

THE DAILY MISSOULIAN

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SUNDAY, MARCH 29, 1914.

The common growth of Mother Earth Suffices me—her tears, her mirth, Her humblest mirth and tears. —Wordsworth.

LOOKING UP "It's always morning somewhere."

There is everything in springtime to waken the best there is in a man. Even the uncertainty of the weather—provoking at times—cannot stifle the springtime feeling.

Some men would laugh if they were told that they feel the influence of spring—such sentiment seems silly to them. Yet in their hearts the spirit of springtime is at work.

The love of outdoors is inherent in every man. He may smother that affection all that he can because he thinks it unmanly, but he cannot destroy it entirely.

There's an uplift in outdoors that, consciously or unconsciously to ourselves, gets in its work upon us, even if we are unwilling.

No man can be out of doors with his eyes open and not be better for it. His thoughts are clearer, his blood courses more freely, his courage is greater.

And the appreciation of the value of outdoors is increasing; there are more people all the while who find their best enjoyment in getting out into the open.

It is a great thing for the race that this love for outdoors is becoming stronger. With fathers and mothers getting health and happiness in the open, there is a better prospect for the children of today and of tomorrow.

And, here in western Montana, this outdoor influence is so unusually strong and so unexpectably beautiful that we are fortunate above all contemporaries in the advantage which we thus possess.

Make the most of it. —THE OPTIMIST.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

"Am I my brother's keeper?" It is a question which has been asked ever since the birth of man. Always it is asked by somebody who is seeking to evade responsibility.

A day or two ago, The Missoulian printed an official letter from the commissioner of Indian affairs. It was addressed personally to each of the six thousand employes of the bureau over which Mr. Sells presides in Washington.

"I believe," says the letter, "that the greatest present menace to the American Indian is whiskey. It does more to destroy his constitution and invite the ravages of disease than anything else."

Commissioner Sells does not ignore the question of responsibility, either. In the course of his letter, he says: "There is nothing that could induce me, since I have taken the oath of office as commissioner of Indian affairs, to touch a single drop of any sort of intoxicating liquor, and this regardless of my attitude on the prohibition question."

There is the whole proposition. The primary purpose of the letter was, of course, to discuss with the employes of the Indian service the question of suppressing the sale of liquor to the Indians. And it carries out that purpose admirably.

But the paragraphs of the Sells letter which we have quoted stand out so conspicuously from all the rest, that they seem to us to have a broad bearing upon the general question of personal responsibility.

Commissioner Sells might, with propriety, have omitted the word, Indian, from the first quoted paragraph. All that he alleges in connection with the mixture of whiskey and Indian might have been said with equal truth regarding the results of the consumption of whiskey by any man, no matter what the color of his skin.

Commissioner Sells declares that, with the responsibility of his official oath upon him, he would not touch a drop of any intoxicating liquor. This is a responsibility which should be realized by every person in authority, no matter who he is or where he is.

Each man is his brother's keeper—each man knows in his heart that he is. He may haltingly ask the question, but he knows the answer before he speaks the words.

The whole country is better for this letter of Commissioner Sells. It contains much excellent advice for the people in the Indian department, but—more than that—it carries a sermon to every man in every station.

Conversations With "Con"

Butte, March 28. Mr. Editor, The Daily Missoulian, Who has never been required to trade at Conny Store because he am chumps with Johnny R. Tool? "Con," I infiltrate to Honorable Cornelius P. Kelley, as I drop into Holy of Holies in Big Ship Sixt Floor last week at noon, "wen am Johnny Mitchell going to Barberdoughs in his new yart?"

Johnny Mitchell, as member of Industrious Relatives Comity, will pussanally conduct coming inkquisition of that corpse in Butte. Johnny have bought 2 copies of Jere C. Murphy's "Comical History of Montana," which is the comikist thing written about state except Mitchell's own evidence on Butte best house comity.

Wife I am deparating backside towards door, Mr. Editor, in sincere conviction that Con am in bad humor, Honorable Captain Damn declude translate cody wir from Mr. John d. Rine in New York and salaam about tablet and present same to Con on hands and knees, bumping thad on floor 4 times, solemm.

Con rede: "Put him in charge of rug department."

"That's funny, Cap. He don't not know nothing of rugs."

"Maybe it's rug department," clip in kwick-witted chief of secretly service.

