

# THE RONAN PIONEER

Issued every Friday at Ronan, Missoula County, Montana, by E. H. RATHBONE, Publishers.

ADVERTISING RATES  
Space rates on application.  
Reading notices 10 cents per line each insertion.  
Church and society notices charged for at regular rates in cases where profit is the object.  
Local advertising at state rates.

Ronan, Mont., Jan. 8, 1915.

Geo. Griffin and wife of Kalispell, former homesteaders on the reservation, were visitors here the past week, coming down to attend the funeral of Mrs. Griffin's mother, Mrs. Hamilton.

Bills are out announcing a farmer's dance and basket social at the Ronan opera house on the night of January 23rd. This is being given by the Ronan local Farmers' Society of Equity. All are cordially invited.

The Anaconda Standard hit pretty close to the truth when it said, "This state does not need many new laws. There is more need of the check than of the spur in legislation." An equitable and just tax law, the abolishing of a score of offices, a valued insurance policy law, and a general reduction in expenditures would be a good record for the present legislature.

## \$500,000 for Flathead

On Tuesday Congressman Stout secured an appropriation in the house of \$500,000 for the continuance of irrigation work on the Flathead. Senator Myers is hopeful of getting this same amount in the senate.

## Ramsey Elected Speaker

J. W. Ramsey was chosen speaker of the lower house of the legislature, defeating MacDonald of Kalispell. Up to yesterday morning there was a deadlock in the senate, the progressives holding the balance of power, and that body had not organized. In the committee appointments of the house, both A. K. Lusk of St. Ignatius and D. N. Mason of Ronan secured assignments on the new counties and divisions committee, besides other important places. Little has been done so far and it will probably be a week more before the two houses get down to business.

## Stellar Distances.

An English writer has amused himself in figuring on the price of a journey to the nearest star. Assuming that it would be possible to travel at a speed of 500 miles an hour and that the fare would be as low as 2 cents a hundred miles, he figures that the traveler would have to pay \$5,500,000 for his ticket and that he would reach his destination in 5,839,440 years. If the traveler, however, could take passage on a ray of light he could make his journey in four and one-quarter years. At that rapid rate he could reach the moon in a second and a quarter, the sun in eight minutes and Neptune in four years.

## Overdoing It.

Mr. B., who was dining out, had done lavish justice to the good things before him. By way of a graceful apology he remarked with a beaming smile directed toward his hostess: "I've always heard, ma'am, that the highest compliment one can pay the housekeeper is to eat heartily. You observe that I have been exceedingly polite."

"Thank you, Mr. B.," smiled back the hostess. "Indeed, I think that you have carried politeness to the point of flattery."—New York Evening Post.

## An Ancient City.

Rhodes still survives, a medieval city in all its defensive war gear of tower and curtain and keep. It is the city which the Knights of St. John erected in the midst of the Byzantines after they had been driven out of Jerusalem in the early fourteenth century. Probably few travelers realize how well preserved the tremendous fortifications and dwellings are.

## Not a Matter of Locality.

The Flatterer—But don't you think your son is wasting his talents in this little burg? The Magnate (caustically)—Of course he is, but he might as well waste them here as somewhere else.—Life.

# STORIES OF WAR ARE FILLED WITH

## How an Unnamed Officer Stiffened Courage of His Men—Mother's Letter Breathes of Heroism.

CORRESPONDENTS at the front or appeared in obscure places while the great European conflict rages manage daily to get through the weary censures some little grimly humorous or tragic side lights of the war.

How an unnamed lieutenant colonel in the French army stiffened the courage of his men and his own when they were about to charge the enemy for the first time is told in the Paris Figaro. The colonel, wounded, but convalescent, is described as relating the anecdote on the train as follows:

"It was in the course of one of the numerous battles on our right wing. For the first time my regiment was about to go under fire. The moment was decisive; the regiment had its battle formation, and now it was necessary, over open ground, to march straight and resolutely at the enemy. Their fire was hot and already had produced ravages in our ranks. It was scourging. I had taken my position at the head of the regiment and given the order forward, but separated from their base, my men hesitated. In vain I repeated the command. Then, returning toward them, I said:

"What! You flinch? All you will gain out of this turnabout is death on the spot without having been of any use. Attention! Take my arm one of you, and all of you hold arms, and arm in arm, gun in hand, we'll advance. You'll find that's not so bad."

