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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1913.

You were wrong, you see; that's well to see, though late; That's all we may expect of man, this side The grave; his good is—knowing he is bad. —Robert Browning.

COMMUNITY CENTERS.

Looking back over the local history of last week, it seems to us that Missoula showed really the best display of civic spirit which she has ever manifested. After all, it was not half the bother to close the stores and offices for half a day that some of us thought it would be. And that closing helped a lot. It helped the university; it helped the football players; it helped the folks who went out to Montana field for the afternoon. It served its best purpose, however, in getting Missoula people together without the restraints of business to hamper them; it afforded the opportunity for neighbors to get acquainted.

One of the principal troubles with our present-day living is that we don't know our neighbors at all. We meet them, perhaps, with a friendly-enough nod as we meet in the morning, but that's about the extent of it. The remedy which suggests itself for this situation is the community center—the place where neighbors may meet to discuss mutual interests and to get to understand each other better.

Justice Hughes, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson are among those who have urged the use of the public school buildings as community centers. We have millions of dollars invested in these buildings, the country over, and they are idle half the day, for three months each year they are idle all day. We are not getting out of the investment half of what we might if we employed these buildings during these idle hours.

Neighbors could meet in the evenings; mothers could meet in the afternoons; there could be all sorts of problems worked out in friendly way. The New Englanders settled their local questions in town meetings when they all assembled; it was there that the foundation of our national government was laid. We are wasting a fine opportunity when we permit these buildings to remain idle so much of the time.

Whatever promotes better acquaintanceship among individuals brings about a better mutual understanding and often clears up a lot of misunderstanding. And that, of course, makes for the betterment of local conditions generally. There are at least two Missoula communities which have made excellent use of the school-houses as meeting places for the discussion of topics of common concern.

With the rest of your winter plans, don't overlook the fact that you were going to help the King's Daughters and the Salvation Army in looking after the needs of the families which have little fuel and scant clothing.

In Chicago they are hunting for the man who let down the wind-shield on the lakes. Perhaps Huerta gets paid by the day. That would account for the delay in his resignation.

THE CHURCH AND THE CAUSE

Recently The Missoulian made reference to the evidence of a decided trend toward church unity, furnished by the proceedings of national sectarian conventions during the past few months. Notable among these was the assembly of the Congregationalists in national council in Kansas City. It will be recalled that Rev. Newman Smyth of New Haven, one of the best-known preachers of the country, made the assertion that "Christian unity is the most important problem the church is facing."

This is a strong statement—but none too strong—of the tendency to which we have referred. There remains now but the problem of how to bring about this unity. Unity of purpose there surely is, right now. It is the question of unity of action. That is the puzzle at present.

One more utterance at the Congregational council is noteworthy. Rev. Oliver Huckel of Baltimore, scholar, writer and orator, expressed thus powerfully the belief which so many hold: "The socializing of Christianity and the awakening of social justice mean an end to narrow parochial methods. The increasing struggle against political corruption and commercialized vice means further unity. No church or denomination can do this alone. There must be unity in the work."

So much for the statement of the case. As to the manner of bringing about unity, Dr. Heckel makes a declaration equally plain. "There are three practical methods of unity," he says. "The first is the unconditional surrender of all communions to one communion. Another is a general agreement to work together, each communion preserving its identity, but counseling together, without authority, in the interests of the church. The third and wisest method is consolidation—an organic unity on terms of equality with the preservation of the valuable points in each communion, and allowing all desired diversity in worship and work."

That is church statesmanship of a broad order. It suggests again the old truism that, if there is a right thing to do, the way to do it may always be found. And there is not, we believe, the great difficulty in the way of discovering and agreeing upon the right method, which is generally fancied. And this belief is strengthened by events which have transpired subsequent to the council of the Congregationalists.

The other morning we referred to the council of Methodist men which was held in Indianapolis and commented upon the fact that this question of church unity had been given prominent place in the program for this council. Upon the desk, as these lines are written, there lies a copy of "The Christian Advocate," containing a detailed report of the proceedings of the three thousand Methodist ministers and laymen who gathered in Indianapolis. It is interesting, specially so as almost every line of the record breathes with the spirit of united effort.

Clergy and lay orators discussed this topic. There were many different forms of expression, but there was only one idea. And that idea was the thought that in unity lies the only effective solution of the problem of Christian conquest. It was, we think, the most impressive presentation of this thought which has been made.

For it is a fact that the Methodists have been—whether rightfully so or not we will not undertake to say—regarded as one of the most self-contained of all the denominations. They have been esteemed to be uncompromising in their view of other denominational beliefs. In the public mind, at least, the expression of church-unity ideas in a Methodist assembly will, on this account, be all the more weighty.

One of the topics on the program of the first day of the Indianapolis meeting was "Methodism—Its Mission and Message." This was assigned to Bishop McDowell, who said, in part: "I do not quite like that topic. Methodism has no method of its own and no mission except as a servant of Jesus Christ. We speak of the Christian's message, and if we are true we perform Jesus Christ's task. For our world plans were not made at Fetter Lane or Oxford. They have been made in the heart of Eternal God. And that ancient Methodist who in a moment of pious rapture thanked God for John Wesley's plan of salvation was just a little bit wide of the mark."

