

HUGH GLASS, MONTANA PIONEER WHO FOUGHT DEATH THROUGH WILDERNESS TO AVENGE HIMSELF ON MEN WHO BETRAYED HIM

MONTANANS WITH FAMOUS KINSMEN

MANY RESIDENTS OF TREASURE STATE ARE BLOOD RELATIVES OF NOTED MEN.

Descendant of Sir Walter Raleigh Lives in Butte; Ignatius Donnelly's Son Former Montana Man; Teddy Roosevelt Has a Cousin in Politics in Cascade County.

There are many men in Montana who claim the honor of kinship to illustrious personages in the history of this and other countries.

Among these is A. C. Raleigh of Butte, who is a descendant of Sir Walter Raleigh of Elizabethan fame in English history, the man who introduced smoking tobacco to the white race. Raleigh has in his possession a letter written by his famous ancestor, deploring the custom of chewing the weed instead of smoking it, and asking the British government to pass a law making it a felony to chew tobacco.

Florence Van de Putte, manager of the Park hotel at Great Falls, is descended from Peter Stuyvesant, the Dutch governor of New York who defied the British. He has a fine portrait of Governor Stuyvesant which has been in the family since colonial days.

Ignatius Donnelly, formerly a Butte doctor, was the son of the noted Ignatius Donnelly of Minnesota, political boss of that state and the author of Caesar's Column, a work which attracted world-wide attention because of the startling socialistic theories advanced by the writer. He was also the founder of the Baconian theory of the authorship of Shakespeare's plays.

Expert on Coffee. Lew L. Calloway, formerly of Virginia City and now a resident of Great Falls, who was supreme court commissioner of Montana for some time, traces his ancestry directly back to Alexander Hamilton, one of the first famous Americans.

Charles J. Copenhaver of Butte, managing editor of the Anaconda Standard, is descended from Peter Copenhaver, a famous Dutch explorer who was instrumental in securing the island of Java for the Netherlands. Mr. Copenhaver's later ancestors were famous coffee planters, and the Butte man of that family is probably the only authority in Montana on the subject of coffee blending, which for years has been his hobby. He has imported various kinds of coffee from all parts of the world for his own use and for experiments in blending.

T. J. Hocking of Glasgow is directly descended from Alonzo Hocking, an owner of vast estates under the British crown in New York state before the revolution. Alonzo Hocking refused to sign the Declaration of Independence because it meant the confiscation of his property, in his opinion. He afterward removed his family to the western frontier in Ohio, which was then inhabited only by Indians. Hocking became the first recognized authority on the customs, habits and the languages of the American Indian, a subject in which his descendant in Montana today is deeply interested.

Son of Malcolm Clark. Horace Clark of Glacier is the son of Malcolm Clark, the famous frontiersman and fur trader, who was killed by Blackfoot Indians in the Prickly Pear canyon in 1869. Malcolm Clark was trained at West Point and was one of the big men in the early history of Montana.

John B. Ritch of Lewistown is a grandson of Hezekiah Ritch, a noted South Carolina minister, who was a leader in the rebellion in that state during the administration of Andrew Jackson. When Jackson threatened to hang every land owner who was connected with the uprising, Ritch's ancestors fled to Georgia, where the family has since resided.

Thomas Flavin, chief postoffice inspector for the district including Montana, is a brother of a member of the present British parliament, which is so important an influence in the conduct of the great war.

Ferdinand C. Roosevelt, county auditor of Cascade county, is a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, and like the colonel, is an excellent politician.

Mrs. J. K. Toole, widow of the late Governor Toole of Montana, is a daughter of General Rosenzweig of civil war fame.

Related to Creel. George Creel of Lewistown is a cousin of George Creel, the husband of Blanche Bates, who was recently appointed by President Wilson as head of the government bureau for censoring war news.

Alden J. Bennett, the Virginia City banker, is a direct descendant of John Alden, who was such a famous figure in colonial days.

Calvin E. Hubbard, the Great Falls abstractor, is a member of the famous Hubbard family of New England. One of his ancestors, while taking a passage in a sailing ship from London to Asia Minor as scout for a band of missionaries, was captured by Turks and kept in captivity by them for a number of years, during which time he adopted their customs and modes of living. Later he escaped and managed to get aboard a vessel sailing for America.

We don't know much. But we do know that if the skirts keep on getting shorter the corsets will have to be made shorter, too, to keep them from showing above the knees.

