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Thursday, June 8, 1933.

ROAD FOR BUTTE.

It is a somewhat singular condition of affairs that permits the location of a band of Canadian Indians near the city of Butte in this state, and leaves it to the county commissioners of Silver Bow county to adjust the international question of trespass arising therefrom. As we remember the history of this invasion, the Butte people were rather proud at first of possessing an Indian contingent which added to the bizarre and picturesque aspect of their streets and rounded out the claim of cosmopolitanism that the Butteites have so strenuously made. It only needed the addition of and occasional lousy and dirty Indian to the black and yellow denizens of Galena street to fill the cup of expectation to the brim, and in these predatory Cree's was found the lacking ingredient. But now their glory is departing. By constant begging and thieving and an occasional detour on the warpath induced by poor whiskey, the noble red man who was once the pride and glory of Butte, is now fallen from his high estate and his removal is essayed by the county fathers. Time was when this could have been accomplished with ease and celerity and no record of the proceedings left upon the records, but that was before there was the same ties of government that affect us now. As things are now it is doubtless impolitic to attempt the methods above referred to, and in our opinion it is equally unsafe for the commissioners of Silver Bow county to monkey with the matter. It is an international question, to be dealt with by the state department, and the first step taken should be in bringing the matter to the attention of Secretary Cresham. Any unauthorized act by the county commissioners will put them in a worse box than that engendered by the legislative lobbying expense episode, and meanwhile the people of Butte should be enjoined and especially cautioned about abusing or mistreating any foreign Indian lest our borders be overrun by an army from Canada. The situation is indeed a delicate one.

Mr. Lowell's Question.

A few years before the death of James Russell Lowell he wrote a poem which he was to read upon a certain public occasion. Naturally the newspapers desired to secure the copy. Mr. H., who was then and is yet engaged upon a Boston daily newspaper, was detailed by his managing editor to call upon Mr. Lowell and secure, if possible, the much desired poem. After a great deal of importunity from the newspaper man Mr. Lowell said:

"Let me ask you a question frankly, man to man, and if then you decide that I ought to give you the poem I promise you I will. If you knew I needed \$200, you would not ask me to give it to you. I know that perfectly well. But that is just what you are asking me. I have a market for my poem in The Atlantic Monthly provided they have the opportunity of first publishing it. If it is first printed in the daily newspapers of this country, of course it is no use for a magazine. Now, then, I tell you frankly, I do need the \$200, and I ask you the question, Shall I give you the poem on your request, or shall I keep it for the magazine?"

The newspaper man decided promptly, and the poet was not deprived of his \$200.—Boston Herald.

Where the Telegraph Is Least Used.

The four countries in the world which possess the smallest telegraph facilities are Peru, Paraguay, Uruguay and Persia. In the first named there are only 36 telegraph offices in the whole country and but 1,000 miles of wire. In the territory of Paraguay there are only 510 miles of wire in operation, and the entire telegraphic service of that country requires the services of but 28 persons. One line of 300 miles, owned and operated by the government, runs from Asuncion to Paso de Patria, the limit of Paraguayan territory, and the other 150 miles by the railroad from Asuncion to Pirapo.

Owing to high water and forest fires in that country the line is often interrupted for a day at a time. At Paso de Patria the line breaks, there being no cable over the Alto Parana river, which is three miles wide. Communication is therefore by canoe, which takes messages over in the morning to the Argentine side and returns to the Paraguayan side at night. An important telegram is often delayed 10 or 15 hours.—Hartford Courant.

She Liked the Old Kind Best.

It was down in a Chataqua village that a gay young soldier had his sweetheart. Such a beauty she was too! It happened once that he sent her down from Buffalo a pot of cold cream to keep her cheeks as fresh as the budding rose. When he came down to visit her again, he asked how she liked his little gift. "The taste was very nice," she said, "with rather a sickly smile, 'but I think I like the other kind of cream best.'—Quips.

HOBBS AND HIS FLAG.

AN EPISODE OF WAR DAYS IN THE HARBOR OF HONG-KONG.

