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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1914.

No life Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, And all life not be purer and stronger thereby. —Owen Meredith.

LOOKING UP "It's always morning somewhere."

It may be true that Opportunity knocks but once at each man's door. But it is true, also, that she knocks all the time—her once is always. Ever there is an opportunity to do something, ever there is opportunity to be something. At all times we have at hand the chance to make good.

The trouble with most of us is that we size up the other fellow's opportunity and imagine that it is better and bigger than our own and, consequently, we conclude that there is not much use in any effort on our part. So we let our own opportunity get a lame arm and sore knuckles, knocking at our door.

There is something which each one of us can do well and it is the duty of each one of us to do that thing well when once we find out what it is. The time we waste in grieving because our chance is not as good as our neighbor's, is time lost. If we improved it in making the best use of it, our chance, in the long run, would size up just as well as the next man's.

Every town, just the same as every man, has a chance which is peculiarly its own. If its citizens take advantage of that opportunity and turn it to the benefit and the advantage of their own, they will have a real city before they know it.

Every business possesses some individual characteristic which, if used the right way, will bring success and plenty of it. But the manager of a small business who spends his time fretting because it is small, will never make it big. If, however, he directs his energies and his talents to building up the business which has been placed in his hands, he will have an extensive establishment as a direct consequence of his having taken advantage of the opportunity which was his.

Every school has opportunities which none of its contemporaries can boast. If its faculty will direct the energy of their efforts toward taking advantage of these special opportunities, there will be a great school developed along right lines and by right methods.

There is nothing quite so demoralizing as a spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction. The grumbler doesn't get very far. His opportunity has a hard time. But some day, when his grudge disappears, he will discover that opportunity is waiting for him, patiently wondering why the delay has been so great.

There are instances of record where one man has prospered with a peanut stand while a neighbor made a failure of a greater merchandizing opportunity in a store near at hand. The peanut man improved his opportunity. The other man didn't. That's the difference. And a slight opportunity improved is better than a great one which is disregarded.

Nobody ever got anywhere by growling. It is the man who grasps his opportunity and makes the most of it, who gets ahead. And with men, so with towns. It is the hustler that wins. —THE OPTIMIST.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD TOWN?

There are a good many possible answers to the question, "What makes a good town?" Ask this question of the first ten men you meet on the street, any day, and the chance is, you will receive ten different answers. It all depends upon the point of view.

One man will say that it takes a big payroll to make a good town. Another man will tell you that excellent public-utility service is necessary to a good town. Another will reply that location is the ruling condition. So will the answers vary. But the most of them will include, in some way, the idea that town must have good schools, good churches and a good government, aside from natural and commercial advantages, if it is to enter the high-class list.

And these three are intimately associated—good schools, good churches and good government. Wherever one of these is found, the other two are pretty certain to be present. They are natural companions. They are typical of the ideal American community. The colonists who built up this nation established first their churches, then their schools, and the good government followed as a consequence.

We have been hearing a good deal of talk about local government in Missoula lately and it is a topic in which every citizen should take an active personal interest. It is the best thing which can happen to a city, to have its citizens actively concerned in matters affecting the control of their public affairs. This interest, however, to be most effective and to have the greatest benefit, must be personal and, to a great extent, individual. Each man and woman must be convinced by personal inquiry as to the correctness of certain principles of government and their local application.

Following this personal inquiry, there will naturally be formed groups of those whose conclusions are similar. But these groups cannot be helpfully formed otherwise than by this method. Whenever they center about a blatant leader, whose opinion is accepted without verification or inquiry, then they lose their weight of influence and become dangerous in that they deprive their members of individual opinion.

We have already expressed the belief that Missoula's present system of government is better than any other form which is possible under the laws of this state. We have asked nobody to accept our opinion as correct, without careful inquiry. The past week has brought many emphatic expressions of belief similar to that which we hold. There has been careful inquiry—more careful than ever before—into conditions and details, with the result that there is a growing confidence, we are sure, in the commission form of government.

Missoula has good schools. Missoula has good churches. Both churches and schools are developing strongly along broad lines. The influence of each is becoming more powerful in local affairs. And this influence is certain to have effect in shaping the form of government and the method of its administration. The church should have more voice in local government than the saloon. It must have, if the local government is to count for much.

The week has brought a good many expressions of confidence in the commission government. Some of these have been in the form of letters which have been published in The Missoulian's columns, from day to day. Others of these expressions have been verbal. All have been encouraging. All point to the conclusion that the people of Missoula are thinking rightly.

There is argument in whatever has been said in support of the commission government. In what has, thus far, been advanced against the commission form, there has not been one single word of argument that counts as argument. There are reasons, probably, for opposition to this form of government, but not one of them has been stated in any public communication or utterance against the present system. And this, in spite of the fact that the opponents have been invited—even urged—to state their case in the form of argument, that their points might be discussed.