Here and there over Montana may be found pioneers of the state, former employes of the American Fur company, who relate the story of the adventures of Hugh Glass, whose escape from savage Indians and other perils of the plains surpasses the wildest imaginative flights of fiction writers and made his name a household word among the scattered white population of what is now Montana in the fur trapping days. His remarkable story is well authenticated, having been investigated by numerous writers of the period, and the details were well known to many pioneers.

Hugh Glass' escape from a grizzly bear and the subsequent astonishing experiences that had formed a classic in the story of Montana adventure. All that is known of his early history is that he was born in Pennsylvania, and that he was called an "old man" as early as 1824. The first real knowledge of him that has been handed down came in 1822, when he became a member of the Ashley and Henry expedition to the Yellowstone river to establish trading posts.

After taking part in several Indian battles, Glass was chosen by Major Henry as one of a party to travel to the Yellowstone river. Their route lay up Grand river through a country interspersed with thickets of brushwood. As they depended on hunting game for their food, it was necessary to keep one or two hunters ahead of the party, and Glass was chosen for this work. On the fifth day out he was a short distance in front of the party, forcing his way through a thicket, when he suddenly came on a grizzly bear which reared its huge bulk in front of him.

Attacked by Grizzly. Before he could "set his triggers," or even turn to fly, he was seized by the throat by the bear and lifted from the ground. Then, flinging him down, the ferocious animal buried her fangs in his flesh and sought to tear him limb from limb to feed her cubs, which were near by. Glass' companion had appeared by this time and was making war on the cubs with a club when one of them drove him into the river, where, standing waist deep in the water, he killed the cub with a shot. The main body of the expedition now came up, and after firing several shots killed the she-bear as she was standing over Glass' prostrate body.

Although he was still alive, it did not seem possible that Glass could live, as his whole body was terribly mangled. He was unable to move and suffered excruciating pain. There was no surgical aid to be had and it was impossible to move him. Delaying the party might mean disaster, yet the leaders refused to leave the sufferer alone. In this predicament, Major Henry succeeded, by offering a reward of \$82, in getting two men to remain with Glass until he should die or recover sufficiently to be moved to one of the trading posts.

These men remained with Glass five days, when, believing that he could not recover and at the same time seeing no prospects of his immediate death, they cruelly abandoned him, taking with them his rifle and all of his effects, so that he was left without means of defense, food or shelter. They then set out after the rest of the party, and when they had overtaken them, reported that Glass had died and that they had buried him.

Glass Lives for Revenge. But Glass, when he realized the treachery of his companions, made up his mind to live in spite of everything, if, for nothing else, to have revenge on his betrayers. There was a small spring near by, and he crawled painfully to it. Over it hung a few bushes with wild cherries, and close by were other bushes with buffalo berries that he could reach. Here he remained day after day, gradually nursing back his strength until he felt he could travel.

With wonderful fortitude he set out for Fort Kiowa, a post on the Missouri river 100 miles away. He was hardly able to drag one limb after the other, with no provisions nor means of securing any and in a hostile country, but the deep purpose of revenge held him up, and finally he had a stroke of luck.

It happened one day that he came upon a spot where a pack of wolves had surrounded a buffalo calf and were killing it. Glass lay low till the calf was dead, when he put the wolves to flight and ate some of the raw meat. This strengthened him greatly, taking as much more meat as he could carry, he set out again and at last reached Fort Kiowa.

On the Trail Again. After an experience of that kind it might be supposed that Glass would have been inclined to rest at the fort until his wounds got well, but he had been there only a few days when a party of trappers came along in a boat, bound for the Yellowstone river. This was just the opportunity he wanted, and he promptly joined them.

When the party were nearing the Mandan villages, Glass thought to save a little time by going overland across a bend on the river to Tilton's fort, a trading post. It was lucky that he did so, for on the following day all his companions were massacred by the Aricaras Indians. As he

approached the fort, Glass saw two squaws, whom he at once recognized as Aricaras. Alarmed at his danger he sought to conceal himself, but too late, for the squaws at once notified the warriors, who began pursuit. Glass, still feeble from his wounds, made an ineffectual effort at flight. His enemies were almost within gunshot, when two mounted Mandans, who were friendly, rushed forward and seized him, and as there were many other Mandan warriors in the vicinity, the Aricaras abandoned the chase.

The Indians carried Glass to Tilton's fort, and the same night he set forth alone up the river. After traveling for thirty-eight days, all the way through hostile country, he at length arrived at Henry's fort, near the mouth of the Big Horn river, near the present town of Big Horn. Here he was received as one risen from the dead, for no one had doubted the story of his treacherous companions who had abandoned him. He was chagrined to find, however, that his companions had gone to Fort Atkinson. Still intent on revenge, he promptly accepted an offer to carry a dispatch to Fort Atkinson. Four men went with him, and they left Henry's fort February 28, 1824.