That was the keynote of the entire council session. It corrects our notion of the Methodist view. It declares that the desire for unity is practically unanimous.

And why should it not be unanimous? What excuse is there for the existence of five or six struggling churches in a community which might have one or two, strong and prosperous church organizations, if the church people would get together. Just as a concrete example, what good reason can be given for the existence in a town like Victor of two Methodist churches—one north and one south—facing each other on the same street, with a combined membership which would have hard work maintaining one good, active church? And we might bring this example right home to practically every town in the west and apply it to other denominations than the Methodist. But it is not necessary.

The question is plain—why not get together and why not stay together? It is the only way to win.

Chronicles of the City The National Game. Behold, it came to pass in those days, when Jimrod ruled in the City That Was Built by The River, that there was a sound of great rejoicing and a noise of much gladness. For, verily, the people were beside themselves with joy and were light of heart. And they had a cheer coming. For it had come to pass in those days, even in the days when Jimrod ruled in the city and when Tomprie sat with him and Bill, also, even Bill who was captain of the host, that the people were distressed because of the Baseball Situation. For they loved the National Game, even the people of the city loved it with great affection. And they feared in their hearts that their club would bust up, even the club which had won the pennant and had produced Bullet Bush. And they were distressed.

And of Dougal was it said that he could pull-em-down-from-the-sky. And of Owneykelley was it said that he had a great whip. For, behold, they had played the game. And they were on to the curves. And the strong men of the city gathered also, even the man who had many shekels of gold and of silver and the disposition to spend them for the game if they could get a run for their money. And when they had come together, even when they had gathered in the great hall, where they did meet, they took counsel how they might save the game.

For, behold, the city had a reputation, even The City That Was Built by The River and was called in the language of its people Missoula. And a reputation is a fine thing to have, especially when it is that kind of a reputation. And they said this thing must never be.

Loud was the voice and strong was the declaration. And Andy was among them, even Andy who had been king in the city and who had been of those who held the sack for the team. And Andy was strong for the game. For, behold, he was a good sport. And there were others. And they cried aloud of one voice. And when they had made a great noise, they did things.

And Sid was among them, even Sid who was a great mixer of the dope. And Sid spoke unto them and they heard him. And Sid's words were the words of wisdom and the people rejoiced. For Sid said unto them, even Sid who was the mixer of the dope, why should this thing be? And why should ye be sore at heart?

For, verily, I say unto you that we can pull out. And the people asked him and said how may this thing be that ye have said unto us? Then spake Sid yet again unto them and said, there be five men among you who are strong for the game and who are skilled in the counting of shekels and in the handling thereof. And they will save the situation.

And the people went their way until such time as Sid should make known unto them the names of the men who would deliver the goods. Then called Sid unto him Billy, who was of his house and who peddled the dope, even the dope which Sid did mix. And he said unto Billy, go hire a hall.

And when Billy had hired a hall, they called unto the place all the fans of the city, even all of those who were for the game all the time and who were not pickers. And when the fans were gathered together in the great hall and in the high place, they did bid unto them the names of the men he had chosen. Gee-Eff who was a real sport, Jacobs who was wise to the game, Steinbrenner who was a true rooster, Orville who was there all ways, Will-murphy who was a player himself and who was wise in counsel.

Those were the five men whom Sid did name. And the people cheered with a loud voice and were glad at heart. For, behold, they knew that the game was saved. And they smoked up. Then spake Edmurry unto them, even he who was the Big Thing in baseball. And his words were words of great cheer.

And Sid spake also, and Bick, and Ned, and Jacobs spake, and Steinbrenner and Owneykelley and they uttered words of good promise. And Gee-Eff spake and gave the tight dope. And Andy spake likewise, even Andy who had been king in the city and had held the sack for the team.

And the people cheered him. Even all of those who spake did the people cheer, even the fans who were gathered together. And there were words of praise for those who had kept the team going, even for Hughie and his men. For they had been game sports. And then did Hughie and his men say unto the fans, we have done our share and we are glad to let somebody else take a turn. But, behold, we will contribute of our gold and silver, even of all that we have, to help you out.

And The Five heard these things and took up the team. And, behold, it was thus that the game was saved in The City That Was Built by The River. For so is it written, even in the great book of the city, wherein all these things are recorded.

GRAY HAIR BECOMES DARK, THICK, GLOSSY TRY GRANDMOTHER'S OLD FAVORITE RECIPE OF SAGE AND SULPHUR. Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray; also cures dandruff, itching scalp and stops falling hair. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is messy and troublesome. Nowdays we simply ask at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." You will get a large bottle for about 50 cents. Everybody uses this old, famous recipe, because no one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, thick and glossy and you look years younger. Missoula Drug Company, agent. —Adv. Gaby Deslys will sail the latter part of next month for this country and will open her tour in New York.

