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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1913.

Let us be content in work, To do the thing we can, and not presume To fret because it's little. —Elizabeth B. Browning

LOP-SIDED JUSTICE.

Missouri has, in recent years, been giving a comparatively good account of herself. She has gone far toward redeeming herself in the eyes of the nation. Much of the obloquy and scorn which used to be turned in her direction is no longer merited. True, she has Champ Clark and Gurn-Shoemaker and some others of her illustrious imbricatures, but she has done well in placing herself before the rest of the world in the right light.

For Missouri, beyond question, possesses all the natural requirements of a really great state. And this is why there is cause for sincere regret in the backward step which is evidenced in a recent verdict returned by a Missouri jury, sitting at Clayton, which awarded fifteen hundred dollars damages to a concrete worker whose leg was broken by the kick of a mule.

The mule, it was shown, had seen eighteen summers and had borne a spotless reputation. And a concrete worker in Missouri should know enough about the general characteristics and attributes of the mule in general to cause him to exercise due caution when engaged in labor that might take him within the danger zone of a mule. Also, it was not shown that there had been taken by the concrete worker the precaution which this common knowledge should inspire. Hence, we feel that the jury was unfair. It should have found the concrete worker guilty of contributory negligence and should have warned him to go and sin no more.

If a new trial is not granted and if the supreme court of Missouri does not rise to the occasion and reverse the finding of this Clayton jury, there should be a popular subscription started to pay the damages imposed by the verdict. But even this would not clear the name of Missouri from the blench of his lop-sided justice. It is such cases as this that cause the people to lose faith in courts and lawyers. This one has turned back Missouri's clock about fifty years.

Unless he goes after the trusts harder than he went after the white-slavers, Attorney General McReynolds will not go far to cause much amends among them.

We don't care so much about our fuel bill, but we would like to see winter make a late start, just that the pavement might be patched before the freeze comes.

President Wilson, having assumed the responsibility of regulating Mexico, must deliver the goods or his European patrons will become impatient.

November might have made a better start, but there is satisfaction in the thought that it might have been a great deal worse.

The Montana white slavers appear to have an organization which reaches farther than was suspected.

Among the causes which contribute to our insomnia, the income tax has no place.

IMPROVING OPPORTUNITY

Back in New York, for ten days or more, the limelight has shone upon Hennessy. Almost to the exclusion of the principals in the thrilling incidents of the great battle against organized and entrenched graft, this man has occupied the public eye and his utterances have been in the public mind. He has assailed Tammany with a degree of force that has jarred the very foundations of the Wigwam. He has made every blow count. And, whatever the outcome of the battle, the work of Hennessy has advanced the cause of civic righteousness.

Hennessy is by profession a newspaper man. He used to be managing editor of the New York Press. Later, he was special graft-investigator for Governor Sulzer. For this work, his newspaper training fitted him particularly. The combined experience of his private and public service has rendered him doubly strong in the terrific fight of the past fortnight. When the opportunity presented itself, Hennessy was ready. That's the point to which we wish to direct attention this morning.

We are inclined—a good many of us, at least—to complain because the opportunity is not given us to perform great deeds. We see, all about us, men who are accomplishing marvelous results. In our hearts we say that we could do these great things if we only had the opportunity and are irked because we are denied the chance.

Right there is where we make the mistake which renders it impossible for us to obtain the opportunity which we fancy we crave. There is something which each one of us can do. Perhaps it is a little thing, but there is one thing which each can do better than anybody else. Whatever we have of talent in this direction and whatever of training we have had, has been to fit us for the exercise of this one talent. Because we have but the one talent, while one of our neighbors has ten, is not a reason for permitting that one talent to become rusty.

Hennessy is not a young man. Probably he never thought, during all the years that he was grinding away in the newspaper service, that the training he was then receiving and the information he was then acquiring would one day become the force which would strengthen his arm in a good cause. But he did his work. He kept at it, learning more all the while. Finally, there came the call for just the information and the training which he possessed. This was the opportunity. And Hennessy was ready.

It is the way with each of us. None of us knows when he may be called upon to exercise the knowledge and the skill which are his. The opportunity may come at a time when it is least expected. The main thing is to be ready when it does come.

"Let us be content in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little." This quotation, which appears at the head of this page of The Missoulian this morning, contains the essence of the question of preparedness. Any hour, any minute, our opportunity may come. It is for us to be ready when it does come—ready to recognize it and ready to improve it. This is what each one of us has been placed here to do.

