

DID YOU EVER WORK ON CHRISTMAS?

THE TROUBLES OF THE RAILROADERS WHO ARE BILLED FOR SATURDAY.

It is funny how suddenly illness and other troubles attack the man with an every-day job just at Christmas time. It seems at first glance like hard luck, but when you look at it from the every-day job standpoint it appears more like a special dispensation of Providence. And so it is with the Providence working through a human agency. But the rub is that it doesn't always work.

Yesterday every brakeman on the Rocky Mountain division was on the job looking for a chance to lay over a trip and spend Christmas day at home. Each one had his own excuse. Some pretty elaborate excuses there were too. Some are original and some are real, but most of them of doctor's prescriptions. It seemed yesterday as though every brakeman on the road had sickness of some kind or other in his family which would necessitate a lay-off, until Christmas was over, at least.

And it is no cinch for the trainmaster, "Sunny Jim" Brown had the matter in charge and with a happy family at home and a Christmas tree of his own to attend to Saturday morning it was pretty hard for him to deny a lay-off to a brakeman and spoil his chance of Merry Christmas for the single poor reason that the railroad wants to run trains on that day. But it had to be done and there will be the usual bunch of disappointed brakemen Saturday morning in the cold wind over the mountains, listening to grouchy passengers or waiting in snowbanked sidings for the limited to pass while the rest of the world is sitting by its fires and enjoying its holiday.

H. H. Montgomery also had a tale of woe yesterday which just about fits his case. "Am I going to have a turkey dinner tomorrow?" he replied to the usual question. "It looks like it, doesn't it? I went down town this morning to get one and it looks more like chicken for me Saturday. I went into the market and said to the butcher, 'Have you any turkeys?' The butcher he looks at me as though I was a lunatic and he says, 'Well, we're kind of hard up for turkeys just now. There is a famine in turkeys this year, he explains, for some reason or other and there aren't very many left.'

"I've got a few," he says, "that I've had in cold storage since Thanksgiving. They are just as good as ever, though."

"Then he showed me a couple of skinny, starved-looking birds which it wasn't hard to tell had been in cold storage for a long time and I refused. 'Well, here is one we got in today,' he said when he saw I didn't want the others. He shoved me a little bit of a half-grown animal that must have been raised in a rock pasture. How much is it? I asked him. 'Two dollars and thirty-five cents,' he said and I faded. No; you bet I'm not going to have turkey dinner. The butcher said that he would have some ducks and geese in tomorrow and yours truly is going to dine on one of them."

RAILWAY CLERKS ELECT OFFICERS

The Brotherhood of Railway Clerks has elected the following officers: J. A. Brown, president; W. F. Dodge, vice president; F. C. Turner, secretary-treasurer; E. A. Jones, sergeant at arms; Fred Summers, chaplain; C. E. Baird, inner guard; J. W. Bowen, outer guard; Homer B. Wright, chairman of the executive committee.

These officers will be installed by Past President Wilkins at the first meeting in January.

This installation will mark the end of the first year of the local lodges existence. The brotherhood was organized by H. H. Montgomery last year and has gained rapidly in strength and importance since that time, until now it is one of the best railroad organizations in Missoula.

OLIVER GOES HOME.

William Oliver, whose company has the contract for building the new Missoula county court house, left early this morning for Spokane, where he will spend Christmas with his family.

The Old Brakeman

Oh, he was a tenderfoot alright. That was easy. The broad, shining new Stetson hat that was on his head, his unwrinkled corduroys and his blue flannel shirt told that to the most unobservant of eyes. Tenderfoot consider these the proper things in the wild and woolly west, fearing, evidently, that they will not be recognized as human beings by the Indians and cow-boys and other wild denizens of the plains if they wear anything else.

This tenderfoot was dressed in the height of tenderfoot fashion. He stood on the depot platform with a strange, hunted look in his eyes staring at his surroundings.

Just as he stood there the old brakeman was looking for a chance to beg the "makins." The old brakeman had been a long while without a pill and he was desperate. He looked at the tenderfoot in delight. Here was a cinch.

"Can you lend me the 'makins,'" he said. The tenderfoot jumped and faced him. There was a half-hearted impulse to throw up his hands visible in his movement but a glimpse of the old brakeman's face made him stifle it before it had gotten well started.