"Beware the Curse of Easy Money"

SOME LYMANISMS. There's a demon on every easy dollar. Speculation is "The Devil's Game." The working man is a "king with conscience free." Unearned profits are the greatest curse.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 15.—"Beware the curse of easy money!" This is the warning sounded by Dr. John Grant Lyman, often termed "The Real Wallingford," now on trial in the United States district court in Los Angeles on a charge of having used the United States mails to defraud. Lyman is declared by Edward A. Regan, special United States prosecutor, to have induced hundreds of persons to invest their savings in the Panama Land company, a concern founded upon bogus properties supposed to lie along the Panama canal.

Lyman protested today that he is innocent of the charges against him and is confident of acquittal. He asserted, however, that his career has been very varied since "the curse of easy money settled upon him." His life story is a romance. He told it while he sat in the county jail waiting to be taken to the courtroom. He has an ingratiating manner and speaks smoothly. He talks like a man who imagines himself galloping around the globe picking gold pieces wherever he stops to rest. His story, replete with the philosophy of a Wallingford, follows:

"I was born in New York city 49 years ago. So far as I have been able to learn the seismograph at the United States treasury did not record any particular disturbance on that day.

Graduated in 1881. "I had a natural aptitude for medicine and entered a medical school in New York city late in the eighties. I graduated in 1881. In my association with the medical students, many of whom afterward became very brilliant men, I discovered that I had a vivid understanding of the workings of the human ear. As my story will show, I made use of that discovery.

"I became an aurist and began practice in Chicago. I had several very fortunate cases to start and my success became a skyrocket. "My fees between my twenty-seventh and twenty-eighth birthdays totaled \$34,900. This was too easy and it was the beginning of my downfall. I did not see the curse of easy money then. I invented a small contrivance that improved the hearing of the deaf and can be inserted into the ear. I sold this for \$100,000. This caused the easy money curse to thoroughly inculcate me. The demon tightened his grasp upon me.

"I closed my office and went to New York. I practiced and speculated. The more I speculated the richer I got and the less able to practice. "Quits Practice. "Finally, 15 years ago, I gave up my very enviable practice and purchased

a seat on the New York stock exchange for \$50,000. One of the favorite tricks of the Demon Easy Money is to play his victims. Money poured in upon me in streams.

"Speculation became my life. I opened an office in London in Mincing lane. By working the difference in time between New York and London I had the edge on other speculators. In about four years I was much more than a millionaire and I was practically blind to the demon. "I was surprised at the new faces that kept appearing in Wall street and one day I compiled statistics and discovered that every four years Wall street changes completely its following of speculators.

98 Per Cent Go Broke. "Ninety-eight per cent of the persons who go to Wall street are flat broke in four years. Two per cent play better than even and the rest is absorbed by interest, fees and fixed charges, such as rent for buildings and offices, food and clothing. If speculative Wall street did not have a complete new change in clientele every four years it would cease business. "I laughed and told myself that they were fools. They, to me, was

strides. There seems to be no limit to the enterprise and advertising ability of the film companies. Now it is reported that they contemplate to invade the field of "vice plays," and the Universal Film company has made a dramatization of the report of the Rockefeller committee on the white-slave traffic. Films will be prepared which will be advertised under the title, "The Traffic in Souls." These pictures, which, it is said, will be even more realistic than the scenes of the vice plays, are to be produced under the direction of the Travelers' Aid society and other organizations which look out for the welfare of young and inexperienced girls in the large cities of the country. The pictures are to be given a try-out at one of the New York houses in the near future.

AND HE DROVE ON. (From Judge) "Say," calls the bright youth to the honest agriculturist who is working in his garden, "why don't you set a hen on your egg plants?" "Ma set one on 'em last year," answers the agriculturist, barely looking up. "Did she? Hatch anything?" "Yep. Hatched out that bed of cockscorns by the fence."

MOTHER, THE CHILD IS COSTIVE, BILIOUS If Tongue Is Coated, Breath Bad, Stomach Sour, Don't Hesitate! Give "California Syrup of Figs" at once—a teaspoonful today often saves a sick child tomorrow. If your little one is out-of-sorts, half-sick, isn't resting, eating and acting naturally—look "Mother!" see if tongue is coated. This is a sure sign that its little stomach, liver and bowels are clogged with waste. When cross, irritable, feverish, stomach sour, breath bad or has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, sore throat, full of cold, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in a few hours all the constipated poison, undigested food and sour bile gently moves out of its little bowels without gripping, and you have a well, playful child again.

Mother can rest easy after giving this harmless "fruit laxative," because it never fails to cleanse the little one's stomach and bowels and sweeten the stomach and they dearly love its pleasant taste. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups printed on each bottle. Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." Don't be fooled! —Adv. Men and women enjoy equal political rights in Iceland.

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DR. JOHN GRANT LYMAN IN LOS ANGELES JAIL.

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