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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1913.

I heard the bells on Christmas day Their old familiar carols play, And wild and sweet the words repeat Of peace on earth, good will to men!

A WELCOME GIFT.

President Craighead in the role of Santa Claus has this year made Christmas a more-than-ever important date in the university calendar. Not in a long time has The Missoulian printed news which gave greater satisfaction to the friends of the state university than yesterday morning's announcement that Dr. Craighead had won from the state board of education deserved recognition of his claims for the institution of which he is the head.

Nor would any editorial Christmas page be complete without the echo of the prayer of Tiny Tim. All precedent and all sincerity demand that we quote: "God bless us, every one."

Missoula has the right prescription, this year, for a sure-enough Merry Christmas.

Keep your eye peeled all day for a chance to add to the gentleness of this Christmas.

The ground is white, the clouds have lifted, the weather man has got into the game.

We can even see Dad Farley's big flag in the light of Christmas morning.

Yes, to everybody.

That means you.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

And the angel said unto them: Fear not, for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God and saying: Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

Simultaneously with the announcement of the first Christmas came the declaration of its dominant idea. The New Holiday was proclaimed by angels and they, at the same time, sounded the keynote of the occasion. And the song which the angels sang that first Christmas morning, above the Judean hills, has never ceased. New voices have taken up the chorus until now it is sung from one end of the earth to the other and by millions of voices are its happy words chanted.

For the New Holiday was declared "for all people." The new dispensation broke down the barriers which had circumscribed the gifts of God in the belief of the world; this new gift was "for all people." There is no east, no west, no race, no color, no hide-bound doctrine, no selfish assumption of superiority, in the Great Gift which Christmas brought to the world.

For the message was "tidings of great joy." Happiness became at once the Christmas note. And thus it is that "Merry Christmas" is the day's salutation in every land and among every people. The triumphant note of the Christmas chorus is joy. And harmonious with it, blend the other notes of peace and good-will. It is the melody which rings this morning from sun to sun and from pole to pole. It is a song which transcends all other music ever heard upon this earth. It is glorious. That Christmas, then, is happiest which breathes of joy, of peace and of good-will to all people. There is no room today for a grouch, anywhere. There is no room for hatred in any heart. There is no room today for ill-will in any mind. Politics, creeds, rivalries, ambitions—all these are forgotten this morning. The bustle of trade is still; the rattle of the money-changers is silenced; the noise of commerce is not heard. The world resounds this morning with the call of "Merry Christmas."

Say it, when you say it, as if you meant it. Speak it to all you meet. Hunt up the man against whom, yesterday, you held bitter thoughts and bid him a Merry Christmas. Join in the general endeavor to make this everybody's holiday. Take this Christmas, as far as you can, "to all people." Then will you partake of the spirit of Christmas; then will you sing your part in the great Christmas song. And you'll find, tonight, that this has been the merriest Christmas you ever knew. For you have made of it a real Christmas. It isn't the size of the gift—it's the Christmas spirit that counts.

Notes of the Anvil Chorus

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Now pray we on Thy morning, Lord, For tolerance, for love of kind, A feeling heart, an open mind, Leaving judgment all to Thee, Alone, Who sees behind the word That which escapes the Pharisee.

Teach us the mockery of gold; That we are living only when We live by love of fellowmen. Not treasures snatched in lustfulness From earth, nor virtues, empty, cold, Give any salvage save distress.

May we be slow to hold our scales, Or motives we can never guess, And slow to brand unrighteousness, Who cannot know or hope to know Wherein our dust-sprung brother fails Or where he conquers. Grant it so.

And be the wisher of Thine Or kneller to the burning sun: Of Allah's faithful servants one, Or Buddha's, he exists above, The agony of Time's decline, Who makes his rule of living, Love.

Big Brothers. The generous outburst that gave birth to the Big Brother crusade is inspiring, in a way. Were it spontaneous it would be altogether so. But isn't it, rather, an attempt to evade an ever-present duty? Isn't it a sop thrown to just consciences? If a Big Brother feeling could be made an enduring institution rather than an occasional reversion to deep-rooted ideals it would transform the world.