We submit that the commission government has bettered Missoula financially; has bettered Missoula physically; has bettered Missoula morally. This claim can be proved and will be proved, if proof be demanded. And we invite any citizen to offer proof to the contrary. The question surely is of sufficient importance to warrant full and free discussion. It is not fair to attack a form of government which has made such an excellent showing as has the commission, without giving some other reason than a personal grudge against some member of the government or against some man or business in the city, but in no way connected with the government.

And, thus far, there has been no other reason than these assigned for opposition to the commission form of government. —A. L. S.

Chronicles of the City

In the Deep Snow.

Give heed unto the word of the record and harken unto those things which are set down, even those things which are written in the great Book of The City That Is Built by The River.

Give ear unto these things that ye may know them and that ye may be wise.

For, verily, it hath been written that wisdom is better than riches and a damfool gets nowhere.

Be wise, therefore, that ye may not err, and get knowledge, that ye may not be condemned as one that is without sense.

For there are among the youths, young men who are void of understanding, and they are a mockery unto themselves and unto the city.

Get wisdom, therefore, and be ye filled with wisdom that ye may not be among those who listen to the voice of the tempter and who follow the lure to destruction.

For this is it written in the great book of the city, even of The City That Is Built by The River, and so is it set down that all may read: Now it came to pass in those days

that there was much commotion in the city.

And there were false prophets there, even those who spake fair words but the truth was not in them.

And some there were who listened unto the words of these false ones and were led astray.

For it was near the end of the second year of the reign of Jimrodes and the time was near when the people should choose again a man to rule over them.

And also, it was near the end of Jimrodes, for he had not earned his salary.

Out of his own mouth was Jimrodes condemned and by his own words was he proved unworthy. For he had said that he had not earned his salary, although he had accepted the shekels of gold and of silver which the people of the city had paid unto him.

And the people knew that they must choose another.

And Jimrodes knew it also. Now there were Tomprice, who sat in the great council with Jimrodes, and Bill, even Bill who was captain of the host. And these two were with Jimrodes

in the council, but they were not with him in peddling the dope. For, verily, these two had earned their salary and had deserved the shekels of gold and of silver that the people of the city had paid unto them.

On the job they were all the time. And they were of great service to the city and to the people thereof. For they delivered the goods.

And it hath been said by him of old, Verily, he that delivereth the goods is greater than he that taketh a city and a four-fisher is more to be despised than a serpent.

And in those days it came to pass that Jimrodes stood in the high places of the city and cried in a loud voice, saying: Behold, O ye people, I have not earned my salary, even the shekels of silver and gold which I have taken. Therefore I say unto you that the commission government is no good.

And yet again did Jimrodes call unto the people and say: Forsooth, Bill, the captain of the host, hath enforced the laws until the city is clean. Wholesome is the city and good to dwell in. But the rouders can have no more fun, nor the salacious. On this account are we going to the dogs and the commission government is a fizzle.

And yet a third time did Jimrodes call unto the people and cry aloud saying: Hear me, O people. For, verily, Jimrodes hath become great within the city and unless we look out he will be the boss thereof. Therefore is the commission government no good and we must put it on the dump.

And there were other false prophets within the city who spake fair words and who would deceive the people.

With Jimrodes did these other false prophets join and with his voice did they lift up their own voices in the lamentation chorus.

And the song they sang was a song of woe.

Thus did they sing in the high places of the city and thus did their voices resound unto the uttermost parts thereof.

Pie will there be for all if the commission government be overthrown and a fat job for each man. Soft pickings will there be and much easy money.

For, behold, we will hold up the saloon men and we will make them dig up many shekels for us, which they do not do now for Bill is honest.

And we will make it easy for the hoys if they will turn down the commission, for there will be nobody watching the looking houses and the bad lands will glitter with the lights which are red.

Now when the people of the city heard these things there were those among them who followed after the false prophets and who marched in the procession of Jimrodes.

For there were in the city youths of little understanding and young men who liked to see the red light sparkle in the bubbles.

And the words of the false prophets sounded good unto the ears of these youths and they followed after them.

And it was the law of the city that when there should be eight hundred who should declare that the commission was no good, then should the people of all the city be called together to cast their lots, each man his own ballot, to determine whether or not the government should stand.

And Jimrodes and his false prophets went forth after these eight hundred.

And they spake fair words unto the people and would deceive them, that they might get their own selves the eight hundred which were needed.

Unto all parts of the city did they go and in the uttermost parts of the city did they sing their song of woe.

And there were six hundred who heard and who followed after them. But this was not enough.

Then went they forth again and carried their petitions unto the farthest part of the city and into the hidden recesses thereof.

Threats did they utter and false promises did they make.

Falsely did they speak everywhere, for the truth was not in them, nor did honor dwell among them.