"My word, the idea decided them, and arm in arm we started forward. They soon got warmed up, and for a time I was nearly forced to hold them back. Oh, the brave fellows!"

A woman who was listening said: "It was fortunate, colonel, that you yourself were not afraid."

"Not afraid!" exclaimed the colonel. "Oh, madam, if you knew what shivers went through me! But when I saw them hesitate I had to set an example. I was bluffing."

## Letter For Every Soldier.

A well known member of the academy has written a "letter for the man who never gets one," to be distributed in the French trenches. In it he says: "Apparently there are very few among our soldiers who never receive any letters. But if there is such a one it is to him that I address this letter."

"I see you from here, my dear young fellow. I see your disappointment and your sadness when the quartermaster appears in sight with a number of letters in his hand and calls out first this name and that and deals out to eager hands envelopes which contain the good wishes of the family and a mother's kisses. Every one is grave, and every one listens for his name to be called out. Nothing for you."

"You fight, however, just as well as your comrades. And while you only do as well as they do you really do something more. The other soldiers are fighting for the homes of their ancestors and for the defense of their property. You have neither home nor ancestors nor property, and you fight with as much courage as those who are getting letters by every post."

"Don't be ashamed because no one has written to you. Be proud. Others have been born in a family whose position is made. You will have the satisfaction and the pride of making your own. They have received; you will give, and your part is by far the best."

"Once more, my son, courage and good luck. And let me send you a kiss, I, who have no son, and you, who have no father."  
BRIEUX.  
"French Academician."

## "The Arm Doesn't Matter."

The Paris Mathu gives details of the death in the Hospital de la Compagnon at Compiègne of a son of Dr. von Puttkamer, former president of the Reichstag. A short time before the German retreat from Compiègne a young noncommissioned officer of the Eighteenth dragons was brought to the hospital desperately wounded by a 75 millimeter shell.

Both eyes had been destroyed, one arm had been torn away, and he had a terrible wound in the leg. From the number and attentiveness of the high officials at his bedside the French hospital attendants realized that he was a person of importance.

The young man retained consciousness, murmuring faintly. "The arm doesn't matter, but it is dreadful never to see again and not to be able to hunt or ride."

The Germans made preparations for an elaborate funeral when they realized that his death was imminent, but the proximity of the French compelled them to abandon their design. Von Puttkamer expired as the French entered Compiègne.

## A Modern Cornelia.

The Paris Temps reprints from L'Information a letter from Mme. de S. of Paris, written on learning of the death of her son, seventeen years old, who volunteered despite ill health. The letter, which the Temps calls worthy of the Roman matron Cornelia, runs: "I thank you for the delicacy with

# IN EUROPE THAT HEART INTEREST

## Russians Continually Bringing "Captured Kaisers" Into Camp—Priest Says Mass In Trenches.

which the terrible news was broken to me. In my agony one consolation remains. For seventeen years I struggled for my son's life against many illnesses, only saving him from death by constant care. I am deeply proud to have succeeded in preserving him to die for his country."

## Nearly Put One Over.

"The Germans are full of resources," writes an English correspondent, "and it is one of their favorite plans to lure the allied troops on to attack them by various devices, of which an indicated intention of surrendering is the most common. If this deception is successful a skillfully concealed machine gun turns a murderous fire upon those who have advanced either to attack or to accept surrender."

"The audacity of the enemy cannot better be illustrated than by a well authenticated statement of what took place last night in a trench held by a Gurkha regiment. A figure, silhouetted by the moonlight and wearing a complete Gurkha uniform, approached the end of the trench and delivered the message:

"The Gurkhas are to move further up the trench. Another Gurkha contingent is advancing in support."

"Puzzled by this announcement, the officer in command replied: 'Who are you? Where do you come from? To which the only answer was, 'You are to move up and make room for other Gurkhas.'