"Why, sure. And say, where is this?" I thought I had come to the west and I haven't seen a single Indian nor even a cow boy. I'm not drunk, am I?"

The old brakeman took the proffered tobacco without a word. Slowly he sprinkled the Durham across the paper and rolled his cork. When he had it burning he turned to the tenderfoot with an air of secrecy.

"No, you ain't drunk. You are in the golden west all right. The trouble is you are on the wrong track. There ain't no noble red men here. The only noble red men—J. E. Cooper and Kill Carson style—is white and he is all in New York publishing houses in the make-up rooms of the teatayers. He findin out in the west is—but look for yourself."

The old brakeman pointed toward a blanketed group of first Americans standing at the corner of the depot.

"See that. That's Chief Tomato Can and his family. The old boy is the head of all the bloomin' Indians in this neck of the woods. He has a college degree, can read Hebrew and Greek and he sells them bead bags and picks up rubbish for a livin'.

He is the real Indian. He has just enough white training in him to make him lay and crawl on the law and just enough of the traits of forefathers to make him prefer blankets to clothes, and a teepee to a decent house."

"Oh, the noble red man is a queer beast. There is several kinds of him. They are the ones who have had a liberal education, like old 'T. Can there, the ones with the love of fire."

SEIZURE OF LIQUOR STOPPED BY COURT

Muskogee, Okla., Dec. 23.—Federal Judge Campbell issued a temporary order today in favor of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad company, enjoining officers of Muskogee, Craig and McIntosh counties from further seizure of liquor shipped into the state while in the hands of the road. The officers were ordered to return to the company liquor recently seized except that on which the freight had been paid and on which the bills of lading had been surrendered without delivery being made. The court reserves decision on this class of shipments to determine whether the surrender of a bill of lading constitutes a delivery.

LOTTERY AGENTS CAUGHT.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—Two men alleged to be foreign lottery agents, were arrested today by postal inspectors. They are Samuel Freudenberg and Herman Kompel. Lottery tickets, lists of drawings and advertising matter exploiting the lotteries were seized. Advertising matter of the "One Hundred and Fifty-Sixth Royal Saxony Lottery" found in the Freudenberg house said that the total amount of money to be distributed would be 16,462,299 marks, nearly \$1,900,000.

water—all of them has that but some of 'em are more afraid than others to show it—and the ones who have not civilized by themselves. The last is common but he ain't interesting. He comes to town every year, lives in a house, owns a farm and wears white man's clothes.

"But the first two are the real Indian. The noble red man as he is comes in from the family residence just as often as he can recover from the effects of his last visit. He rides in on his family steed, with his family riding the family string of family and camps. He camps anywhere on the street or in your back yard. Then he starts out on a foragin' expedition. Round through alleys he prowls. He does not yell of whoop-yet. He sneaks around with what J. Cooper calls 'the stealthy, crafty glide of his brother the wildcat,' and raids rubbish heaps. Nothing is below the noble red man. Everything which he can get from the whites he takes. Old paper boxes, spoiling—fine seasoning for the soup on which he feeds his tribe—bits of clothing and pieces of glass—admirable toys for the thousand or more little Cans—none of them are scorned by the red man on the foragin'. When he has loaded down all of his packtrain, including the Mesdames Tomato Can and all of the horses save his own he goes to the station and lies in wait for the unsuspecting white tourists. These tourists are easy game—you know for you are in the same class—they rave over his dirty rubbish trinkets, and tell each other in English, a language which they think he don't know nothing about—how romantic it all is and rave over his general appearance. The Indian smells as a rule of rubbish heaps but them tourists don't mind that. He sells their little head-work bag, furnished him at wholesale, for a price made out of sheer greed and moudly, moth-eaten hat racks made out of horns—procured at the slaughter houses and called buffalo horns for the sake of trade—and of gaudy red and blue flannel.

"Then when he has procured the scalps of enough victims he goes down town. If he can get anybody to sell him liquor he gets soused. If he can't he gets soused anyway. Say, old, did you ever see a pickled Indian. There you have the closest imitation to our old college chum Cooper's Indians that ever wore a red skin of his own. He gets a glorious bun. Nothing is too weak or too strong for him. He gets drunk through moral persuasion if nothing else is handy.

