

COWBOYS HOSTS OF CAMPAIGNERS

Give Hughes Train Travellers Time of Their Lives—Speech at Wrestling Match a Hit.

By MIRIAM TEICHNER.

ON BOARD THE WOMEN'S TRAIN CAMPAIGNING FOR HUGHES, Miles City, Mont., Oct. 11.—Miles City, Mont., has robbed the Woman's Campaign Train of its heart. Not, you understand, of its campaigning heart. That is as sturdy and staunch as ever. But of its personal, really and truly heart. The campaign train has, of a certainty been robbed, robbed so infubitably that when, at 1.30 yesterday afternoon, it climbed back into its Pullman home, it lifted up its collective voice and wailed in collective anguish: "I've never had such a wonderful time in my life. I'm coming to Miles City to live."

There is not the least political significance in the welcome that Miles City handed out to the campaigners. It is highly probable that the same grand of welcome would have been given to campaigners of other political denominations. There were, in fact, several Democrat cowboys in the demonstration, and they rode, they said with pride, Democrat horses. But that didn't make any difference. They had names like Michigan Slim and Trapper Morrison and Bill Hawkins and Denver Sherman, and they wore "chaps" — but you pronounce it "shaps" — and spurs and wide-rimmed hats and bandanas, and they arrived at the train with a whoop and a dash and a spot-punctured whirlwood of welcome that made Broadway seem like another incarnation and Fifth avenue less than a misted mirage.

There was, for instance, Trapper Morrison, his led horse lashed with a doe that he had just killed, and an eagle with spread wings, and a white fox skin.

Well, there was Trapper Morrison and Mayor Larry Mott and all the other boys, some fifty of them altogether, and there was the cowboy band organized eight years ago by one other than Bud Casey. And what with the cowboy band and horses that bucked beautifully, just in front of the observation car platform, and Trapper Morrison, and the cowgirls, some of whom were just town girls, dressed up for the occasion, but others of whom were honest-to-goodness cowgirls who had ridden a matter of twenty or thirty miles from their own ranches, the parade to the Elks Temple of Miles City, was the parade yet, in a series of parades that have hip-hip-hurrahed the campaigners thus far across the continent.

After the meeting, which was held in the street with the speakers standing on the porch, and the listeners applauding every good story with blank cartridges and whoops of joy, the campaigners were taken out to the roundup grounds for what Mayor Larry Mott and the others were pleased to term a little cowboy cabaret.

The cowboys at that cabaret did everything that could be done to show the campaigners what life in the west really is. Denver Sherman, who is next to the greatest rider in the world, rode a steer bareback backwards, and there were several other exhibitions of riding given that went to show most convincingly that life in Montana has by no means grown effete. Blank cartridge shots and cowboy band, which played part of the time sitting on the grass, filled in any moment throughout which some cowboy wasn't riding a heretofore unriden animal in a heretofore unsuspected manner.

And, talking of daily bread, this is where the climax of the day in Miles City approaches. The daily bread of this particular day was cooked on a chuck wagon by Butch, and served on tin plates, after which the campaigners sat cross-legged on the ground or in automobiles, and manipulated mysteriously black knives and forks on roast maverick and Powder River yams, and dough gods and chile colorow. And if you don't know just what those esculents are, you can drop a postal to Butch and ask him. Just "Butch, Montana," will reach him.

COWBOY PROPOSES MARRIAGE TO FAIR HUGHES SPEAKER

But Holder of World's Lasso Record Fails to Catch Mrs. Eula Harris.

TRAIN RECEIVED IN TRUE WESTERN STYLE

"Round-Up" and a Cowpuncher Cabaret Arranged for Campaigners in Miles City, Mont.

[SPECIAL DESPATCH TO THE HERALD.] ON BOARD THE WOMEN'S SPECIAL CAMPAIGN TRAIN FOR HUGHES, MILES CITY, Mont., Tuesday.—One hundred cowboys and cowgirls gave the feminine "spellbinders" on the republican special train a rousing reception here today. They began with a volley of pistol shots as the train reached the station early this morning and ended at half-past one o'clock this afternoon with a galloping escort down the tracks when the special got under way. Every minute of the five hours' stay was replete with evidences of Western hospitality.

The women had not been in the city half an hour when one of the most attractive of the fair campaigners, Mrs. Eula Harris, in charge of the tour, received a proposal of marriage from one of the most picturesque of the cowboy group. Mrs. Harris is a striking young widow, with masses of golden hair. Corda M. Houghlan, who holds the world's lasso record, decided when he saw Mrs. Harris that he wanted her for his wife.

"I can't read and I can't write," admitted the tall, swarthy skinned "bronco buster," "but I can work and I can love."

He Won't Admit Defeat.

Mrs. Harris liked the looks of the big Westerner, who wore an orange colored silk shirt, black and white silk chaps and a crimson silk handkerchief knotted in cowboy fashion around his neck, but she explained that she hadn't time on this trip to think seriously of marriage. The cowpuncher did not take that as a final defeat and declared as the train started westward that he was going to New York to repeat his proposal of marriage.

More than a dozen cowgirls, in flannel shirts, bright silk ties and khaki skirts, joined their fellow riders and extended the Western welcome to their Eastern sisters.

"We want to take you back home with us," cried Miss Elizabeth Freeman as the campaigners shouted goodbys.

"We don't want to go. You can't vote!" the company of mounted ballot victors replied.

