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THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1914.

But on and up, where Nature's heart Beats strong amid the hills. —Milnes.

LOOKING UP "It's always morning somewhere."

What are you grumbling about—your whose home is here in western Montana? What cause have you for complaint, you man of the Bitter Root, of Plains, of Mission—or of any other local valley?

There should be no word of pessimism in this region these days. Every word should be of good cheer, every thought of thankfulness. For here are our lines fallen in pleasant places. Here are conditions right.

Yesterday morning the dispatches told of snow in New Mexico and of injury to the orchards there in bloom. The news this morning is that in Texas the temperature is but a little way above zero and that snow and cold are working havoc with the crops. And what were the conditions here yesterday? What is the general situation this spring?

This is not written for the purpose of gloating over the misfortune of others, but to emphasize, by comparison, the advantage which we enjoy whose home is here. It is an advantage which we are too likely to regard as a mere matter of fact, so accustomed to it have we become. Yet it is true that we have the finest year-round climate in the world.

That, in itself, is something for which to be thankful and over which to be happy. But when, as is the case this year, our climate surpasses even itself, then should we find happiness in every breath we draw of the wonderful western-Montana air. We should find comfort in the rich, brown soil which, even now, is laden with the burden of the crop of a new season. We should find assurance in the snow which caps the hills about us, assurance of abundant water for the year. We should find joy in the sunshine and the blue sky and the growing things.

If you fancy that you have troubles, get out of doors and forget the thought. Let the medicine of outdoors cure your grump. Ride or walk—or just get out into the garden and dig. No matter what you do, get out and stay out all you can. That's the cure for grumpiness; that makes the smile succeed the scowl; that makes the neighbor agreeable who yesterday seemed a crochety chap.

Where Nature's heart beats strong amid the hills—there is the place to go when you think things are wrong. Get out and you'll find all the troubles were fancied and all the grief was foolish.

And there is nobody in the world who has a finer outdoors than you. You have here, right at your back door, people travel thousands of miles to look at mountains that are not as magnificent as those which you see every day. People journey long distances to drink water which is not as good as that which flows right through your town. People make great effort to reach a climate which cannot compare with that which is one of your home assets.

There are good friends all about you—you need have no concern about anybody else in the neighborhood. There's a cordial greeting for you anywhere, if you will but accept it. You live in the best region on the face of the earth and your lot is cast among as fine a lot of folks as the Lord ever made. And you have not one sound cause for complaint.

—THE OPTIMIST.

THE WOMAN WHO STAYED

Perhaps you overlooked a little paragraph in the story which the Associated Press carried, describing the entry of Villa into captured Torreon. It was not much of a paragraph as to size, but it illumined the whole sordid, gruesome tale. It was the one touch of humanity, the saving clause in the story of bloodshed and slaughter.

The story ran—"In one hospital were found two hundred federal soldiers, all wounded and some of them dying. One woman nurse was in charge of them; all the rest of the hospital attendants had joined the flight from the city."

Do you stop to think what that means? Probably this woman was as much terrified by the approach of Villa and his army as were the other women and the men who were with her in the hospital. But she stayed. When the victorious troops came down the street, this woman kept on with her work—ministering as best she could to the suffering men about her.

There had been terrible stories told of what would happen to those in the city when Villa came. Merciless, brutal death had been foretold for all who fell into the clutches of the conquering general. This woman had heard these stories; we know she had because the men in her care had heard them; they feared death as they heard the winning army approach.

But the woman who stayed—she heeded not these warnings. She might have fled with her comrades, but she stayed. When Villa's men entered the hospital they found her with the head of a dying federal in her lap, relieving him as best she could. And his last breath was a feeble cheer, as she gave him the assurance that there would be no butchery. And the dying man's cheer was feebly echoed all through that shambles, as the woman carried the promise that there would be no killing; that the Villa men would respect the hospital.

The woman had obtained this assurance from the first of Villa's men she had seen. She hastened to repeat it to her charges. It was good medicine for them; it put new life into their sluggish veins; it gave them something to hope for; it changed in an instant the whole aspect of earth for them.

And when she had spoken the words that gave cheer to the men in her charge, she resumed her task of ministering to their physical sufferings once more, enlisting such volunteers as she could from the arrivals.