Trapped by Indians. The route of the party lay through the Powder river valley to the sources of that stream, and across into the valley of the Platte. Here they made some skin boats and floated down the river until they were out of the foothills, when, to their infinite dismay, they came upon a band of Aricaras. These warriors pretended to be friendly, and as Glass had known the chief previously and had smoked with him, he was inclined to trust him. When he alighted from his boat, the old chief embraced him as

ward is not known, for no trace of his wanderings is found until the year 1830, when he is mentioned in correspondence as having been at Fort Union, at the mouth of the Yellowstone. He was at one time employed as hunter for the fort and used to hunt mountain sheep on the bluffs opposite the post. These bluffs are still known as Glass' Bluffs. The record of Glass' death is found in the writings of that noted explorer, Prince Maximilian of Wied, who was at Fort Union the winter Glass was killed, in 1832-33. It seems that Glass, with two companions, had gone from Fort Cass to hunt bears on the Yellowstone, and as they were crossing the river on the ice, they were all three shot and scalped by a war party of 30 Aricaras who were concealed on the opposite bank.

Manufacturing war airplanes in Montana to fight the Germans is the somewhat ambitious plan of the Russell Aeroplane company, which is now engaged in building triplanes at Great Falls, and while this is being done on a small scale at present, it is the hope of the company that the construction of a factory and the turning out of planes in quantity are things that can be accomplished within the next few months.

E. L. Russell is president of the company. For many years he made balloon flights and parachute jumps at county fairs throughout the middle west, and when aeroplane came into fashion he became interested in that method of air travel, studying closely the various types of heavier than air machines that have been developed. The thing that interested him principally, he says, was the matter of making airplanes safer to travel in through the use of a stabilizer. Russell has invented a triplane with an unusual attachment, which he claims will go far to make it fool-proof and safe in the face of many kinds of accidents.

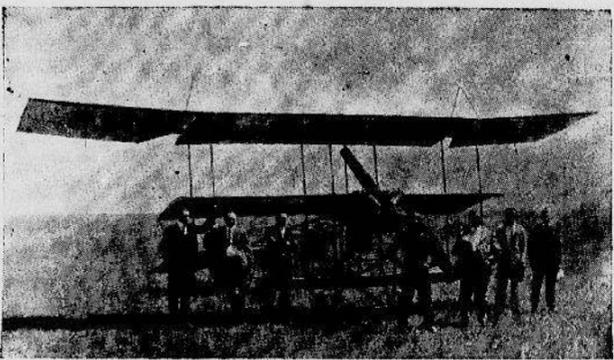
The unusual feature of the Russell

triplane is the wing to be seen in the picture, attached to either end of the top plane. The presence of these wings, he claims, will cause the triplane to right itself if it goes out of control for any reason, and make possible a safe landing under almost any conditions. The triplane shown in the picture is equipped with an 80-horsepower Curtis airplane engine and has a speed in the air of between 60 and 70 miles per hour. A new 150-horsepower engine has been sent for, and when it is installed will give a speed of more than 100 miles per hour.

One of the earlier experimental triplanes built by the Russell company made satisfactory flights for short distances and at no great height, and it is claimed that the triplane shown in the illustration will be ready for flying this week.

Associated with the Russell company is Andre Houpert, who learned flying at the Bieriot school in France and claims to have had experience in all kinds of plane flying. Houpert states that it is the intention of the company to teach aviation in connection with the manufacturing of airplanes.

BUILDING AIRPLANES IS THE LATEST INDUSTRY IN STATE



Russell Triplane, with Stabilizer Wings.

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The unusual feature of the Russell

POSES AS FARMER FOOLS SALOONMAN

BUTTE POLICE OFFICER BUYS FLASK OF WHISKY OUT OF LAWFUL HOURS.

Drives Flea-Bitten Team Up in Front of Saloon, Tells Victim That He Has a Long Way to Go, and Gets Whisky; Then Arrests Man Who Would Succor Him.

He looked like a stage farmer. His mustache stuck out like the eyebrows of a bull walrus. In his faded blue eye was a gleam that suggested the light and shadows of the desert of Sahara. The trade mark at the back of his waistband proclaimed most of his nether wearing apparel to be "Boss of the Road." There was hayseed in his hair and he was chewing a wisp of straw. He would not have passed for the genuine article because a real farmer, in these prosperous days, would have been wearing store clothes and driving a Ford automobile.

