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SUNDAY, MARCH 8, 1914.

All men become good creatures—but so slow. —Browning.

LOOKING UP "It's always morning somewhere."

Hiram Gill, once recalled from the office of mayor of Seattle, has "come back." He has been elected once more to the office from which he was ousted and the support which placed him again in the executive seat of the great city on Puget sound, was from the very men who voted him out of that identical office. It is one of the strangest situations ever developed in western municipal politics. Yet it isn't so strange, after all, when the conditions are analyzed.

Gill's recall came because he allied himself with all the evil of the city; he advocated the widest-open town that anybody could think of; he played in with the gang; he antagonized all the decent element of Seattle. Yet, he has been elected mayor again and by the very men, it is said, who voted him out of the office.

There was published, early in the Seattle campaign, an official statement, over Gill's signature. This statement was his platform. It was a simple, straightforward, manly declaration. As the newspapers carried it, this declaration furnished all the reason for the support given to Gill and explained the complete reversal of the position of the voters of Seattle.

There is nobody, so Seattle folks say, who questions Gill's ability; they say he is able and accomplished; he possesses the qualities which make a good mayor, provided he makes good use of them. It was his misuse and abuse of his own ability which brought about his downfall.

Without attempting to quote Gill's campaign statement verbatim, here is its substance: "I have a family. My son is old enough now to understand the meaning of my recall as mayor of Seattle. The other members of my family feel the disgrace and humiliation of the position in which I have placed them. I want to leave my children some heritage other than the stigma of that recall and the memory of the circumstances which led to it. I want to be mayor of Seattle again in order that I may establish a reputation entirely different from that which I made before. I want to make a record of which my son and my friends will be proud. That is why I am seeking again the office from which I was ousted by the judgment of the people."

BASEBALL EFFICIENCY AND OTHER THINGS

Everybody in Philadelphia is a baseball fan. The Quaker city measures everything by a baseball standard. The quality of the baseball which Cornelius McGillicuddy has furnished to the people of Philadelphia is such that they have a high standard by which to reckon. On this account it is not surprising to find in The North American a double-column editorial upon "The Hundred-Thousand-Dollar Infield." The North American is a high-class newspaper; it discusses high-class themes; it furnishes high-class opinions. In this particular case, the editorial theme is high-class baseball and the deduction which is drawn contains some high-class advice, though disclaimer is made of any sermonizing intent. The talk drifts from baseball to efficiency and from efficiency to other closely-allied topics, which make The North American editorial specially good. Here it is, for Sunday-morning perusal:

That curious language which appertains exclusively to baseball has been greatly enriched by successive sporting writers for The North American. One of them added last year a phrase of clear application and universal acceptances. He dubbed four players on the Athletic team "the \$100,000 infield." As such, the amazing quartet enjoys a linked fame from coast to coast, and even throughout our island possessions, whither baseball followed the flag.

The term was first applied in reference to the sale of "Marty" O'Toole to the Pittsburg club at \$22,500, an astonishing figure for a mediocre pitcher. At that rate, said The North American commentator, Connie Mack had a \$100,000 infield. As a fact, the phrase was more picturesque than accurate. The lean strategist of the world's champions probably would not dispose of his four artists for twice the sum mentioned.

Few readers, we fancy, will need to be told the names. A million Americans have seen them in their marvelous play; at first base the youthful Jack McInnis—"Stuffy" to his intimates and the baseball public; at second, Eddie Collins, sometime of Columbia university, hailed by the vanquished but gallant McGraw as "the greatest ball player living; at short, Jack Barry, also a collegian and a veteran of six years' standing; and at third, J. Franklin Baker, who produces home runs with the mystifying certainty of a conjurer extracting rabbits from an empty hat.

Here is the \$100,000, the priceless, infield; four players who, with able assistance, win pennants and world's championships; who are the despair of opposing teams, the idols of countless thousands of enthusiasts and the admiration of rival audiences.

Technical experts with wide experience and long memories will measure the Philadelphia quartet with others of note—with the Chicago Cubs' infield made up of Chance, Evers, Steinfield and Tinker; Boston's Tenney, Lowe, Collins and Long; and Baltimore's Doyle, Reitz, McGraw and Jennings. Illustrations are these, and each group excelled in all-round efficiency. In batting, fielding, base running, team work, strategy and spirit they stand without their equals in the history of the diamond.

McInnis, Collins and Baker all bat above 300 average. McInnis, who joined the club when 19 years old, has reached this mark during four seasons—a record for a youngster. Barry falls a little below the coveted figure, but is a consistently dangerous hitter, particularly in an uphill fight or at a critical moment in a contest.