"Then if he hasn't been arrested he goes home. He lies in his dirty teepee until his jag has worked off and he is ready to try again.

"That is the real red man. As I said before if you are lookin' for the Indian as J. E. C. has him you should have stayed at home and read 'Diamond Dick.'"

The tenderfoot looked shaken. Again he proffered the old brakeman his "makins" without a word and with a sheepish grin said:

"Say, partner, come over across the street. They're on me."

GOLD PRODUCTION OF WORLD GIVEN

Washington, Dec. 23.—The world's production of gold and silver for the calendar year 1908 is estimated by the bureau of the mint, based upon official and unofficial information, to have been:

Gold, 31,378,480 fine ounces, of the value of \$411,832,290; silver, 262,186,579 fine ounces, of the commercial value of \$108,681,400.

Compared with 1907 there was an increase in the gold product of \$31,378,480 and in silver an increase of 18,992,200 fine ounces. The greatest increase in the product of gold in any country in the world was in Africa, which increased from 151,629,500 in 1907, to 156,629,500 in 1908. The increase in the United States was \$4,124,390. Mexico's increase was \$3,690,100.

The largest increase in the production of silver was in Mexico and amounted to 12,517,600 fine ounces. Canada followed with an increase of 9,226,200 fine ounces. There was a decrease in the silver production of the United States as compared with 1907 of 4,074,000 fine ounces.

MORE LIGHTS SEEN CIRCLING IN SKY

Boston, Dec. 23.—Following the report from Worcester last night of the discovery above that city of a strange moving light, apparently the searchlight of a dirigible air craft, tonight brought stories of the observance of similar lights tonight from villages east of Worcester and even from Boston Common. People in Marlboro, South Farmington, Natick, Ashland, Grafton, North Grafton, Upton, Hopkdale and Northboro turned out in throngs tonight and saw a mysterious light in the sky.

Wallace Tillinghast, a Worcester man, who claimed to have invented a machine in which he had gone from Worcester to New York and return and who, it was thought, might have been the navigator of the supposed air craft, remained non-committal today.

MONUMENT TO KNOX.

New Orleans, Dec. 23.—Passengers arriving tonight on the steamship Dictator from Bluefields say that Secretary Knox is extolled on all sides, and that the people of Bluefields, with characteristic fervor, declare that they will raise a monument as a tribute to his statesmanship.

DISPUTE IN COURT.

Frank Bretschneider filed suit yesterday against Julius Simmert. The case is the outgrowth of a dispute about mining work.

SWITCHMEN DANCE FOR RELIEF

STRIKERS ENTERTAIN LARGE CROWD AT HOP IN THE ELITE HALL.

Stepping to the music of the Missoula club orchestra, 200 people, guests of the Switchmen's Union of North America, Jumbo Lodge No. 9, danced in Elite hall last night from 8 o'clock until early in the morning, until the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," labeled "Seldom There" by the switchmen, brought the affair to a close. The dance was given for the benefit of the strikers and Missoula turned out in full force for the affair.

The orchestra put out its best and the good floor and the happy crowd made the dance a real success. Programs were issued by the strikers in which were lists of dances with appropriate titles, and on which were printed little "rads" from all of the leading business houses of the city.

If the striking switchmen are as good at handling cars in the yards as they are in the ballroom, the railroad company will not be able to get along without them for very long—at least, that was the general verdict of the crowd last night. The list of dances proved a big hit and the big crowd entered fully into the spirit of the fanciful titles which had been applied to the different numbers.

Financially the ball was an equal success. Enough was taken in to keep things moving for several weeks and the switchmen were elated over the fact.

TWO MILLS CLOSE.

Seattle, Dec. 23.—As a direct result of the prolonged switchmen's strike the Hammond and the Centennial flour mills, two of the largest on Puget sound, closed today. Since the strike was inaugurated the wheat supply has been irregular and the millers decided to suspend operations until strike conditions show a more decided improvement. Forty men are affected.

HOTEL CHAMBERMAID LEAVES A FORTUNE

Kansas City, Dec. 23.—In the trunk of Miss Margaret Sullivan, who died recently after having worked in a hotel for 27 years, more than \$5,000 was found today. The woman was thought to be penniless. She was 65 years old. When Colonel Kerzy Coates, an old-time hotel man here, died several years ago, he left Miss Sullivan, who had worked for him \$1,000. She placed the amount and her savings in a bank. It failed. Her friends supposed she lost all of her money.