"The English was good, but some thing excited the officer's suspicions."

"Answer, and answer quickly," he said. "If you are a Gurkha by what front did you cross?"

"This question, under the circumstances, was no easy one to answer, and the German for such he was turned and fled, but he had not gone five yards before he fell, riddled with bullets."

"If the officer had been deceived the trench, of course, would have swarmed with Germans almost before the Gurkhas had made room for them."

## Pastidious Sandy.

News has come back to England of how the British soldiers taken prisoners are faring in Germany. There are 6,000 in a caserne at Doberlitz.

Among them are some highlanders. It's getting to be cold weather in Doberlitz, and a German officer, with the kindest of intentions, offered to provide them with trousers.

The Scots were indignant and rejected the gift.

"But why do you prefer petticoats?" the German asked of one of the highlanders.

"Because they never bog at the knees," replied Sandy.

## "Is This the Kaiser?"

According to a dispatch from Petrograd to the London Daily News, the Russian soldiers pursuing the Germans in western Galicia are bringing "captured Kaisers" into camp two or three times each day.

It is the belief of the czar's force that the war can be easily terminated by making a prisoner of Emperor William. For that reason nearly every German officer who wears a "kaiser" mustache and is caught by the Russians is taken to headquarters. "Is this he?" is the oft repeated query. The fact that the Kaiser is still at liberty has not dampened the enthusiasm of the Russians.

## Mass In the Trenches.

With their only candles the flames of bursting shells and their mighty hymns the roar of cannon, French artillerymen knelt in the trenches at Chalons, in the fiercest fighting along the Aisne, and worshipped at mass, said by a priest on an artillery caisson. When the priest had blessed his smoke and mud stained congregation he went back to tend the gun he had left to offer his prayers to God.

A description of this inspiring scene is contained in a letter received by Mr. Henri Didot at the French consulate in New York city from Baron de Condouche, a lieutenant in an artillery regiment.

When the letter was sent from the battlefield the officer, "who until the outbreak of the war was consul at Guernsey, England, had been on the battlefield six days without sleep or relief, and of the sixty-three horses in his company only ten were left alive."

"I have seen the most sublime and touching spectacle of my life," he wrote. "Nothing can equal it for daring, for that spirit which makes the Frenchman great. It was last Sunday, shells fell incessantly everywhere about us, madding our tired ranks. Suddenly on to a caisson an artilleryman—dirty, unkempt—climbed. He was a priest, and there on that caisson he celebrated holy mass, a step away from cannons that were being fired every moment. The shock jarred the caisson until it shivered."

"Ah, how sublime! About the cannons that kept growling always knelt these soldiers, rendering homage to God under the fire of shells. Some

may have gone to God even as they knelt. I could not see from where I was. There the music was the roar of cannon, the candles the burst of flame.

"For six days we have been under fire at the camp of Chalons. All day the shells fall, and at night we fall asleep on the ground, which is saturated with the rain. We have little to eat. We have fought so hard that of the thirty-three horses in my squadron only ten are left. The horses are so tired that they fall and are unable to rise again."

## Unique Dinner Party.

A unique dinner party is reported in a soldier's letter from the front.

At a point where the German and French lines approached to within a few hundred yards from each other, apparently to the west of Rheims, the fighting stopped at about nightfall, and the Germans were just going to their warm meal at the nearby field kitchen, when an officer was seen to mount the French entrenchment waving a flag of truce. A German officer went out to meet him. The Frenchman, who turned out to be the captain of a company, explained that his men were very hungry, having had nothing to eat for several days, and asked whether the Germans would not give them something.

"How many men have you?" he was asked. "About a hundred," he was asked. "All right; call out your men," said the German. The company thereupon laid aside their arms and came over to the Germans, where they sat down and ate their supper with their enemies. The captain is reported to have said that his men were so famished that they would not be able to continue fighting without something to eat.

## That Finished 'Em.

A few of the many privileged persons who, obtaining passes through political influence, motor to the neighborhood of the battle line to view the fighting, to the great annoyance of the French general staff, received an effective rebuke a few days ago.