Our daily tasks seem petty. The other fellow's job always seems better than our own. We fret because what is required of us is so little and so insignificant. Thus we waste our time, when if we were only to do well that which is required for us, we would become daily a little stronger, daily a little better fitted to meet the demand of the great opportunity when it does come.

The athlete who is selected to carry the colors of his school in the mile run is not trained for the supreme test by being turned loose to run a mile the first day of his preparation. At the hum-drum work in the gymnasium he is kept at work until his soul rebels against the chest-weights and the bars. But he keeps at it and, one day, he wakes to the realization that his breathing power is better and his muscles are harder and more pliable. Then he is ready for the opportunity.

So the thing to do is to perform faithfully that which we can do. Hennessy's training as an editor taught him the news value of facts. Another man might have all the information which Hennessy has and yet not be able to present these facts with the impressiveness which would command public attention. But Hennessy could. For years he worked at this very thing—shaping the statement of facts so that it would be impressively strong. And then, one day, such a man was needed.

And Hennessy was there, ready to take the job.

Chronicles of the City

The Pavement That Bucked.

And it came to pass in those days that Jimrod Nelson reigned in the City That Was Bled by The River. And with him sat Tomprice and Bill, who was chieftain of the mobs.

And, behold, Nelson sat in the council which gathered in the courthouse, even Nelson who was called Frank. And with him in the hall of the council did sit Dan, who was called in the language of the people McQuarrie, and also John, who was named Flynn.

And the streets of the city were paved, which was round about the City That Was Bled by The River. And there was peace in the land and great plenty.

And the streets of the city were paved, that there might be no mud. Paved were they with bricks which had been burned with much fire, even until they had been made as hard as the rocks of the everlasting hills. With wood also were the streets paved in places, even with blocks of cedar and fir, which the people had gathered from the hills.

And the people saw that it was good. Now it had come to pass in the days when Andy was king in the city and when Danny had been in the high seat of the council, that the river had risen in a mighty flood.

And the bridge which was in the city, even the bridge which was built across the river that the people might walk over and not get wet, had been put on the bum.

For behold, the piers of the bridge had been upper and the spans thereof had been made to look like unto junk.

Then had the people of the city gathered together, even to the number of many hundreds.

And they had said, one to another, what shall we do, that we may have a bridge, even a bridge to take us across the river?

For, behold, the old bridge was swept away and gone.

And when they had taken counsel, they builded a new bridge, even a better bridge than the one which was not.

And when the bridge, even the new bridge which they had builded, was finished, the people looked upon it and said that it was good.

For of steel was it builded, even from steel of the mills of Andrew who gave away libraries. Of steel was it builded and of cement, which was as the rocks of the mountains for strength.

And they would have a roadway wherein the chariots of the rich might roll, even the chariots which made a queer sound and smelted to heaven.

For, verily, the gasoline which John-dee did furnish for these chariots was of a mighty smell.

And then the people gathered again together.

And they brought wise men from afar off, even the men who could tell them what manner of pavement they should place upon the bridge that the buzz wagons might roll.

And they got a bum steer. Even from these wise men did they receive the wrong dope.

And they paved the roadway with the blocks of wood, even with blocks from the trees of the forest. Blocks of

cedar placed they there and of tamarack. And, behold, the road was smooth. And the chariots of the rich men did roll thereon.

And they smeared the blocks with tar. Which was a bluff.

For the rain came and descended upon the bridge. And the snow fell also.

And verily, there was a mess. For, behold, the blocks bucked, even the blocks of cedar and of tamarack. And the road which was smooth was full of hummocks.

Full of hummocks was the road and of arches. And the bridge looked like the waves of the sea on the morning after.

And the men of the south side who would go across, dared not.

For they thought in their hearts that the roadway was yet smooth and that it was their eyes and their livers which had caused the bridge to look like the waves of the sea.

And they knew not what excuse they could make unto their wives.

So they stayed on the north side and took just one more.

But the bridge was on the Fritz. Upon the bum was it and no good.

For the pavement was up one day and down the next. And nobody knew whereupon he should step.

And the chariots of the rich men could not roll, even the chariots which gave forth the queer sound and the rank smell.

For, verily, the pavement was ruffernell.

Then said the people unto Jimrod Nelson and unto Tomprice and unto Bill who was the chief of the mobs, fix us the pavement that we may cross without taking the pledge every time.