Quite incidentally—just as a matter of fact—was this tale related in the news dispatches. Evidently, the woman had regarded the situation in that same light—just as an incident. But how the story of her devotion shines out of the record of the dire scenes which surrounded her. What a tribute it is to the loyalty to duty of one woman when all others deserted.

And yet we hear it urged against the granting of suffrage to women, that they are unable to bear their part in case of war. What man ever bore his part in finer shape than did this woman who stayed?

On the Spur of the Moment

By ROY K. MOULTON.

THE VILLAGE PEST.

Old Rod Skelbos was the village pest. And the thing he liked to do the best was to set all day in the grocery store.

And to spin yarns we'd all heard before. He had Joe Miller's book down here: He could speak it through, yes, every line.

He'd spring some old chestnut and then He'd cackle like a barnyard hen, And then he'd set and wait awhile, And when no one would crack a smile.

Old Rod would sit just trim mad And tell five others just as bad. No matter what an earth took place He had a yarn to fill the case.

Connection sometimes would be dim, But it was all the same to him. He had a voice like thunder and He sure could talk to beat the band; You couldn't hear a cannon roar When this old fellow had the floor.

Nobody had a word to say, For when he talked he talked all day.

Old Rod passed out nine years ago, Of course we don't know where pests go.

If he went where the weather's hot And tells the stories that he's got, And if he's there he surely must Tell all the stories or else bust.

"This punishment is fullest need To folks down there—hades—indeed."

UNCLE ABNER.

Mr. H. Perkins has accepted his usual spring job and has started to work at H. The job is that of settler on a cracker land in front of Tibbits grocery and regulating the weather.

Grandpa Bibbins suffered a sad accident the other day. He stepped on his whiskers when he was walking on Main street and fell to the sidewalk, breaking his New Year's pledge and a half pint of old moonshine.

Ez Purdy has traveled a great deal. He has ridden a railed plow for Amo Hibber for nine years.

Oh, say, do you think you will go to...

3 p. m.—Yes, I think I will have it sent around the bottom. I don't like the accordion effect any more and they don't seem to be wearing them as much as they did.

4 p. m.—No, she got that feather four years ago; I know she did. Well, I must be going now. Oh, by the way, how about the bridge party next...

5 p. m.—She wore her pink taffets. Honestly Agnes, if I was that woman I'd simply refuse to make my own clothes any longer. Oh, I really must be going now. Here comes your husband to supper. I really didn't intend to stay so long.

PERSONAL.

Hortense—Give him an evasive answer, in other words, tell him to go to thunder, then he'll stick to you like a burr.

H. G.—Always wear a large puff tie with your dress suit when you go to a dinner party; this protects your shirt from the tomato bouillon and you can make one shirt last a whole season.

Lester—You say your hair is coming out, and you don't know what to do. Well, you can use it to stuff a sofa pillow.

Angeline—No, indeed. Fine feathers do not make fine birds, but they make fine feather beds.

REVIVALS

Editor, Missoulian—I ask for a little space in your paper and thank you for the same.

In your editorial of Sunday morning, April 5, I read from a press dispatch that the western New York conference of the Methodist church had decided against the "old-fashioned religious revival" and had adopted a plan for the quickening of the church spirit by systematic effort on the part of the home preacher.

I have not heard the above dispatch authenticated. If it is true, I am sorry. The great Methodist church was born in a revival and owes her almost phenomenal growth to the revival. She is, literally speaking, a revival church, and when she repudiates the source of her great achievement she is taking a step backward that will lead her, the Lord only knows where.