They had collected on a hill overlooking Soissons to watch the artillery duel that was going on across the river when a staff officer rode up and asked what they were doing there. All with one accord said they had come out to see whether they could be of any use in Red Cross work.

The staff officer at once sent them to the surgeon in command of the nearest field hospital with a message placing the whole party at his disposal. The surgeon rose to the occasion.

"It was most kind of you to come," he said. "You can be of the greatest service. Here are picks and spades. Will you kindly bury those dead horses?"

Not many of the horses were ever buried, but that corner of the field of battle was successfully cleared of spectators.

## Improve Each Other's Aim.

An officer in a Bedfordshire regiment writes home:

"A battalion of the First division was entrenched within seventy yards of the Germans, and one witty fellow hoisted an improvised bullseye target above the trenches."

"The German snipers had single shots at it, and the hits were signalled. There were great cheers from our fellows when they scored a bullseye."

"After a bit they put up a target, which our fellows potted at, and there were cheers and songs from both sides."

## Bavarians Are Comedians.

The wild ways of the Bavarian soldiery provide the German army with most of its comedy. Intensely sentimental, at times insanely brave, at other times ingenious as children and at all times effusive, they are at once the wonder and the delight of the more phlegmatic type of German.

Let some unheard of and, by all the rules of war, preposterous thing be accomplished in the way of a sortie or a hand to hand encounter, and the explanation is not unlikely to be, "It was those damned Bavarians!"

The adjective denotes endearment. Modern firearms link these men of the south. Their idea of a fight is a free for all. Roll up your sleeves and wade in. Fight with your hands if you can, and draw your long hunting knife from your bootleg if you must. The knives are carried in a sheath which is fastened inside the right boot. Fair observers say that the French would rather face 500 Prussians in a bayonet charge than 150 Bavarians shouting, "Daruff!" ("At it!" or "Go to it!") and coming forward with their knives drawn. The hoarse chorus of "Daruff!" is said to be no contemptible factor in the grim effect the mountain men produce.

## Officers Hail Their Men.

When a German officer slows up his auto in the roadside to pass a small detachment of troops moving on foot he is more apt than not to give the men a hail and ask them if all goes well with them. If it is a sentry the officer is passing as he crosses the bridge at the foot of a village street he will pause and say, "Are you comfortably quartered in this town?" The sentry beams and in a dozen words gives the attitude of the population toward the troops.

In respect to this interchange of greetings and these solicitous inquiries the rapport between officers and men in the German army seems singularly close. There is no familiarity, but there is understanding.

A group of German officers passing a detachment of Bavarians made the usual inquiries: "How goes it with you? How do you like active service?" "Oh, this is fine!" replied the sergeant. "Now an honest man can fight without a policeman in the square to stop him!"

# Are You Going to Build?

A house, barn, grainary, shed, or anything requiring lumber? If you are, you will need us. Remember, we are the originators of low prices on building materials on the Flathead, and continue the low price. We manufacture and sell the very best in all kinds of building material, in the rough or finished product.

# Home Labor and Home Material

Our planer is turning out seasoned flooring, siding, ceiling, shiplap, mouldings, frames, etc. Doors and windows of all kinds. For estimates, prices, etc., see

# Ronan Milling Company

Mill five miles northeast of Ronan

A report of the public health service shows that the activities of the government in an effort to eradicate or check the tick fever in the Bitter Root have met with some success. Dipping of domestic animals and the extermination of wild animals has been practiced but the report says that it is not believed the dipping of domestic animals will ever rid the valley of the fever.

## Stockholders' Meeting

The regular annual stockholders' meeting of the First National Bank of Ronan, will be held on the second Tuesday in January, being January 12th, 1915, at their banking rooms at 12:30 o'clock p. m., to elect directors, and for the purpose of doing any other business that may come, before this meeting.

F. J. WHITE, Cashier.  
JOHN DAHLGREN, Vice-president.  
Dec. 18-25-Jan. 1.

# RONAN MEAT MARKET



Will buy and sell all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats. Highest prices paid for cattle, hogs, poultry, and produce of all kinds.