He pulled his flea-bitten team up in front of Paul Sherick's Butte saloon, and said, "Whoa!" to the meek animals in a tone that attracted Sherick's attention and should have warned him. It lacked 15 minutes to the time that Paul could open his tavern and do business with the aid and cognizance of the law.

Wanted Some "Licker."

"Stranger," said the make-believe farmer, "do you happen to have milk of human kindness in your heart? I am only a pore farmer, and I live down in the Jefferson valley. My ranch is just beyond Ray Ruhl's. Perhaps you know Ray Ruhl. I guess you don't as Ray is not much of a drinking man, and you, being in the saloon business would not have a chance to get acquainted with him. I've got to get out to my place just as soon as these critters can pull me thar. Do you reckon you could let me buy a little flask of licker. It would be a great accommodation to me, as I want to get on my way, and get over the Homestake road before it gets too hot. Some time when you are out my way you can drop in and eat with us."

The talk rang true. Sherick fell for it. He unlocked the door of the saloon, entered, and emerged a few minutes later with a quart bottle in his hand. "I'll take a chance with you, dad," he said, "I was a farmer once myself." He handed the bottle up to Sherick and took the money.

Then the hayseed arrested the saloonman on a charge of selling liquor out of hours. The farmer was Officer Wocasek of the Butte police force.

He Wasn't Bragging.

Alex Lehman of Lewistown was out at Hilger one day last week, when he met an old friend, a Frenchman, who is farming out that way.

"Hello, John, how's 'the crop?'" asked Lehman.

The Frenchman regarded him for a moment in gloomy silence.

"Say, Alex," he said, "by Gar, you know me twenty year, an' I don't brag much, do I?"

"No, John," replied Lehman. "I wouldn't call you a boastful man."

"Well, by Gar, Alex, dat crop of mine is—well, by Gar, Alex, it's goin' to bust me dis year. What you tink of dat?"

The Wise Fool.

"The amount of conscience money returned to the government is not half as much as it used to be," observed the Sage. "This shows that there is less stealing."

"Or less conscience," added the Fool.

Bless Her Heart!

A woman's smarter than a man, You'll find this isn't bunk; She can pack more in a handbag than A man can in a trunk.

The Limit.

"Smith is an unreasonable cuss, isn't he?" remarked Jones.

"Should say he was," agreed Jones. "Why, he insists on catching fish when he goes fishing."

making the license plate perpetual and one number serving one car, and one car only, during the life of the car.

Color Identification. Some of the advantages of a perpetual number plate are these: It would prevent the changing of license numbers because there would be no necessity for change except when a license plate was lost, and then the applicant would have to prove ownership before he could get a duplicate. A new car would be given a number and would carry it indefinitely. If some color identification for the year was thought advisable then a small tag that would carry the year and state abbreviation could be turned over to the car owner each year when he paid his license fee, but he would retain the same number.

Motor Touring. Motor touring through the state reached its peak last week. Hundreds of transcontinental tourists have passed through the state east and west, during the past 10 days. There has been a great deal of domestic travel to and from the two great national parks, Glacier and Yellowstone, both of which are Montana institutions.

MONTANA YOUTH WINNING FAME

STANLEY QUINN IS THIRD IN LIFE'S NATIONAL PATRIOTIC CONTEST.

His Poem, "Up With the Flag," Excites Favorable Comment; John M. Quinn, as Editor of Butte Daily Miner, Helped to Win Permanent Capital for Helena.

Stanley J. Quinn, a native Butte boy, and a son of John M. Quinn, who won fame in this state during the capital fight as the editor of the Butte Miner, has been awarded third prize in the patriotic song contest, arranged by the humorous publication, Life. Young Quinn's prize winning effort is as follows:

UP WITH THE FLAG. Where freedom beats its pinnons Against the bars of shame, Where tyrants lead their minions To rule a world aflame, Where Liberty is calling, Across the crimson sea, Her anguish'd prayer for hearts that dare To keep her children free.

New glory for Old Glory! Be hark our word of fire, When some shall read the story Shall they forget the sire? For those who gave us freedom, For freedom yet to be, Our banner blest shall never rest Until the world is free.

UP WITH THE FLAG! Its stars shall guide us Up with the flag! Its stripes proclaim our might, The flag our hearts are high for the flag Shall cross the sea for liberty; God guard the flag of right!

Father in Capital Fight. John M. Quinn, father of this gifted youth whose literary efforts are beginning to attract attention, was one of the factors in winning the capital contest for Helena. He insisted editorially that Marcus Daly had put aside \$300 for every voter who would cast his ballot for Anaconda. When the election was held the money, of course, was not forthcoming. It existed only in the imagination of Quinn. Several thousand voters of mercenary mind, chagrined because they did not get their \$300, cast their votes for Helena, and saved the capital for that city.