Skinny. Skinnay, inspired by a bowl of soup, burst into song yesterday. He claims the carol as his own, but its presentation showed too much rehearsal for that. Here he is, anyhow: Yuley, yuley, yule-tide, Open up your purse wide, Go in hook 'til next September And for ten months you'll remember Yuley, yuley, yule-tide.

After Samuel Pepys. 23rd—On this day I slept late, it being given to me for a holiday. To the shops and bazaars where I was amazed with the beauty of the divers rich gifts and did wish for wealth that I might buy all. To him-been with D. Richards, the scribbler, and W. Ferguson, the town secretary, at the Sign of the Jolly Roger and ate some tasty soup, but found the roast unsavory. In the afternoon verifying, but with poor success and I must remember the advice of G. Reynolds, the professor, who had advised the triquet, calling it far easier than other forms, though they are all hard, Heaven knows. To the Theater in the evening to see The Count of Monte Cristo in the cinematograph. A grisly tale, what with murders and imprisonment, only it was my fortune to sit by a most pretty and most clever lady, which pleased me much.

24th—With W. Ferguson to buy gifts, I selecting one for myself and he doing likewise, and mine came to five pennies more which we found very droll. Purchased for F. Ferguson, the paragrapher, a red flannel shirt that he asked for jokingly and made merry over it, too. To my work, but found little, everyone being busied with Christmas; and it is good to see so much happiness. Working late with one Hink and another such as make the life of a scrivener very hard, though my friends are always ready to joke about my ease, of which

I have little, for must I not labour even on Christmas day. But found many good things cooking at home and many evergreens which excite me as if I were a child, which is strange, and so to bed.

That Christmas Prize. Mrs. Hall, the jurors in our Christmas contest, has come forward with her decision. She awards first place to Sophocles, the initial entry. Sophocles' choice in books was "Following Old Trails," and the book has been shipped. Sophocles desires his true name kept secret. The contribution that grabbed the kale, is this:

Do Your Swapping Early. A red and yellow necktie lies Within my bureau drawer; Embroidered bedroom slippers hang Inside my closet door. More tired hopeless Christmas gifts Were never given, surely, Each day they did me speed and do My Christmas swapping early.

A hated book, an unused pipe, Cuff-links that do not please me, A hand-embroidered pillow and Odd knick-knacks sent to tease me— These misfits haunt me night and day, A useless hurly-burly, And spur me on to rise and do My Christmas swapping early.

So, Anvil Chorister, that book; I've won the prize, I take it, You might as well spare other folks Who'll strive, but fail to make it. The other day a headless man— My own is long and curly— Offered a razor for that book. I'll do my swapping early. SOPHOCLES.

ABOUT THE STATE

Ninety-eight sheep, 17 turkeys, 18 ducks and 86 chickens were killed by bobcats in one night on the ranch of Harvey and Tregloan, on Shields river, last week. The animals escaped.

George Stevenson and Wilson A. Harris have been sent to the state penitentiary for one year, upon conviction of stealing and killing a steer.

The First Presbyterian church of Great Falls last Sunday dedicated its enlarged and improved building. Lewis and Clark county last season spent \$65,000 on roads and bridges.

The new flour mill at Glasgow is nearing completion. Sidney, Dawson county, is to have a \$40,000 hotel in the spring.

The Dorcas society of Livingston will distribute Christmas dinners for 11 families, which include 27 children.

The Daily Inter Lake of Kalispell has passed into the hands of its new owners and is now edited and managed by J. T. LaFord, formerly of Big Timber.

MRS. WILSON TO HER HUSBAND. New York, Dec. 24.—A painting which President Woodrow Wilson has long admired will be one of his most prized Christmas gifts, it was learned here tonight. The picture is a landscape, "The Wood Chopper," by H. Holart Nichols, widely known as a landscape artist. Mrs. Wilson, herself an artist of fast growing repute, is the donor.

An Editorial by Charles Dickens

From "A Christmas Carol."