Collins is one of the half dozen noted stars of the game, and McGraw's estimate of him is generally accepted. Though he lacks height and reach, he always leads the club in batting. He was champion base runner of the American league one year, and is one of the fleetest-footed players of his time, with an almost uncanny judgment and precision in base stealing.

Yet his most valuable quality is not physical, but mental. He has the quickest-thinking brain in baseball. He can work out a tactical problem from the way a pitcher swings his arm and execute his move between the crack of a ball and its impact in a fielder's glove. He is a second brain for the wise manager who sits on the bench.

To see these four men in a critical game is a liberal education in baseball skill and strategy. With the bat they are a quadruple menace to the opposing team. In the field they ring the diamond like a wall; and if a lucky batter who can find a breach in their flashing defense. Above all, they play with their heads. Cool, confident, masters of their schemes and of themselves, they co-operate in attack and resistance with the deadly precision of a machine, yet with the suppleness of finely trained intelligence.

And one of the happiest features of their supremacy is their youth. Barring accidents, they will dazzle the baseball world for years to come. The assembling of this incomparable infield is due, of course, to Mack's genius for selection and training. He picked youths who had not only muscles but minds, not only physical skill but intellectual alertness. His judgment is vindicated by possession of an infield unrivaled for general effectiveness.

Now, there is a curious fact about these four stars. They have something in common besides vigor, alertness and intelligence. McInnis is a teetotaler. Collins never touches liquor. Barry is a total abstainer. Baker has become "Home-run Baker" without ever taking a drink. Stay—Connie Mack himself, the discoverer and trainer of the \$100,000 infield, uses no intoxicants whatever.

Have we been missing a sermon behind all this adroit appeal to the sporting instincts of our readers? Far from it. The ball players and their manager do not lend themselves readily to solemn discourse.

Yet it is clear that their singular expertness in an exacting profession is related in some degree to their unanimity in abstinence.

Players of note there have been who could dazzle the crowds with brilliant play and still enjoy what is called the "sociality" of moderate or immoderate drinking. But they are significantly few; and none of them is a member of any \$100,000 infield. Some are dead, some are dying, some are expiating their "good fellowship" in minor leagues, some are even on the Athletics' roll.

But baseball is more than a game—it is a highly specialized and heavily capitalized business. It demands, above all things, efficiency. And where the wise Mr. Mack wants flawless work, where he must have absolute dependability and keen-witted intelligence, he places his reliance upon men who keep their blood cool and their heads clear. If there is a sermon in this, dear reader, make the most of it.

Certainly there is no sermon in another bit of testimony we offer. Samuel G. Hylthe, for many years a well-known Washington correspondent and now a noted magazine writer, does valuable work in informing public opinion upon matters of political concern. But he never performed a greater service than he did in telling why and with what results he stopped three years ago the use of liquor.

His recital, in a recent number of the Saturday Evening Post, is as generally humorous as he is himself, yet more impressive than a hundred lurid pamphlets upon the evils of indulgence. He is quite jolly about it, no solitary drinking, no drunkenness; it was all jollity and really innocent enough; a case of good fellows having a good time together.

But, he says, "it requires rather persistent application to be a good fellow—one cannot do much else. And he finds that the balance sheet shows large advantage on the side of abstinence. He has 'no sermon to preach,' he says distinctly, 'no warning to convey.' So far as I am concerned, all persons are hereby given full and free permission to get drunk and be merry to such extent as they may prescribe for themselves. I look at it with a mind that is open and tolerant—except in one instance. That one instance concerns myself personally and individually. My mind is closed and intolerant in my own case. I have quit, and quit forever, but that does not make me go round urging others to quit. They can reform or not, as they see fit."

In spite of, or because of, this disclaimer, Mr. Hylthe's article is a singularly powerful argument for abstinence. He describes with relentless frankness his habits of the past and the present, and sums up the comparison after this fashion: "The greatest, the most satisfactory, the finest attribute of a non-alcoholic life is the time it gives you to do non-alcoholic things. Time! That is the largest benefit—time to read, to think, to get out-of-doors, to see nature, to go to plays, to meet and mingle with new people, to do your own work in."

With society organized as it is, with men such as they are, is it worth while to drink moderately, or is it not? The answer, based solely on my own experience, is that it is not. The best thing I ever did for myself was to quit drinking. I will go further and say it is my unalterable conviction that alcohol in any form as a beverage never did anything for any man that he would not have been better without.