An Impatient Yankee Skipper Who Had Confidence in His Ship and Who Dared the Alabama—Flying Two Flags in Neutral Waters—How the Escape Was Made.

"During the greater part of the war," said the retired skipper, "there were a large number of American clippers stalled in Hong-Kong harbor, having orders to remain there from their owners, who feared the Alabama. This arrangement did not at all please the captains and officers, as many of us were anxious to go home and ship in the navy, but orders were orders. We could not leave the ships, and the frequent visits of the Alabama herself to the harbor, forcing herself into our midst, as the saying goes, were very vivid reminders that neutral waters were a pretty good sort of an invention.

"Although we passed the long weeks and months as pleasantly as we could, with all kinds of arrangements for killing time, both on shipboard and on shore, there was of course a continual and concerted growl going up from our little band of Yankee skippers, and old Hobbs was the star growler of us all.

"His ship was the Humming Bird, a brand new clipper sailing from Boston. The trip out to Hong-Kong had been her maiden one, and it was chafing to Hobbs' very smooth temper to have her idle so early in her career. Having great faith in the ship's speed and in his own seamanship, he was more than anxious to put to sea and let Semmes catch him if he could; but, like the rest of us, his orders to remain were positive.

"Occasionally a ship would manage to clear by sailing under some foreign flag, but as it was a complicated process involving fathoms of red tape and very often fell through just when everything seemed favorable it was not resorted to very often. When it was tried, however, old Hobbs would go on his beam ends with wrath. He would fume and rant, casting aspersions on the patriotism of the owners, the agents, the officials, and even the Chinese crew. He was so intensely patriotic that to see a good Yankee craft sail under false colors would keep him boiling for a week.

"You can see what his feelings were when one day he was ordered to proceed to Sumatra under the British flag. He fumed, ranted and swore and then fumed, ranted and swore over again, with a few extra choice nautical epithets thrown in for emphasis. This necessary operation over, he sent ashore to the native sailmaker for a British flag—the smallest to be had. When it came aboard—it was about 2 by 4 feet in size—Hobbs looked at it askance and ordered it to be put out of sight until sailing day.

"Sailing day arrived, and the British flag was seen fluttering quietly from its proper place on the Humming Bird. It attracted mighty little attention, however, for the Alabama was entering the harbor. She floated slowly along and dropped anchor exceedingly close to the Humming Bird. About this time the harbor master was seen in his boat being rowed rapidly toward Hobbs' ship, and a huge bundle of bunting about the size of an old shellback's sea chest was rapidly unrolled to the masthead of the Humming Bird.

"The harbor master pulled up alongside the Humming Bird and yelled for the captain. It could be seen that he was angry about something. Hobbs came to the rail in his plaid hat and long tailed bottle green coat, the customary uniform of a skipper in those days, and asked the harbor master what he could do.

"I want you to take down that flag instantly, sir," said the harbor master.

"Guess not," said Hobbs.

"It's a disgrace, sir, and an insult to host such a flag as that!"

"What's the matter with the flag?" said Hobbs, surprised.

"It's all wrong, sir; the proportions are all wrong. The field is too long for its width, and the rest of it is too wide for its length. The crosses are wrongly arranged, sir, and it is a vile caricature of an honored flag, sir! Remove it immediately!"

"Guess not," said Hobbs again. "That flag was bought in a British port and made by a British subject. He was a Chinaman, but that is neither here nor there. I don't care if it is the flag of Patagonia, so long as it was sold to me for that of England. Good morning!"

"The harbor master had nothing to say to this and started back, but he had no sooner done so than the main halliards were pulled, the dandle at the peak broke out, and in a second the stars and stripes were waving before the astonished eyes of the harbor master, the Yankee skippers and Captain Semmes of the Alabama. Indeed, so large was Old Glory in this particular case that it almost brushed the Alabama's decks, the vessels being so near together. The huge flag had been presented to the ship at her launching and to the excited spectators on this occasion seemed larger than the ship herself.

"The harbor master put about, angrier than before, and demanded explanations.

"What does that flag mean, sir?" said he.