But Jimrod Nelson answered them and said nay, nay. For it is up to the council which sitteth in the courthouse to fix your roadway. And Tomprice and Bill said even so.

For, behold, there was no money in the treasury of the city, whereas the coffers of the county were running over.

And the people went unto Nelson, who was called Frank. Unto Dan did they go and unto John, even unto them who were called McQuarrie and Flynn. And they besought them to fix their bridge.

For Tomprice had cut out the slack and reduced the hummocks, so that the chariots might roll, but they didn't roll well.

More blocks had Tomprice taken out than had been put in. And his servants hauled them away with asses and with bullocks, until of blocks there was a mountain.

And yet there remained enough to cover the roadway, even when these had been taken away.

But it was rough, even as the road which is straight and narrow was this road rough and hard to travel.

And Nelson heard them, and Dan and John.

And they said, verily, we will fix your bridge and the roadway thereof.

And Rick said he would help, even with the gold of W. A. would he help.

And the people were happy. But the winds came and the cold. And the time was at hand when no man layeth pavement except he be nutty.

And there was no pavement on the roadway. Which was tough luck.

For, as hath been written, it was ruffernell. But there was nothing doing.

There Was a Mr. Pankhurst



MRS. EMMELINE PANKHURST'S LATE HUSBAND.

London, Nov. 1.—The question, Who or what was or is the husband of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the militant suffrage leader? has at last been answered. Investigations here throw much light on his history.

He was a Londoner, graduated from Owens college, Manchester, and afterward received several degrees from London university. He was called to the bar in 1867 and joined the northern circuit. He gave a large part of his time to lecturing and delivered many addresses on legal, social and political questions. He was a progressive politician, was active in the cause of popular education and took part in the home rule movement in 1873.

Dr. Pankhurst advocated many reforms, one of which was a reform of the patent laws, over which he made a strong fight. He was an active worker for the promotion of social science and acted as arbitrator in several trade disputes.

In regard to the personality of Dr. Pankhurst, one who occasionally met him in Manchester when he "practiced" as a chancery barrister and contributed radical articles to the Manchester Examiner, before he became converted to socialism, says he was a frail little man, with weak eyes, a straggling reddish beard, a squeaky voice and a neurotic manner. He looked as if he might be henpecked. He was an eager, fussy talker and was always terribly in earnest. He was apparently incapable of a joke.

Most are scarcely more than bloody amateurs, utterly unable to distill more than the most insipid stuff from their commonplace and unimaginative brains. Among the old-timers in the profession there is none who ranks higher than A. Toxen Worm, familiarly known as "Antfish" Worm. He has more originality in his little finger than most of the small fry in their heads and it is always refreshing to read one of his productions.

According to his "dates" the staff of special policemen in front of the New York Hippodrome was increased the other day by the addition of two police dogs, carefully trained by Mr. Worm and other members of the press agents department of the Hippodrome, to bite the legs of any ticket speculator who happened to be selling tickets on the sidewalk. The dogs, Air-dales, named Rose and Francis, do not look tremendously ferocious, but seem intelligent, and, according to Mr. Worm are so well trained that no matter how large the crowd on the sidewalk the dogs would winkle through the gathering and pick out the trouser leg of any agent who was offering tickets for sale at more than the box office prices. If the street agent confines himself to box office prices the dogs will let him alone, but if he offers to let anyone have "one down in front" for even ten cents more than the management of the theater charges, the dogs will give him a ten cent bite. If the speculator is very greedy and asks a dollar more than the regular prices, he will get a dollar bite.

The wonderfully trained and almost humanly intelligent animals were put to the test the other night and proved a remarkable success. William Mel-lins, a speculator, was the first man to run up against the dogs. It so happened, quite accidentally, of course, that just at the moment when the dogs "connected" with Mr. Mellins' trouser leg a photographer set off a flashlight and obtained an excellent picture of the attack. After having seen this photograph surely nobody will dare to doubt Mr. Worm's story of his trained dogs.

