
Livery, Sale and Feed Stables.
Light and Heavy Turnouts by the day, week, or month. FINE TEAMS a SPECIALTY. Horses, Wagons, Buggies and Harness on hand at all times, and for sale at reasonable prices.

COAL.
Burn Galt LUMP and NUT
In Stoves and Ranges.
NELSON LUMP and EGG
For Furnaces and Steam.
CHAS. CREPEAU, Local Agent.
Leave Orders at Benton Stables.

COAL and WOOD
We handle the Best Steam and Domestic Coals on the Market.
Special prices on Carload orders

J. F. CURTIS, Fort Benton.
Office at Chase Lumber Co.'s Office.
GREAT FALLS
Employment :: Agency
The Oldest Labor Agency in Montana
Male and Female Help Supplied
FRED G. WILSON, Prop'r
319 1/2 First Av S. Great Falls, Mont
Branch office: 67 E Park St, Butte, Mont. Telephone 149-L