

GENERAL WARREN TALKS OLD TIMES

WAS SHERIFF OF HALF OF MONTANA FORTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

Tells of the Killing of Jim Neighbors, and How a Clever Lawyer Moved International Boundary and Got Accused Off.

General Charles S. Warren, for 50 years a trail blazer, and now one of the conspicuous citizens of the great state he helped to create, stood on the depot platform at Fort Benton the other day, and his mind went back to the time when, as high sheriff of Deer Lodge county, he kept ward and watch of half of what is now the state. That was about 45 years ago, when the northern boundaries of Deer Lodge county reached to the Canadian line.

"I spent some time in this town one winter about 45 years ago," he said. "The whisky runners made a lot of work for me. They were gun-fighting men, those whisky traders, and by mileage bills would have made a congressman envious. One of the last trips I made into this country was when I was on my way to Canada to get Fred Kanouse, who had killed Jim Neighbors. I put in some time with the Northwest Mounted police, looking for Kanouse, and finally landed him and took him back to Deer Lodge, where he was tried, and acquitted on a technicality. He beat it for Canada immediately and has been there ever since."

Went After Kanouse.

"Kanouse and Neighbors were partners. They drove a thriving trade in smuggled whisky around Fort Whoop-up, where Calgary now stands, and Fort Benton was their supply headquarters. Neighbors was killed and circumstances indicated that Kanouse, always handy with his gun, had killed him. I made the trip overland from Deer Lodge to Fort Benton to get him. When I arrived at Fort Benton I found that Kanouse had gone across the line. I followed him. I found him near Calgary in an Indian tepee. He had gotten into a row with a fighting Indian. The Indian had shot Kanouse's shoulder off with a "fluke," a hell-mouthed blunderbuss that the Hudson's Bay sold to the Indians. I took him back to Deer Lodge without any trouble.

"His wound was a bad one. Gangrene had set in and Dr. Mitchell told me that if he was kept in jail he would probably die. So I got him to give me his word of honor that he would not try to escape, and he gave me his promise because he knew I would get him if he did. So he was allowed his liberty until his trial.

"Kanouse had a good lawyer, and this lawyer managed to move the international boundary a few degrees south. This brought the scene of the killing inside the confines of the British empire. He proved this contention, too, by several witnesses, and the judge threw the case out of court because of lack of jurisdiction. The fact that everyone in Fort Benton knew that the killing had occurred on this side of the line came out later, but in the meantime Kanouse, released from custody, got across the line before any of Neighbors's friends could get at him. He has remained on the other side and in safety ever since."

How Bill Broke Into Hotel Business When Humorists Made Shelby Hum



The Shelby Citizens Overdid Themselves Entertaining Visitors.

"Well," said the old stockman, looking around the lobby of the finest hotel in Montana, as he settled down in the comfortable leather chair and puffed away at a cigar the manager had just handed him, "this certainly is some hotel Bill is running. "Marble and mahogany from top to bottom, beds that make you 'sleep in,' and grub that makes you eat too much—some hotel."

"And say," he continued, as he leaned back, "you wouldn't have figured that Bill'd ever have a shebang like this if you'd known him when I first ran into him 25 years ago. You'd certainly never recognize Bill in them good clothes, with a white collar and a diamond as big as a Mexican bean in his tie if you wasn't told it was the same man.

"Not but what I didn't think in them days that Bill had it in him. A man that carries his head like him and has an eye like Bill's always does settle at the top of the pan. But, gosh, there's been some change.

"Bill was born near Des Moines, Iowa, and as a boy was known as the champion lightweight corn shucker of Hog Bristle county. However, on arriving at young manhood he took a dislike to work, and after hoarding



Bill's Chef—One look and no one would say he wasn't a good cook.

his wages of \$3 a month for eight years he just naturally stepped underneath a freight train one morning with his bankroll and took a seat on the rods. He gave one lingering look at the old homestead and told the brakeman he could turn 'er loose.

"Bill found a pleasant traveling companion in Brakebeam Ben, a noted tourist, who kindly divided his conversation and whatever other little things he had on him with Bill. Some of the latter made lively company.

"Bill found traveling pleasant, and he made lots of stops at points of interest along the line, making the acquaintance of numerous gentlemen who wore storks and brass buttons. They all took a kindly interest in Bill, and after insisting on his spending a few days with them, showed him the right railroad track either way out of town and wished him Godspeed.