But there were those in the city who spake with authority and who were truthful.

And these spake also unto the people of the city and said, Attend unto wisdom and bow down unto understanding.

Then furnished they the right dope, even the figures and the facts.

And the people saw that the commission government was good. Nor would they be persuaded from it.

For the hearts of the people were right, even of the greater part of the people.

And they would not listen to the words of the false prophets, neither would they be guided by them.

And when the false prophets went forth the last time, there was a deep snow upon the city.

And they were chilled.

SHE IS A DAUGHTER OF CABINET OFFICER



MRS. CHARLES K. DRURY

Mrs. Charles K. Drury, daughter of the Secretary of Commerce and Mrs. William C. Redfield, is in Washington visiting her parents.

GOOD NEWS



Can the Church Make Good?

(Rev. Charles Stelzle in the North American.)

The other day a group of intelligent men—every one of them church men—seriously debated the question: "Is there any further need for the church?" It is being said by honest students that the church is a failure, a waning power, an effete institution.

To be sure, men have always been criticizing the church, prophesying that it has seen its best days and that before long it will have sunk into oblivion. Somehow, it has managed to survive in spite of these doleful predictions. One of the hardest things in the world to kill is a church—an individual church. Ask a church extension committee which, for the time being, has resolved itself into a church "extinction" committee. There's always a company of people who will hang on to the end, no matter what the ecclesiastical authorities may decree.

And when outsiders attempt to kill the church, the efforts of the insiders become all the more strenuous. But a church which has merely a narrow, selfish purpose cannot long survive as a useful organization. It will become a mere shell—without life or vitality. Who cares whether such a church lives or dies? And who will assert that anybody can secure any real satisfaction from the maintenance of such an enterprise?

There is one chief reason why the church continues to survive, aside from other reasons, namely, man is "incurably religious." John Fiske, not a churchman nor a theologian, but one of the foremost scientific investigators, said of religion: "None can deny that it is the largest and most ubiquitous fact connected with the existence of mankind." Professor James has a thick volume on "The Varieties of Religious Experience."

But here is an important fact in this connection: Religion is life. It isn't manufactured by priests and ministers. It is born in the hearts of men. Now life produces organisms. There is no life anywhere without organization. The ignorance is the lifeless.

Sometimes men say: "I believe in religion, but I do not believe in the church." You cannot have real religion without organization. Not necessarily the form of organization that we find in the church today, but some kind of organization must result from religion. For true religion is a social force; no man can be religious alone. There must be a God and a neighbor.

Now the church is man's expression of his religious life and instincts. It is the organization which he has formed to permit him to serve God. For true religion means service. When the church ceases to serve then it will undoubtedly be superseded by some other religious organization, or at least one with the religious motive.

The success of the church is not indicated by its great wealth. Sometimes the great wealth of the church is a serious embarrassment. It is more important for the church to win the mechanic than the millionaire. A high dignitary in the Roman Catholic church once remarked: "We can no longer say I saint Peter, 'Silver and gold have I none.' 'True,' was the reply, 'neither can you say 'Take up thy bed and walk.'"

Neither is the success of the church gauged by its enormous membership. The real character of the church is determined by the quality of its membership. Are these people like the master whom they profess to serve? Are they actually carrying out the will of God for the redemption of the world? A handful of disciples, true to Christ's principles, "turned the world upside down." Are the millions upon millions of church members fulfilling their tasks to the same degree? Does anybody imagine that they are doing it even to a fraction of the devotion found in these pioneers? Frankly, if the men in the church of America were to determine that the evil in their cities must go—what and who could stand in their way?

Let me repeat, the church, in order to make good, must direct religion so

that it will be of social value. It is the business of the church to save the world—not itself. The church is simply a means to an end and not an end in itself.

It is not the business of the church to advocate any particular social system. The church is to preach the fundamental principles of Jesus Christ, but it must apply these principles courageously and specifically to the great social problems that perplex the people. The church has been telling working men that it has the only solvent that can cure the social evils of our day. And the working man is asking the church to apply the cure. It will not suffice to say that if all working men were to become members of the church, then the labor problem would be settled. No doubt this would help—but what about the other man?

It has been the custom of the church to inaugurate special move-

ments in behalf of working men, and this is good. Why not have somebody start a movement in behalf of the employer? Is it assumed that the employer doesn't need the same gospel that the working man is asked to accept?

If the church is to make good, it must preach a gospel that is world-wide. If there is a child in the heart of Africa that is suffering unrightly, the church must demand justice in his behalf. And by the same token, if there's a woman in Philadelphia that isn't getting a square deal, the church cannot be satisfied. The mission of the church must be to the whole man—physical, mental, moral and spiritual.

"If you don't care for me, how can you care for my soul?" asked a working man of an evangelist who had just declared that it was his only purpose and desire to save this working man's soul from hell.