I can now sit back and contrast the old game with the new. I was fat, wheezy, uric-acid, gouty, rheumatic—not organically bad, but symptomatically inferior. I was never quite normal, no man is normal who has a few drinks each day. Now I weigh 185 pounds; I used to weigh 250. All the gout, rheumatic, wheezy symptoms are gone. My eye is clear, instead of somewhat bleary. If there is anything the matter with me, the best doctors cannot find what it is. I am 45 years old and feel as if I were 29. Mentally, I have a clearer, saner, wider view of life.

If health is a desideratum, one way to attain a lot of it is to cut out the booze. The old game makes for fun, but it takes toll—and never fails! I have tried it both ways. As I look at it, there is no argument. The man who does not drink has all the better of the game.

All honor to those who preach against the immorality of drinking; all honor to the earnest crusaders who ceaselessly condemn and denounce the demon rum! But let us admit that there are powerful arguments, too, in the habits of the great ball players and in the amusingly tolerant story of the writer who tells what it costs to be a "good fellow."

And the people rejoiced, for they knew it was a clutch that they would get good men to sit in the council. For each of the candidates was a good man and one of them must be chosen.

But most were the people glad that the spring had come early. For if it had been delayed, then might there have been a late season and there would not have been enough candidates to go around.

Chronicles of the City When Spring Came.

Now it came to pass in those days that spring was at hand in the city, even in The City That Was Built by The River.

And it was near the end of the reign of Jimrodos, who had sat in the high seat in the great hall of the council.

And the years of his reign had been two. And in them there had been many things doing.

Now there sat with Jimrodos in the great council, Tomprice and Bill, even Bill who was captain of the host and who commanded the armies of the city.

And when the spring had come, the time also was near when Tomprice should no longer sit in the council, for his time was up also.

Even as the time of Jimrodos was up, so was the time for which Tomprice had been chosen already expired.

And the people rejoiced, for they knew it was a clutch that they would get good men to sit in the council.

For each of the candidates was a good man and one of them must be chosen.

But most were the people glad that the spring had come early.

For if it had been delayed, then might there have been a late season and there would not have been enough candidates to go around.

But, behold, the springtime was at hand.

The robins sang and the cuckoo was in the tree.

The buds swelled, even as did the grocery bill.

Conversations With "Con"

By The Invader.

Butte, March 7. Mr. Editor, The Daily Missoulian: Who am not invite to 1-4 centennial celebration, because he has filed off his copper collar?

Last week at 4 o'clock, Mr. Editor, I run under Honorable Cornelius F. Kelley, personal representative in Butte of Mr. Roy S. Alley, and when Roy ran out of town of Mr. Bert V. Alley, coming out of fonygraft emporium of Sherry James, we he have purchase \$200 Eddievon Victrolor at \$1 down and \$1 maybe.

"A" had! I sneaked, imitating sprightly manner of Dolf Heilbronner when he spy California towerist. "A" had! Now you can get uster facing music!

She Will Fight If Elected

By Mrs. Eva Morley Murphy.

Because the men and women of my party, the progressive, believe that ours should be a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and since about one-half of the people are women they believe that women should have a voice in the making of the laws that are to govern women as well as men.

Because the men and women of my district, regardless of party affiliations, know the principles for which I have stood and fought, believe that in congress I could, and would, stand and fight for these same principles. And these people, among whom I have lived and worked for 26 years, have urged me to represent them in congress.

Because this great new party is a party with a vision of brotherhood and justice, a party that is open-minded enough to see and acknowledge that women's ideas of government in city, state and nation would be a valuable asset, I am encouraged by the spread of equal suffrage laws and by the new consideration given to women's ideas to believe that the Christian patriotism of the voters in this party will place in offices of power and opportunity many women who can and will lend valuable assistance in the legislation of state and nation.

Because Kansas men and women have proved to their own satisfaction that prohibition of the liquor traffic has had very much to do with the increase of wealth in our state, as well as better ethical conditions, they want some one who can be relied on to work

some other cities we own but whose names I can't not at the minute recalled. The Anacosta Hill by itself alone have produced \$185,678,000.39 in copper, besides a trifle of such by-products as gold and silver, which we don't not mention in annual reports because common stock holders are too damn inquisitive, anyway.

Here con edmane Victrolor to hold wife he stop and pump-pump paw of Rev. George d. Wolfe, D. D., Ph. D., C. E., W. C. T. U., who would like to vote with Company to please Joe Lutey but who am suspect of leanings onto Socialism because of Mare Duncan's campaign for social purity.