"A year or so later Bill arrived at McCartyville, a town which was about as quiet and peaceful in them days as Mexico is today. McCartyville consists of a graveyard and one or two ghost cabins now, but then; located on the eastern slope of the Rockies along the line of the Great Northern when the road was under construction, it was the toughest camp in America, and that was covering a lot of territory in those days.

"The most prosperous business men in McCartyville were the undertakers, and they kept two shifts at work all the time. They used to call at the hotel every morning to carry out the victims of the night before, and there wasn't any questions asked.

"When Bill stepped off the train at McCartyville he had an Iowa thirst and was as welcome as his remaining \$2.50, which was good for just ten drinks. To this prohibition-raised boy this was a real novelty, for where he came from no one drank without hiding in the cellar, and Bill tells me that the lives of a lot of his friends

had been one long game of hide and seek. In them days a lot of Iowans could drink more in one swallow than the average westerner could in three hours, and Bill was called on by the barkeep frequently to slow up, as they could only make just so much liquor every 24 hours.

"Bill got a thorough training in hotel running from washing dishes and dealing biscuits through the smoke that hung around the dining room during the three days he spent in McCartyville before he was told by the town-marshall to climb the hill and back-track as far as he liked. Bill claimed they didn't like no peaceable disposed people there, but I never heard of his being accused of that weakness afterwards.

"A few days later he arrived in Shelby, where the citizens were surprised and delighted to see him separate himself from the rods. He was covered with dust and resembled part of the running gear. In this way he was able to hide out from the brakies.

"When he asked for a room with a bath at the hotel, the clerk, who was of a nervous temperament and had spent the previous night drinking Shelby coco-cola, shot Bill's hat off. This drink I mention was popular among the Shelbyvites of that day. It was a mixture of alkali water, alcohol, tobacco juice and a dash of strychnine—the last named to keep the heart going.

"This outburst of the clerk didn't scare Bill none as he had been permanently cured of gunshyness at McCartyville. As the clerk lowered his gun, Bill warped a coupling pin just under where the clerk's hat rested. The hat was ruined, but the clerk came to three days later to find that Bill had got his job. This is where Bill broke into the hotel business. A week later in a game of stud poker he won the hotel. I never believed the story

whispered around by some of the citizens that it was a cold deck did it.

"Shelby is one of the finest little towns in Montana today, and they don't make any better people, but in those far away times the residents had a large percentage of humorists who were much given to stopping trains and entertaining the passengers. Many of the latter were from the east, and they seemed to be dull people with little sense of humor. The Shelbyvites became so jokey with one theatrical troupe that stopped there that many of these actors turn pale today at the mention of Shelby. Some of the citizens, indeed, were so full of fun that Jim Hill threatened to build around by way of Gold Butte, preferring to climb the Sweetgrass hills to running his trains through this jolly bunch.

"It was these light-hearted citizens that was Bill's boarders at the hotel. Now this hotel was one of the few places I've ever seen that had flies both winter and summer. During the cold months they came from all over the northwest to winter with Bill, and hived in the kitchen and dining room. This shows that a fly, although a much despised insect, knows enough to come in out of the frost if he can find a place where the surroundings are homelike and congenial.

"Bill's chef was one of the most rapid cooks known in the west. He hung up a bet of a hundred dollars that by the use of a can opener he could feed more cowpunchers and sheepherders than any cook west of the Mississippi. There never was no complaint about the meals, either, for this cook was as good with a gun as he was with a can opener.

"Well, who'd have thought then that Bill would ever have a hotel like this. He sold out the Shelby place after a while, but he's always had a hankering for the hotel game and it certainly looks like he's made good."

WHEN "SWEDE SAM" WON \$100,000 CLAIM

BLOSSBURG PROSPECT, HAZARD AT CARDS, IS NOW WORTH A FORTUNE.

Here is a story on "Swede Sam" Wallin, an artistocrat among the gamblers of the old days, and who is now a resident of Butte:

One winter night some thirty years ago a group of men sat about a card table in Helena. It was late when one man showed in his last "white" and lost. Demanding one more try, he offered a mining claim.

Not a gambler in the house would give the desperate stranger so much as a chip for his claim—none but "Swede Sam" Wallin. The miner lost. The land which became Wallin's as a result of the night at cards lay in the Blossburg mining district, near Helena. As the years of three decades passed its dirt remained unnoticed.

Lately Wallin's claim may have grown to be worth \$100,000. A prospector struck a rich vein of ore in the Blossburg district, running through Wallin's claim.

"Swede Sam" was one of the "high rollers" of the gambling fraternity at the time when men played for high stakes. During a few years' operations in Butte, some twenty years ago, he was at the head of a house which won and lost over \$1,000,000.