The Tale of the Garden Settee

(With No Apologies to George Ade.)

Once upon a time, early in the Twentieth Century, there resided on the banks of a Swell River, a Tanso Stepping Princess Named Miss Soolah. She had Coupons and a complexion enough to spend her Leisure posing on a Garden Settee and waiting for The Male. She also shovelled the Pure White and Talked Politics. Her conversation was an Antique, such as Geo. Washington used to Negotiate with a stepladder. Horses were Fastened to it, fore and aft. Some pulled North and some South. Some Reared, and some Plunged. When Miss Soolah toured the Turn-pike, the Chariot limped like a Case of Rheumatism, anxious Wives raised windows along the Route, Dogs barked and Cats climbed into the Bollege. The Coach was the Maymoundoond Kind.

When Miss Soolah reached the Age of Discretion and had been Told Things, she pushed the Ancient Collection of Lumber out behind the Hen House, exiled the Horses to the Precincts of Dad Parley's Flag, and paid the Initial Installment on a Much Touted Automobile.

The new Gasoline Rocket radiated like a pair of Potent Pumps. The Princess had Fallen for the Komishun-Kar. This Machine was The Vogue. It had given Universal Satisfaction, and was the only Article on Earth approved by both Tat and Roosevelt.

As a Matter of Nextness, The Princess advertised Twice-a-Day for a Pilot.

Several Candidates Instantly Loomed up.

Miss Soolah selected James.

James had a sur-name that sounded as if he had Studied Automobile Maps and she didn't think to ask him if he knew his Job.

James turned out to be a Joy Rider. He drove at a Hell-Gate. With James at the Helm, Miss Soolah felt as comfortable as a Man in a Suffrage Parade Under James' chauffeur. The Mechanism endured a Severe Test. He never used any Lubrication, threw Mud on the Paint, and when he was alone with it in the Garage, he drove Tacks into the Tires and planted Cactus in the Cushions. He Sat Up burning the Midnight Tunstgen writing Obituaries.

But the Apparatus stood up under it. It didn't eat any Hay and didn't have the Heaves. And James cashed his Pay Checks with Fidelity.

When his Contract was Drained to the Lees, James showed up at the Garden Settee one day, where the Princess was busy stitching Votes-for-Women on a lemon-colored Banner. She Blinked with Surprise at his Presence.

James was Harboring a Confession. With Sobs in his Eyes and Tears in his Voice, he Comedied:

"I ain't earned my Wage. You've Exaggerated Much Salary. Maybe, I auto have been pushing a Wheel-barrow. For two Long Seasons, I've sat on the Upholstery, when My Con-

science tells me I should have ought to have been on a Garbage Transport. Besides, the Komishun-Kar ain't no good. It's failed."

"What more?" asked Miss Soolah. "I've bought Through Transportation to the State of Oblivion," newspapered James. "I don't want a Repeat. Leastwise, not on the Komishun-Kar. Get out the Grand Old Louis XIV. Van—and I—but—er—"

He buttered in this Wise for several Sticksful. Finally, Miss Soolah, who had Ivory Skull Ingredients, grasped the Purport. She had suffered since Wednesday night from an Attack of Personalities and had had to Assimilate a Tablespoonful of Clive. She was, therefore, somewhat hand-capped with Ougwoe.

"James," she published, "I have at last found you out. In fact, I've gel-don found you in. Instead of being the Chauffeur of my Car, you've been the Crank. You are Turned Down. No Back Kicking is required. Instead of running over the Roads, I've had the Roads run over me. No, James, you're not Samson. Although Samson, too, did Wonders with the Jaw-Bone of an Ass. But you're not Samson. You're Jonah. You've been Thrown Over and your Inside Information is a Whale of a Yarn."

With this Enumeration, Miss Soolah occupied again the Garden Settee and Forgot James.

Moral No. I. Don't hire a Chauffeur on his own Recommendation.

Moral No. II. Don't Swap Automobiles in the Middle of a Stream.

A. M.

FOREST NOTES

The paper used by the government printing office each year requires approximately 125,000,000 pounds of rag pulp and 490,000,000 pounds of wood pulp.

F. A. Elliott, state forester of Oregon, says that co-operative fire control associations among lumbermen for prevention of forest fires have proved their worth.

Of 606 fires last year on the national forests of Arizona, New Mexico and Oklahoma, more than one-half were caused by lightning. Campers set about one-tenth, and railroads one-twentieth.

Road signs, each containing a single catchy sentence in large type, are proving effective in warning against fires on western forests. They give the essentials and tell the importance of protection against forest fires.

NO NEWS TO HER.

"Dearest," he said, "I couldn't live without you!" "I know you couldn't," she replied, "That is why I felt so sorry for you, the other day, when father threatened to cut off my allowance, just because we had been married for a year."