Quinn was one of the state's greatest orators 16 years ago. His ability in this direction attracted the attention of the leaders of Tammany hall, and he was induced to locate in New York. He was given a lucrative place in the administration of New York city affairs, and while enjoying the emoluments of this place studied law and campaigned for Tammany when

A MOTOR CAR FOR EVERY 18 PEOPLE

OWNERS OF AUTOMOBILES ARE BECOMING NUMEROUS IN MONTANA.

One Motor Car for Every Six Miles of Public Road; 24,000 Cars in State at End of 1916 and Increase This Year Estimated at Fifty Per Cent.

One person in every 18 in the state of Montana owns a motor car, according to statistics just given out by the office of public roads of the department of agriculture at Washington.

The bureau makes public the following interesting statistics in regard to motor vehicle registration, licenses and revenues in the state during the year 1916.

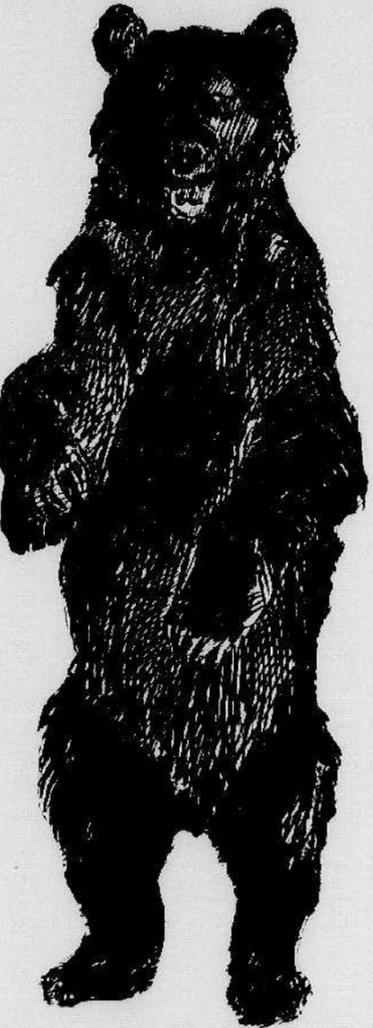
Population per car	18
Cars per mile of road	6
Cars in state	24,500
Motorcycles	495
Dealers' licenses	293
License revenues	\$52,708

The amount of motor vehicle license revenue available for road work is placed at \$49,603.

These figures are for last year, and were given out by the bureau a few days ago. It is estimated that the figures for this year will show an increase of approximately 50 per cent, as the sales of motors during the past six months in the state have been enormous.

Perpetual Numbers. There have been so many thefts of motor cars in the state during the past year that it has been suggested to the state authorities that the numbers of cars be made permanent. It is contended that a license number on a motor car serves several purposes, but it is not put to its greatest use and will not be until it becomes perpetual and is made as much a part of the car as is the engine or the rear axle. So much is heard about prevention of car thefts that it is peculiar some action has not been taken to make the license number put fear into the heart of the car thief by

necessary. He had been in New York City only two years when he was the Tammany candidate for state senator for Kings county, and was elected. In the meantime he qualified and passed the bar examination, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. His son, Stanley, who will be remembered in Butte, is developing into one of the bright lights of the literary world, as his latest effort would indicate.



A Grizzly Reared Its Huge Bulk Before Him.

a brother. The whites were thrown off their guard and accepted an invitation to visit the chief's lodge. While partaking of the hospitable pipe, Glass perceived some squaws carrying away their belongings, and he well understood what this meant. Springing to his feet, the whites fled. Two were overtaken and put to death, one within a few yards of Glass, who had found concealment behind a point of rocks. He succeeded in baffling their search until finally they abandoned it altogether. He had lost all of his property excepting a knife and flint, and thus equipped he set off in a northeast direction for Fort Kiowa, on the Missouri, again.

The buffalo calves at this season were very young, and as they were found in abundance, Glass had no difficulty in getting what meat he needed, while, with his flint he could build a fire. He was 15 days reaching Fort Kiowa, and at the first opportunity he went down the river to Fort Atkinson. Here he found one of the men who had deserted him, who had enlisted in the army. As he was under protection of the law, Glass did not feel disposed to kill the man, for he would certainly have been hanged himself, had he done so. However, he told of the brutal crime the man had committed, and had the satisfaction of seeing the latter a marked man for life, shunned and held in contempt by his comrades. The commanding officer provided him with new equipment.

Killed by Indians. Just what happened to Glass after-