The heyday of his glory passed, however, when Montana decided to abolish gambling and be good. When the law which licensed gambling in the state was repealed, he became interested in the racing pool game, in which some prominent Butte men were associated with him. In this too, he won a fortune. Then the racing pool was made taboo and Sam drifted down into Nevada, and when that state, the last stand for the professional gambler, passed a law against gambling Wallin returned to Butte, where he has since been living quietly.

A Square Deal for Rocky Boy's Braves

(By Frank B. Linderman.)

Over sixty years ago a band of Chippewa Indians left Wisconsin and came to Montana to hunt buffalo. In the old days the Chippewas roamed all over this country, even crossing the main range of the Rockies in their hunting expeditions, and bands of the tribe, under sub-chiefs, often remained on the plains and in the mountains of Montana for years at a time. In fact it was the Chippewas that drove the great Sioux tribes to the Dakotas and their old men tell of having combined with their relatives, the Crees, and driven the Blackfeet people to Montana in very early days. The first statement is easily verified but I have been unable to find proof of the latter claim although I have found these old men to be accurate in retelling the history to their tribe.

The Canadian line was, of course, unknown to the Indians and the Chippewas, after reaching the hunting ground, naturally visited their relatives across the boundary line in Canada. These relations, the Crees, hunted in this country and had always considered it their territory, especially the portion about the Sweet Grass Hills where sometimes there were battles between them and the Blackfeet. All went well with the hunting party of Chippewas and with their friends the Crees until the last Riel Rebellion when, taking the part of their relations, the Chippewas joined in the fight against the Canadian troops which finally resulted in the defeat of the Indians after a brave and determined battle. The war over, together they came back across the line into Montana in 1885, where they have ever since remained. Most of the old men are now with their fathers and the majority of the Rocky-Boy-Little Bear-band is Montana-born even if some of their parents were born across the line.

Wandered Up and Down Land. Game was still plentiful and the

country unsettled. Up and down the land they wandered as they had always done until the white man began fencing the plains and until even the forests were claimed as private property. Then they were driven to the outskirts of the towns where, by trading such trinkets as they were able to make, they sustained life. Buckskin became scarcer and scarcer. Buffalo horns that bestrewed the open lands disappeared and with these gone they could no longer make articles to sell the whites and so resorted to the garbage cans in town-alleys for food. They would work when work could be obtained but it was ever hard to get, for them. Winters always reduced their numbers and some have actually starved within sight of plenty. All have been in a weakened condition because of the lack of food for long periods of time during the last few years.

A few white men interested themselves and for years they have striven to secure relief. Food and clothing have been begged yearly by these friends while government aid has been had intermittently for a few weeks at a time. Promises made by members of congress came to nothing and not until 1916 was anything done to relieve their suffering in a permanent or substantial way. Three townships of land embraced in the old Fort Assiniboine Military Reservation were set aside for these Indians as a reservation and, with only a few dollars worth of food among them, they settled down to learn the ways of the white man. With their miserable ponies and the plows furnished by the government they have raised and harvested 2,000 bushels of wheat, 3,000 bushels of oats, 5,000 bushels of potatoes, 1,000 bushels of carrots, 1,500 bushels of rutabagas, 500 bushels of turnips, 500 bushels of onions, 1,000 bushels of beets and 650 tons of hay.

Traded Ponies for Seed. There was not sufficient seed to plant all the land they prepared and

they were obliged to trade ponies for some that they sowed. They did all the work of preparing the ground, all of the sowing and harvesting, besides building quite a town of comfortable log houses. They have received no rations at all since early last spring and even when rations were issued they were wholly insufficient because there was but \$5,000 available for the whole year and out of this amount were purchased plows, harrows, mowers, reapers, a threshing machine, lumber and other supplies. The winter is yet to be weath-



Frank B. Linderman.

ered and the dollars have dwindled to a few for there are about 600 months to feed and the starting took money. They have little or no meat and they have never been given a piece of clothing other than that their friends in Helena and Great Falls begged for them but they are facing the winter with more assurance of seeing the spring than they have known in many years.

They deserve great credit for what they have accomplished and they should be given every encouragement to become self-supporting. They should be especially commended for their honesty and respect for the laws for when necessity pressed the hardest, they were never thieves.

Commissioner Gives Aid.

Too much credit cannot be given Commissioner Cato Sells who has been constant in his efforts to aid them since the matter was first brought to his attention nor to Secretary of the Interior Lane who has been pronounced in his desire to help them to get a reservation. Commissioner Sells even visited them on their new reservation and with Mr. Theodore Gibson and the writer spent several hours among them one Sunday recently. Mr. Sells made a thorough investigation of their affairs and talked with them at length.