"That's my house flag," said Hobbs, "the trademark of my owners. I do not know whether that red rag up there is humpbacked and clubfooted or not, but you can't give me any points on the construction of that article up there with the stripes on it. I propose to fly that flag how I please, when I please and where I please, whether it be in Hong-Kong or in h— For the second time, good morning!" and Hobbs went below.

"Semmes was so angry over the stars and stripes flaunting in his face that he swore to blow the Humming Bird out of the water if he ever caught her outside, no matter what flag she sailed under. He never did it, however, as this voyage home was so many other did, and as shortly after this the Alabama exchanged with the Keersarge certain little civilities we all know about his blowing days were over."—New York Sun.

WILLING TO MAKE ALLOWANCES.

A Kind Hearted Farmer Who Said Perhaps the Furrows Were Soon Warped.

A certain eminent clergyman, who is greatly loved for his gentleness and forbearance with offenders, recently told a man that an experience of his own in years long gone by taught him the grace of ready excusing. When he was a boy, he was a very poor boy, but he had already a strong theological bent and was studying hard during the winter and working even harder during the summer trying to get a preparation for college. He wanted to be a preacher, and the fact that he didn't seem to be good for anything else tended to convince him that he had not mistaken his calling.

One spring he was entirely out of money and had to get out of school and go to work. Not being able to find anything to do in the small college town where he had been studying, the youth—call him Richard Vernon—went out among the farmers to see if he could get work from them. He found a man who was very busy with his spring's work and in a hurry to get the furrows plowed in a big field for potato planting. The weather was favorable for planting; the farmer's boys would be home from school the next day, which was Saturday, to do the dropping and covering. He told Richard that he might mark out the field with the plow for the planting, and if he suited he might be hired for two or three months. Meantime the farmer saw that the boy was very anxious to stay, and that he had evidently a very good disposition.

So the young theologian went to work with tremendous vigor. He did not stop to take breath until he had marked out a large tract of ground with deep furrows. Then came his employer from his work in another part of the farm and looked at the boy's work and leaned up against the fence and laughed until he shook. The potato field had been scraped and scalloped all over with the ridiculously irregular and wabbly little ditches which Richard had turned. There was not a clean, straight furrow in the lot. The ground looked as if an insane elephant had tossed up the earth. The furrows were of all depths and at all distances from one another, for Richard had driven the horse most of the time at a smart walk, and he had been too much occupied with keeping up and maintaining a precarious grasp upon the plow handles to be able to pay any attention to the regularity or evenness of his work.

Richard Vernon laughed, too, as he stood and looked over the field. He wiped the sweat from his brow and looked very anxiously at his employer. There was no chance for regular work there, that was evident. His laughter faded away, and there was a certain faint twitch in the corners of his mouth as he said:

"I guess you don't want any more of my work, sir?"

"Oh, yes—yes, I do," said the farmer. "Maybe 'tain't your fault that the furrows are crooked. You see, the sun's pretty hot today, and I reckon the heat warped 'em!"—Boston Transcript.

Only a Little Thing.

A hospital for incurables is a very noble and worthy charity, and I am glad that no prominent city is without a provision for this class of sufferers. I wish, however, that the brutally descriptive name of such institutions could be so modified as not to contain the death warrant of every person received within their doors. "A place to die in" is not a cheerful title for one's last earthly home, and the omission of this reminder from the official name could so easily be supplied in the rules for admittance that to parade it seems worse than useless. It is wonderful how a little consideration sweetens the bread of charity.

I once visited a home for broken down gentlefolks, presided over by a woman who made giving and receiving alike blessed. I inhaled thoughtlessly to the old people as "inmates." "We never call them 'inmates,'" said she in a tone of gentle reproof. "I always have them spoken of as 'guests.' It makes so little difference to us and so much to them."—Kate Field's Washington.

Noah Left the Ark on April 29.

Saturday, April 29, is the day marked in all ancient calendars as being the one upon which Noah and his family quitted the ark after having withstood the siege of the great deluge. The day is marked in all ancient calendars, especially British, as egressus Noe de arca, the 17th of March, the day upon which Noah, his family and their great floating collection of natural history specimens set sail, being designated in the same class of early printed literature as in-troitus Noe in arca, "the day of Noah's entrance into the ark." Why these days were chosen as the ones upon which the supposed embarkation and debarkation were made are enigmas which the antiquarians have not yet solved.—St. Louis Republic.