But with the opening of the trunk came the discovery of a certificate of deposit for \$5,000 from another bank, showing Miss Sullivan had an account besides her unfortunate one. About \$2,000 in currency also was in the trunk. The woman never took a vacation. The money probably will go to her sisters.

THE AVIATION MEET TO BE HELD ANYHOW

Los Angeles, Dec. 23.—"With or without the sanction of the Aero Club of America, the aviation meet announced for this city on January 10, 20, will be held," is the gist of a statement issued tonight by the Merchants & Manufacturers' association of this city, under whose auspices the event is scheduled.

From New York today came the statement that the Aero club of America will sanction the meet, but will insist that no unlicensed persons be permitted to enter into contests with licensed pilots. It is the insistence on this rule to which the committee of the association objects.

BLOWN TO PIECES.

Wallace, Dec. 23.—(Special.)—Olaf Larson, aged 13, was instantly killed by the explosion of a charge of powder while working in a wagon tunnel for the Milwaukee near Avery today. He had several fuses to light and was lighting the last one when the first charge exploded blowing him to pieces. His companion, Tom Lowery, saw the danger and ran from the tunnel in time to save himself.

SITUATION THE SAME.

Butler, Mo., Dec. 23.—Determined efforts to break the deadlock in the sixth district democratic convention called to nominate a successor to the late Congressman DeArmond met with failure today. Three sessions were held and after the 45th ballot the situation was substantially the same.

Special today, \$2.00 neckwear for 50c. at Joe Fitzgerald's.

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REPORT IS ON WAY REITERATES CHARGE TO AMERICA OF INSANITY

FINDINGS OF UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN COMING TO GEOGRAPHIC SOCIETY. BROTHER OF ENGLISH POET INSISTS THAT WATSON IS MENTALLY UNBALANCED.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The report of the University of Copenhagen, adverse to the claims of Dr. Frederick A. Cook as to the attainment of the north pole, is now on its way to this country for the guidance of the scientific investigators here.

A cablegram was received today from the university by Prof. J. Howard Gore of the Subcommittee appointed by the National Geographic Society, to conduct the investigation under the auspices of that organization, which announced that the university had forwarded its report to the society.

The meeting of the subcommittee will be held probably during the first week in January.

Two elements figure in the deferment of the meeting of the subcommittee until the first of the year. First, the disposition to give Dr. Cook every possible opportunity to present his observations, and second, the absence of Rear Admiral Pillsbury, who went to Boston the day of the university verdict. Admiral Pillsbury will return after the holidays and the meeting will be called at once. Meantime, conclusions of the Copenhagen investigators probably will be here for formal submission to the subcommittee and some answer may have been received from Dr. Cook to the request for his original observations.

While recognizing that the burden of sentiment has been largely against Dr. Cook, as the result of the Copenhagen verdict, the committee promises by no means to be governed by that decision. Inquiry today shows that the subcommittee intends to proceed with the utmost caution in view of its responsibility as the investigating body of the organization that largely represents scientific America. The subcommittee, in case it fails to receive the original data, will not go out of its way to condemn Dr. Cook, but will report that he failed to produce any papers that proved that he reached the north pole.

"He has a perfect right to withhold them," according to one statement today, "and there is no compulsion in the matter."

The society's request for his original data was made personally to Dr. Cook's friend, Mr. Wake, in New York city.

ONLY A FIRE BALLOON AND NOT AN AIRSHIP

Worcester, Mass., Dec. 23.—That the bright light which moved over the city last night and which many thought was a searchlight attached to an aeroplane was made by a fire balloon is the belief of many citizens. The fire balloon theory was advanced by its advocates today on the ground that the balloon moved in one direction, while near the earth and that on reaching a higher altitude it encountered a current of air going in an opposite direction. No one has been found who saw anything that looked like a framework near the light. All that was seen last night was a light which moved slowly across the central portion of the city and then back again, finally disappearing in two hours.

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will buy two choice lots in block 68, South Missoula addition. Adjoining lots sold in past few days at \$250 each.

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