D. D. HULL, Proprietor  
RONAN, - - - MONTANA

## Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Missoula, Montana, Dec. 7, 1914.—Notice is hereby given that William Tate Taylor, of Ronan, Montana, who, on Dec. 31, 1913, made entry No. 05148, for NW $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 17, T. 21 N., R. 19 W. M. M., has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof under new law to establish claim to the land above described, before E. H. Rathbone, a U. S. Commissioner, at Ronan, Montana, on the 18th day of January, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: Dovie LeClair, Oville Scheff, Henry Billings, Barney Beassette, all of Ronan, Montana.

FRANK M. McHAFFIE, Register.  
Dec 11 Jan 8  
Non coal land

## Notice for Publication.

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Missoula, Montana, Dec. 7, 1914.—Notice is hereby given that James Thornton Farrow, of Ronan, Montana, who on May 19, 1910, made entry No. 02151, for Unit F, E $\frac{1}{2}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , Section 20, township 21 N., R. 20 W. M. M., has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof under old law, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. H. Rathbone, a U. S. Commissioner, at Ronan, Montana, on the 18th day of January, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: John Vance, Andrew Eck, Amandus Hinz, Herman Carsten, all of Ronan, Montana.

FRANK M. McHAFFIE, Register.  
Dec 11 Jan 8  
Non-coal-land Flathead Project

04517  
**Notice for Publication.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Missoula, Montana, Dec. 7, 1914.—Notice is hereby given that George McAlear, of Polson, Montana, who, on Oct. 19, 1912, made entry No. 04517, for Unit D, NE $\frac{1}{4}$  SW $\frac{1}{4}$ , N $\frac{1}{2}$  SE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 20, T. 21 N., R. 21 W. M. M., has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof, under new law, to establish claim to the land above described, before E. H. Rathbone, a U. S. Commissioner, at Ronan, Montana, on the 16th day of January, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: Julius E. Odiete, Victor A. Hardman, Alexander Kennedy, John Hardman, all of Ronan, Montana.

FRANK M. McHAFFIE, Register.  
Dec 11 Jan 8  
Non-coal land. Flathead Project.

**MONEY TO LOAN** On Flathead Lands  
Will be at Sterling Hotel every Saturday. Anyone desiring to make arrangements for loans, call on me there, or write to Reasonable rates **ROBERT BENNETT** Call, or address **LEON, MONTANA.**

**WILLIAMS STAGE LINE**  
Ravalli to Polson  
FARE: Ravalli to Ronan \$1.50  
Ravalli to Polson \$1.00  
**GEORGE W. WILLIAMS, Manager.**

**ATTENTION!**  
After collecting in most of our outstanding accounts, we have decided to stay in Ronan and we offer as a special inducement to those who care to get 100% for a dollar. Suits and Overcoats from \$15.00 to \$25.00. All garments will have our label, which will guarantee the superiority of goods and workmanship. A small deposit is required on all orders.

**RONAN TAILORING CO.**  
05148  
**Notice for Publication.**  
Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Missoula, Montana, Dec. 7, 1914.—Notice is hereby given that William Tate Taylor, of Ronan, Montana, who, on Dec. 31, 1913, made entry No. 05148, for NW $\frac{1}{4}$  NE $\frac{1}{4}$  Sec. 17, T. 21 N., R. 19 W. M. M., has filed notice of intention to make commutation proof under new law to establish claim to the land above described, before E. H. Rathbone, a U. S. Commissioner, at Ronan, Montana, on the 18th day of January, 1915. Claimant names as witnesses: George Covatt, Addison M. Sterling, Charles Hollingsworth, Gordon Irish, all of Ronan, Montana.

FRANK M. McHAFFIE, Register.  
Dec 11 Jan 8  
(Non-coal land.)

**Trade! TRADE!**  
If you wish to trade your ranch for 5 and 10 acre orchard tracts adjoining Missoula, or for residence or town lots, we invite correspondence. We have some very desirable propositions.

Also town lots in Ronan to trade. Money to loan on land not under the irrigation system.  
**W. H. Smead Company**  
Missoula, Montana.