"Will sootable moneyment be erect of Montana sandstone?" I dubitate.

"It won't not," detest Cornelius. "Moneyment will be buildy of Vermont granite, guarantee to oulist W.F. George's aspirations to seats in United States senate. True, we winged capitol at Helena with Montana sandstone, but it were meant only to last until we remove state capitol to Great Falls, which we shall do as soon as we remove state fair to same, which will be when we can put Joe Kirschwing on the bumly, which will be God knows when."

Here Cornelius hit hat to Alderman Orton, who am piano trust of Butte and also a party organ.

"Will moneyment mark spot wer Merryweather Lewis and W. A. Clark discover junksham of Yellowstone and Meloussa rivers?" I dib.

Lucky it wasn't Rill. "Our leader am not Clark wit discoverly Montana," Con reffutinate, in dense skorn of my awisness. "It am lucky for John d W. A. Clark weren't not. If W. A. had seen Montana first, there wouldn't have been nothing left and George Brown would have been bossing the whole works, from Mondak to Heron, instead of merely being gen. man. of the Meloussa water works, the Meloussa light works, the Meloussa street car company and the Clark Blighted Apple Ranch and editor of The Meloussa Free Press."

Here Con gimme fonygraft to lug up to his office while he stop in and tell Arthur Berry to call up Cap Stivers at a coroner's inquest and tell Cap to love Jimmy Berry to write the verdict while he run down to in front of The Standard office and find out wat J. H. Wein and Lee Mantle am whispering about.

He has to laugh, himself. Wen Con return, I have once more curiousness. "Wy practiz extemporence speche into fonygraft," I repituate. "Ain't you got no looking glass mirror, Conny?" "Honest, Feeld marshal," he whisper. "wen I remember wat I've got to say, if I'd stand bet a mirror, I'd laugh in my own face!" Well and happy, Mr. Editor, except for a tooth I break on a hunk of Pete Barrenstein's cheese, and knowing you have often tackled the same yourself, THE INVADER. (III)



MRS. EVA MORLEY MURPHY.

and vote for the same beneficent law for our nation. Because I believe that two of the biggest measures ever introduced are the joint resolutions now before congress for national constitutional prohibition and national suffrage for women, and because I would like, mightily, to fight for both there, I want to go to congress.

GIRL ART STUDENT SKETCHES SUSPECTS



MISS ROMA GLEASON

Miss Roma Gleason, student at the Chicago Art Institute, is sketching "suspects" as they appear before the election commissioners in answer to "suspect" notices as a result of the recent registration. They will be used by suffrage leaders in challenging voters at the coming municipal election.

TALKS ON TRIFT

NO. 7—BUILDING UP CAPITAL. "By thrift is meant simply that way of living which systematically transfers a portion of one's income to one's capital. It is not inconsistent with generosity; it is not a synonym of niggardiness."—Dr. Shailer Mathews.

A Pennsylvania girl has won the prize that the American Society for Thrift recently offered for the best definition of "thrift." "Thrift," she wrote, "is management of your affairs in such a manner that the value of your possessions is constantly being increased."

The girl has come pretty close to hitting the nail on the head, and in simple language she has told the secret of how to create personal capital. This would be a discouraging world for the man compelled to start life without financial resources if it were not possible for him to create capital for himself.

Every man has the glorious privilege of work, and not the least of the rewards of labor is the satisfaction of producing something, and turning part of one's earnings into capital.

Don't misunderstand the meaning of the word capital. It isn't necessarily a big sum acquired at one stroke of fortune. In most cases it is the big aggregate of little sums, saved by slow degrees. Money begets money, but those without it sometimes complain against those who have it, forgetting that every great fortune was born of hardship and sacrifice on the part of the present possessor or somebody not very far back. Such persons also seem to overlook the fact that by hard work and thrift they themselves can build up the nucleus of a fortune and put themselves in a position to enjoy the earning power of money. Will you be able to live on your savings when you reach the time of life when you ought to retire from active work? Do you realize what you must go now to be able, later on, to live on your capital? For the average man the only way to reach that happy state is to save systematically a portion of his income week by week or month by month. Banks exist for the express purpose of helping people save and care for their money.

BRITISH AIRMAN



LIEUT. J. C. PORTE.

Lieut. J. C. Porte, R. N., one of the most distinguished of Great Britain's airmen, has been selected to be one of the two pilots to take the Rodman Wanamaker monster hydroplane across the Atlantic ocean this summer. The machine in which the flight is to be made is now in course of construction under the supervision of Glenn Curtiss, the American aviator.