New York city has a fine school system and decidedly up to date in every respect. Some crabbed cavillers have found fault with the system, it is true, but who cares for their antiquated ideas. What difference does it make if a large percentage of the teachers can neither speak nor write the English language; if the children graduating from the grammar schools have only the haziest ideas of arithmetic, history, geography and a few other useless branches; they will have plenty of time to learn all that after they have left school. In any measly little country school they teach to the children reading, writing and arithmetic; in the great metropolis they have no time for such trifles. Here they teach far more important things. Boys learn to sew on buttons and to make dollies; girls are taught how to use a saw and hammer; both boys and girls are carefully instructed in political economy, political science, dancing and basket weaving, the doctrines of physiology as laid down by the W. C. T. U., and the Anti-Cigarette league, eugenics and woman's suffrage; they learn to make artificial flowers and to trim hats and, last, but not least, to become thoroughly versed in ring time. To supply a much felt want the children are to be given an opportunity also to become acquainted with classical music. This has been decided at a recent meeting of the board of education

Woman Called Blackmailer



MISS LILLIAN HUNTINGTON (TOP) AND MRS. MARGARET A. CARTER.

Cleveland, Ohio, Nov. 1.—Charged with what Assistant United States District Attorney Cary B. Alburn characterizes as one of the "wickedest black-mailing schemes" he has heard of, Mrs. Margaret A. Carter, 51 of Elyria, Ohio, is in jail in this city, awaiting the action of a grand jury in October.

Not only is she charged with seeking by the use of a threatening letter to compel Miss Lillian Huntington, Elyria heiress, out of \$3,000, but the assistant United States district attorney says that the same hand concocted other equally vicious episodes which were sent to a dozen other prominent and wealthy persons in Elyria, Cleveland and other northern Ohio towns.

These letters revealed a half-invincible intimacy of knowledge with the most private affairs of the persons threatened and in several instances brought terror to the receivers. It is not known whether any of the letters were successful in bringing cash returns.

Miss Huntington is not yet 20. She has inherited a large fortune—just the exact figure is not known—from her grandfather, John Huntington, one of the old-time Standard Oil magnates and founder of Cleveland's \$1,000,000 art museum, and again a fortune came to her through the will of an uncle.

Recently there have been rumors that Miss Huntington had become betrothed to a prominent young Cleveland clubman. This alleged engagement has not been announced, but it was on these rumors that the blackmailing letter came to the heiress under the signature of "Miss Rose."

The writer stated that the young Cleveland clubman had promised to marry her and that unless Miss Huntington sent the writer \$3,000 there would come forth such a scandal as would make it impossible for her to accept her prospective fiancee.

The young woman promptly consulted her lawyers and the United States postal authorities were set to work investigating. A decoy registered letter was sent to Mrs. Carter and her signature thus obtained. The handwriting being similar to the "Miss Rose" handwriting, her arrest followed.

Mrs. Carter, who is a white-haired, motherly-looking woman, denies that she is the author of the threatening letter to Miss Huntington, or of any other blackmailing letter. She has admitted, however, that the writing in the letter to Miss Huntington "looks something like her writing."

In Old New York

New York, Nov. 1.—In this era of peace conferences, everlasting peace talk and pampering of the dove of peace it seems a little out of place to give a public exhibition of the most approved and modern methods of conducting an effective warfare, yet, just such an exhibition will be opened at Madison Square garden next Monday.

The exhibition will be held under the auspices of the Military Athletic league and regular soldiers, sailors and militia will take part in the drills, sham battles, etc., which will constitute the spectacular features of the exhibition.

There will be 12 distinct military features, taking in the infantry, cavalry and field artillery of the United States army, the naval militia, the national guard and the Boy Scouts of America, together with drills and exhibitions by the police and fire departments. The object of the tournament is to give to the public a detailed knowledge of the organization, campaign. There will be a large camp, in which a detachment of reg-

DRINK MORE WATER IF KIDNEYS BOTHER

Eat Less Meat and Take Salts for Backache or Bladder Trouble.

Uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked; get sluggish, ache, and feel like lumps of lead. The urine becomes cloudy; the bladder is irritated, and you may be obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night. When the kidneys clog you must help them flush off the body's urinous waste or you'll be a real sick person shortly. At first you feel a dull misery in the kidney region, you suffer from back-ache, sick headache, dizziness, stomach gets sour, tongue coated and you feel rheumatic twinges when the weather is bad.

Eat less meat, drink lots of water; also get from any pharmacist four ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to clean clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder weakness.

Jad Salts is inexpensive, cannot injure; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everyone should take now and then to keep the kidneys clean and active. Drug-stores here say they sell lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble.—Adv.

FEMINE THRIFT. (From Judge.) Hexler—Why didn't Randall's wife let him put up their screens last summer? Long—She had brought a lot of fly paper at a bargain and wanted to get the worth of her money.