Timely, it seems to us, is the publication of this abridgement of the great novelist's irresistible appeal to the Christmas spirit. Here it is, for the good it may do, no less than for the inestimable good it has already done:

Marley was dead: to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend and sole mourner.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitter than him; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet, could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect: They often 'came down' handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

On a certain Christmas eve, after Scrooge had growled at his nephew for inviting him to dinner and wishing him a Merry Christmas, growled at two gentlemen for asking him to give something to the poor, and growled at his underpaid clerk, Bob Cratchit, father of Tiny Tim, for begging leave to spend Christmas day at home, he went to the chambers once occupied by his dead partner and himself, now by himself alone.

Just as he was about to go to bed there was a clanking of chains, and into the room, right through the panels of the door, which was locked and bolted, came the ghost of Marley.

"Mercy! Dreadful apparition, why do you trouble me?" cried Scrooge. "Why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. I cannot rest in peace, I cannot find any repose. My spirit never walked beyond our counting-house—mark me!—in life; my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole, and weary journeys lie before me!"

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time?" "Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed," cried the phantom, "not to know the ages of incessant labor by immortal creatures for this earth must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of your procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!" "You will be haunted," resumed the ghost, "by three spirits."

The first of the three spirits was the Ghost of Christmas Past, which took Scrooge back to the days of his boyhood and youth, showing him their joys and their lost opportunities.

The second was the Ghost of Christmas Present. It took Scrooge to the homes of his underpaid clerk and the nephew who had wished him a Merry Christmas, and showed him just how these kept the high day, and just how they regarded the growing partner of the dead Marley.

The third was the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come; and by the time it came Scrooge had resolved to change his mode of life.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe, "hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Good Spirit, I beseech you, your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me by an altered life!"

"I will live in the past, the present and the future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The spirits of all three shall strive within me. I will do as they wish. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. I will hold up my hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed and dwindled down into a bedpost.

Yes; and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own; the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

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"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy. "It's hanging there now," replied the boy. "It's hanging there now," replied the boy. "It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

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"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord, bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?" "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other shaking hands with him. "I don't know what to say to such munificence!" "Don't say anything please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it. "Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you 50 times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl! Very!"

"Yes, sir." "Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear." He turned it gently and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge. "Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred. "Who's that?" "It's I. Your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did; yes, he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was fully 15 minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come in.

His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake 9 o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?" "I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I am behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge. "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait-waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary and endeavor to assist your struggling family; and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another good coal scuttle before you get another I, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and finitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did not die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but let him laugh and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on the globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with spirits, but lived upon the total abstinence principal, ever afterward, and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed that knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!



WHAT BOOK TITLE FITS THIS PICTURE? (We will tell the answer tomorrow.)

Santa Claus will sympathize with this little Miss. He was interested in seeing that she got that doll and brought it down the chimney carefully so that she would get it intact and with the bloom of fresh paint still on the waxen cheeks.

A book has been written about a situation something like this. The name of the book is—but that would be telling in advance of tomorrow's picture answer. We will give the title of the book which this picture illustrates tomorrow.

The picture is like those which will appear in "The Game of Song and Story," which we are going to start in these columns shortly after the first of the year. See if you can fit the correct title to this picture before we tell it in tomorrow's paper.

The answer to yesterday's picture was "Christmas Eve," a song by Helms.

BIRTHDAY OF OLDEST TWINS. New York, Dec. 24.—William and Samuel York of Babylon, L. I. known all over the world as the oldest twins, will celebrate their 95th birthday anniversary tomorrow. Both men are active and expect to reach the century mark together. Both are total abstainers, and attribute their long life and excellent health to that fact.

HOST BY PROXY. Washington, Dec. 24.—Vice President Marshall was host by proxy today at a dinner to 16 page boys of the senate. Edwin A. Halsey, chief

Bellingham, Wash., Dec. 24.—Hurrying home today to spend Christmas with his mother, George Wheeler, 19 years old, jumped off a moving passenger train, stumbled over his suitcase and fell under the wheels. Both legs were crushed off and the youth died two hours later at a hospital.