A Comforting Assurance.

Mrs. Placey, an old lady who had been dying for the last 10 years, was drawing upon little Robbie's sympathy one day by telling him she wouldn't be here much longer and he must think of her often. "Never mind, Mrs. Placey," said Robbie, who had just been taking part in the Decoration day exercises; "I'll put flowers on your grave every Saturday and a United States flag."—Springfield Homestead.

Sweet Revenge.

M. Colombis, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by will a legacy of \$6,000 for having, some 20 years before, refused to marry him. "through which," states the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Days of Grace Abolished.

In California, Vermont, Oregon, Idaho, Utah and Wisconsin days of grace on maturing notes, drafts, acceptances and bills of exchange have been abolished, unless there is express stipulation to the contrary.—Detroit Free Press.

Continued readers will do well to read Dr. Benjamin Russell's definition of life without a wife, written not long before his death. "Celibacy," he said, "is a pleasant breakfast, a tolerable dinner, but a very bad supper."

There is a fire in a tenement. The excited crowd throw the crockery and glassware out of the window from the fourth story; the mattresses are brought down to the ground floor in their arms.

The most curious book in the world was neither written nor printed. The letters in its pages were cut from blue tissue paper, which was afterward pasted on cardboard.

Correspondence holds a double power, inasmuch as the pen that can comfort and cheer and elevate may become the weapon that scandalizes and roys.

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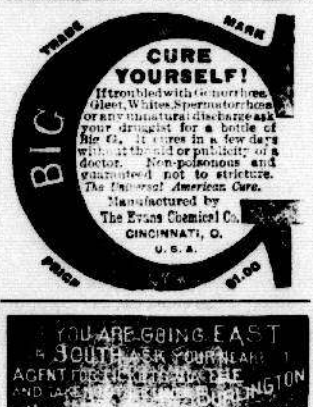
Marriage License. Notice of Sale of School Bonds.

The trustees of School District No. 1, of Custer county, State of Montana, hereby give notice that they will receive bids until 12 o'clock noon of the 10th day of June, 1933, for the sale of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.00) of the bonds of the said school district, said bids to be submitted to the trustees at Miles City, Montana, and to be endorsed "Proposals for Bonds." The said bonds to be of the denomination of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) each and to bear interest at the rate of six per cent per annum, payable semi-annually. The bonds to mature in 1937. The Board of Trustees of said school district reserve the right to reject any or all bids at any time after the 10th day of June, 1933, and to award the bonds to the lowest bidder. The Board reserve the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Board of Trustees of School District No. 1, of Custer county, Montana.

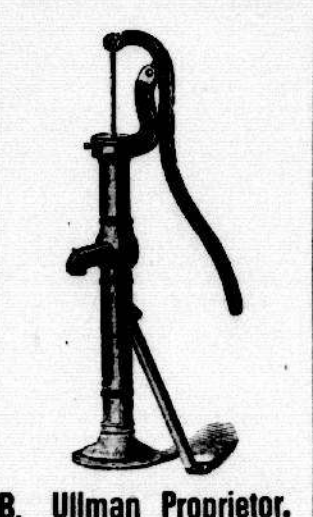
To Builders. Bids for the building of the new school building for the district of School District No. 1, Custer county, Montana, until 12 o'clock noon, June 11th, 1933, for furnishing material and building an addition to the brick school building in said district in accordance with plans and specifications for the same, to be seen at the office of E. T. Carr, over Ryan & Morrill's store. Bids will be received for the entire addition complete or for different portions separately, as provided in the specifications. Each bid must be accompanied by cash or certified check equal to 5 per cent of the amount of the bid, and payable to the chairman of the Board as security that the bidder will enter into a satisfactory contract to complete the work. The Trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids. By order of the Board.

GEO. W. ALBERTSON, Clerk. Miles City, June 8, 1933.

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