In the cavalcade of pistol users in the parade to the Elks Building, where speeches were made, was a picturesque trapper of '73, Morrison, who rode a big gray mare. His hair was long and flowing and he had on a big sombrero. On the saddle were strapped symbols of the trapper's greeting, a doe, killed at dawn; an eagle, a buffalo hide and a white foxskin.

Others in the procession were Mayor "Larry" Mott and "Wert" Newcomb, who followed the Cowboy Band; Deadwood stage coaches on which were seated "Bill" Hawkins, with Custer's command; "Denver" Sherman, second to the champion steer rider of the world, who gave exhibitions of his skill later at a big "round-up" arranged especially for the visitors; "Michigan Slim" and many others.

"Butch," camp cook for thirty years, prepared a little outdoor cowpuncher cabaret for the entertainment of the Hughes campaigners. After the "round-up," held at the fair grounds, the women, each wearing a bright colored silk handkerchief knotted around her neck, served some of "Butch's" dainties, which included "dough gods," Boston bullets; roast, with Maverick gravy; "Moon Creek stay-bys" and Powder River yams.

Democracy in the Food.

"Grab pile," served from the L. O. "chuck wagon," had an extra flavor of democracy about it which seemed to go well with the campaigners. It belongs to the L. O. Ranch owners, all strong Wilson supporters.

Half the cowboys are democrats, "and our horses are democrats, too," they admitted. But political differences in no way interfered with the cordiality to the fair guests.

Miles City agreed that the train is a great success. Everybody stopped work to entertain the guests. The horse market, which is one of the biggest in the country, closed for the morning so the cowboys could join in the fun.

"The train is a novelty to the men," Mayor "Larry" Mott said, "and will do a lot of good among the women here. They vote, you know."

Mrs. Edith Hughes, wife of State Senator Hughes, of Bismarck, N. D., shot fifty wild duck for a dinner given last night by the republicans to the Hughes campaigners.

MONTANA GIVES WILD WEST GRIP TO HUGHESETTES

Women's Special Welcomed with Plains Cabaret, Real Cowboys and All Fixin's.

By RHETA CHILDE DORR.

On Board Women's Campaign Train for Hughes, Helena, Mon., Oct. 11.—"Yip! Yow! Bang! Hurray! Bang! Bang!"

This literally was the greeting Miles City gave the women's campaign train when it drew into the station yesterday morning.

Astonished and a little alarmed, we piled out into the sparkling sunshine to be met by a howling, leaping mob of cowboys and cowgirls, really and truly trappers and guides, miners and ranchmen, and a band dressed in flannel shirts, chaps and sombreros.

The cowgirls were society girls mostly, but the cowboys were the genuine article.

Fort Keogh, a mile or two outside the town, has been turned into the principal remount station of the United States army, and the officers in charge have collected about fifty of the best cowpunchers and horse-wranglers in the West to break in the thousands of horses that will be needed for our new army.

Miles City Opens Up.

The men had a holiday and gave themselves and the visitors the time of their lives. They must have spent a week's salary on blank cartridges alone.

Miles City is the last stronghold of the wild and woolly West. It is as colorful as Red Gap. Its only trees are cottonwoods, big old veterans, twisted and wrung in the blizzards of forty winters. The yellow waters of the Tongue river flow through a deep coulee at the edge of the town and the stretch of prairie between the town and the post is dotted with big corrals filled with cattle, sheep and the unbroken horses which will one day carry our cavalymen.

Thousands of horses also are broken here to be sent later to the battle areas of Europe.

The people are as picturesque as the town. The procession that formed at the station was led by Mayor Larry Mott and another city official who was introduced as Wert Newcomb.

Then there was Old Bill Hawkins, wearing his eighty-one years jauntily and standing up almost as straight and strong as in 1876, when he guided Gen. Custer's men forth to their last battle field. Bill escaped the massacre only because he happened to be with Gen. Terry's division on that fateful Sunday when the 7th gave up their lives in blood and carnage.

Hero of Buffalo Days on Hand.

Old Trapper Morrison, another Miles City showpiece, rode a restless little pro-

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men; dressed up to have a good time, but who cared?

Near-Nature Talk, Too.

If the man in leather chaps, high-heeled boots and long spurs who brought you coffee in a tin cup was really the proprietor of the biggest department store in town he didn't look it.

If the picturesque bandit who pressed more hot biscuits on you was the owner of the T-N Ranch and 10,000 choice cattle, so much the better. He ought to dress like that all the time.

The cowboys, moreover, were real. At times they were almost too—no they were not. That kind of joke goes with lowering buttes, immense spaces and endless prairies. We thought it was funny when we read it in Owen Wister's novels, didn't we?

The cowboys were generous, too. If one of us said: "Oh! what lovely headed gloves that one's got," and said

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and firing their revolvers. It was great send off.

Promise State for Hughes.

At Billings the committee who met and took us to a dinner arranged by woman's committee of the Republican club were plainly nervous for fear we should not have a very large audience. David Starr Jordan was lecturing in peace at the largest theatre and there was a big wrestling match on.

However, when we reached the hotel where the meeting was scheduled we found standing room at a premium and hundreds waiting to get in. It was a splendid audience of highly intelligent men and women, and they promised that the state should go right.

Elsewhere there seemed to be little doubt that Hughes would carry, the only absolutely certain thing.