That primary. Bowmantits hav his town hard, in disregard to resunt py-Mary and same am disgusted in whispers, only. It am Sir-nized that Revered Mare, Looey Runkey, am to be deposed for failure to get out vot, and Honorable H. Hell Mawry, or some other good socialist on Sixt Floor payrole, made bossie.

Well and happy Mr. Editor, except that my sex are at the laundry and I find night air from Highlands pertinent to feet, but knowing you have often been the same.

MASHIURA GOTO.

CAPITAL'S FIRST WOMAN BAILIFF



Miss Sadye Atlas is the newly appointed bailiff of the District of Columbia's juvenile court and is the first one of her sex to hold such a position in Washington.

A Tribute to the Newspaper Worker

This oration, delivered at the state university by Bruce Hopper, Wednesday night, in the Buckley oratorical contest, has for its theme, "The Unhonored Service of the Press."

Throughout the ages we find records of faithful service of heroism, and of sacrifice. Many are the lives that have been offered at the altar of devoted patriotism, many are the unrequited accomplishments, many are the unhonored deeds of inspired genius.

Some are born to rule, and some are born to serve. This is the essence of an old proverb which loses its significance when applied to this giant moulder of public opinion.

We are interested mostly in the principles of this public service and the spirit of their profession. We could call them heroes, but heroism seems to be surrounded with military glamour in times of terror.

Go back to the French revolution. Who controlled the people, who swayed the masses? The journalists—with their denunciatory pamphlets, and every Frenchman eminent now in civil life began his career by writing for the press.

Can you imagine the fascinating thrill experienced by night editors when the wires sounded the cry for help from the sinking Titanic?

For these authors there was no word of commendation; they merely fulfilled what was expected of them. Do you honor literary ability? Look up these big news stories in newspaper files, view them in the cold light of literary merit, and you will be compelled to rank those graphic word pictures with the classics as valuable literature.



BRUCE HOPPER.

Fultzner, who founded the school of journalism at Columbia, Charles Dana who wrote "If you see it in the Sun, it's true," besides Horace Greely, Watterson, Howells and many others. The biographies of our senators show what a great percentage of our lawmakers were primarily newspaper men.

Is greatness founded on sacrifice of honor? Then turn to newspaper ranks for high degree. Go back eight years to the San Francisco disaster. At the first shock of the fatal earthquake that April morning, 1906, the news centers in the business district collapsed and communication with the outside world was destroyed.

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You read about Roosevelt's dashing charge up San Juan hill in the Spanish-American war, but you never heard nor read of the correspondent who braved the fever-laden swamp, ran the gauntlet of Spanish sharpshooters, and swam the breakers across the inlet to send in a report to his paper.

Years ago when the wooden ship was still the pride of the American navy, John P. Dunning an Associated Press reporter, went to Samoa. A hurricane swept the islands, and hundreds of American sailors went down with their ships, but in the midst of the storm was the correspondent, his news sense alert and his pencil furiously recording the details of that terrible catastrophe.

The reporter or correspondent loves his work and rarely thinks of himself while on an assignment, but of his paper. It is enthusiasm that bears him up. This is shown clearly in the experiences of that brilliant recorder of the Civil war battles—Henry Villard. It was enthusiasm that sent Villard into the battle of Charleston on board the New Ironsides.

Such are the daily hazards of the reporters, such is the service they render, and such are the thanks meted out to them. What do they ask of you? Merely a fair appreciation of their honest effort to give you the best they have—their very life.

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THE WORST IS YET TO COME



Did you ever stop to consider what it means to publish every edition that comes to your door? Do you realize that every line of type in world's news is written in blood and unstraining nerves? Are you aware that the word "rush" is written all over the enticing headlines as you languidly read them at the breakfast table?

Think of the strain, the wasted strength, and the overwork sustained to produce that paper for you. Yet from the tired editor to the half-clad newsboy struggling through the snow, they are underpaid and unrequited.

Now, why did I buy it, I wonder? I must have been crazy, I know. But the papers are full of the fashion, and the saleswoman flattered me so!

How Madge and Louisa and Gladys And the rest of the women would stare! If I should appear in the tango, Oh, caramels! out of my hair! But I'll bet they would go in convulsions.

Alfred Suro has written a new play for George Alexander, called "The Two Virtues."