"I am delighted with them and their work," said the commissioner. "They have been too often misrepresented and you men have told me the truth concerning them. I shall not abandon them but shall keep them in mind and if they continue to show themselves so worthy, I intend to further help them. It is worth while to be of service to people who try to help themselves and although I could ill afford the time necessary to come here with you, I assure you that I wouldn't have missed it for a good deal. I know now that these Indians are all right and I am their friend as you have been. Write to me and help me with your advice to the Indians for they believe in you and remember I shall always be glad to listen to what you have to say."

It was a bitter cold day and the ride to and from the camp from Havre was uncomfortable but Mr. Sells was game and as he bade us farewell he declared again, "Those fellows are workers."

The trouble with a checkered career is that it usually ends up in stripes.

NON-PARTISANS WILL MAKE LAWS

FARMERS' ORGANIZATION HAS CONTROL OF NORTH DAKOTA LEGISLATURE.

As Terminal State Will Probably Own Terminal Elevators and Packing Plants; President Townsley Announces Change.

The Non-Partisan leaguers of North Dakota, a farmers' organization with a large following in northeastern Montana, will control the next legislative assembly of North Dakota. The first aim of the organization, so far as the farmers were concerned, was to secure appropriations for the erection of state-owned terminal elevators in North Dakota, Minnesota or Wisconsin, and a state-owned packing plant. The refusal of former legislators to grant the farmers these state-owned facilities was the direct incentive to the organization, not only of the Non-Partisan league, but of the Equity Co-operative Exchange, which now has a large terminal elevator partially constructed at St. Paul.

It is possible that should the program of the non-partisan league as announced before the primaries and during the campaign, prevail in the legislature, the equity elevator would be taken over in the name of the state of North Dakota. Even in this case it is believed one or more additional elevators would be provided for at the terminals of Duluth and Minneapolis in addition to one in the state of North Dakota.

The latest issue of the official organ of the Non-Partisan league, however, is contained in a signed editorial by President A. C. Townsley, which would seem to indicate a change in his plans for the league.

It is the opinion of persons in touch with the inside workings of the league that the change of program will not be entirely popular with the farmer element which made its fight solely on the basis of securing the terminal elevators for their grain for the millers in the terminal cities of St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth and Chicago.

President Townsley in his ante-election editorial says:

"The farmers of North Dakota have been rallied together around a declaration of principles, known as the program of the Non-Partisan league. The league's program is not its real purpose. Let the league's enemies take these words and make the most of them. The league's real purpose can hardly be expressed."

Large Threshing Bill.

The largest threshing bill of the Big Sandy country was paid last week. Christopher Larsen, one of the big wheat farmers of that section, paid it, and he made no protest. It was nearly \$1700, and represented the threshing expense of about 18,000 bushels of grain, most of which was wheat. Mr. Larson held over 5,000 bushels of his 1915 crop of wheat, which was disposed of last week for \$1.52 per bushel.

NATIVES OF SWEDEN BACK TO NATIVE LAND

WAR TIME PROSPERITY ATTRACTS THEM; MONTANA FARM HANDS GO.

Have you noticed that your Swedish neighbors, even right here in prosperous Montana, are going back to the land of their nativity. Prosperity, because of the war, is the reason. The Scandinavian countries are enjoying a period of prosperity such as they never did before, and it is even more general, population considered, than the prosperity of the United States. Hundreds of Swedish farm hands, employed on Montana farms and ranches, attracted by the high wages of Sweden and Norway, have gone overseas to live with their people temporarily and participate in this prosperity. However, few of them have gone with the idea of remaining permanently. After the war normal conditions will come back, and they will return to the United States.

Many fortunes have been made in Sweden since the war began, and with all this forced business wages have increased and the cost of living has doubled.

TWO-THIRDS OF WEEK'S FEDERAL RESERVE BANK CHARTERS FOR MONTANA.

Of six applications for national bank charters and membership in the reserve system favorably considered in one week by the federal reserve board at Washington, four were from banks in Montana, which is comprised in the Minneapolis district. Forty-eight banks have been added to the district's membership since its organization two years ago. The four latest banks to become members of the Minneapolis system are all new and each has a capital stock of \$25,000. They are: First National Bank, Geyser, Mont.; First National Bank, Frazer, Mont.; Oswego National Bank, Oswego, Mont.; and First National Bank, Whitehall, Mont.