I believe in a revival in the church 365 days in the year and in the steady healthy growth of her members. I believe that minister and people should be ever on the firing line and never relax their vigilance. But I also know that, just as nature has her times of sowing, growing and abundant harvest so also the church of God must have her times of ingathering which will be according to the sowing. The past has always proven this true. The evangelist is as much called of God

and baptized by the Holy Ghost for his specific line of work as is the minister—E. H. L. After all, should we as members of the church of God confine ourselves to those of our own family and say with the complacent, self-satisfied man, God bless me and my wife, my son, John, and his wife, us four and no more, and like spiritual gourmandizers, say, "I am fed and satisfied, stop the howling of the multitude it disturbs my spiritual peace." And in the meantime, the great hungry, weary world groaning under the burden that is slowly but surely crushing it to death, is calling to us for bread and shall we give a stone, "God forbid." The church of God should be the church of the masses. If it is not it is failing to fulfill its mission. The last message of Jesus Christ was a message of love, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."—Mark 16:15. Not build fine churches on the avenue and say, "come unto us and we will preach to you"—but go. If the masses are not coming to us, there is something wrong somewhere, and in obedience to the Master's command we must go to them, in tent, tabernacle or hall, it matters not, and take to them the message of salvation, for "He was not willing that any should perish."—2 Peter 3:9.

As to the "revival method"—not being Scriptural, surely we forget Enoch and Noah, Abraham and Moses, Elijah and Elisha, Josiah and Hezekiah, Ezra and Nehemiah, John and Peter, Paul and Barnabas, and last of all, Jesus Christ, the Son of God, all leaders in mighty revivals denouncing sin, pleading with the people to repent and by the power of the Holy Ghost given unto them, keeping faith alive have handed it down through the ages, thus giving to the world a dynamic Christianity.

Oh, no, let us not outgrow the revival and let us on our knees before the living God, plead for a revival of the old-time religion, preached in the fear and power of the Holy Ghost, that shall startle the sin-cursed world and awaken it from the lethargy that proceeds death and arouse it to a sense of its danger. Already the trumpet call is sounding and the King of Glory is making himself ready to descend and take His rightful place upon the throne of David to reign over the house of Jacob, of His kingdom there shall be no end.—Luke 1:32, 33.

AN INTERESTED READER. Missoula, April 8, 1914.

LESS MEAT IF BACK AND KIDNEYS HURT

Take a Glass of Salts to Flush Kidneys If Bladder Bothers You.

Eating meat regularly eventually produces kidney trouble in some form or other, says a well-known authority, because the uric acid in meat excites the kidneys, they become overworked, get sluggish, clog up, and cause all sorts of distress, particularly headache and misery in the kidney region; rheumatic twinges, severe headaches, acid stomach, constipation, torpid liver, sleeplessness, bladder and urinary irritation.

The moment your back hurts or kidneys aren't acting right, or if bladder bothers you, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good pharmacy; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity; also to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts cannot injure anyone; makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which millions of men and women take now and then to keep the kidneys and urinary organs clean, thus avoiding serious kidney disease. Missoula Drug Co. agents.—Adv.

RICH ORE.

Helena, April 8.—(Special.)—What is declared to be the biggest strike in the Helena district in 20 years was made last evening in the Valley Forge mine at Rimini, 24 miles west of Helena, when a large body of high-grade silver-lead-gold ore was broken into. The foot wall has not yet been cut, but this noon the vein had been crossed a distance of 24 feet, five of which were in high-grade ore, and three or four feet in second-class ore.

ENDED.

Washington, April 8.—Taking of testimony by the interstate commerce commission on the application of eastern railroads for a five per cent increase in freight rates was concluded today, as far as the present phase of the proceeding is concerned.

NO CHANGE.

Greenville, S. C., April 8.—No change was noted today in the condition of Eben S. Draper, former governor of Massachusetts, in a critical condition here after an attack of paralysis. Physicians said he had an even chance for recovery.

OVER IN GALLATIN AUTO CHASES SATAN

BOZEMAN CHURCH PRESENTS PREACHER WITH GAS-WAGON TO USE IN HIS WORK

Bozeman, April 8.—(Special.)—Rev. Edgar A. Valiant, who has been pastor of the First Baptist church of the city for the past six months, and has been doing some additional work at Salesville and in the Nelson community, has been presented with an automobile by the members of the Bozeman church, assisted by the members from the other two communities, in order that he may be able to get around the country better in attending to his duties. The presentation speech was made by Judge W. R. C. Stewart. Mayor H. S. Buell presided at the meeting and J. M. Peets, a prominent member of the church, made some remarks appropriate to the occasion.

The Theaters

Bijou. The new program opening tonight for three days at the Bijou theater is going to be a winner, up to the high standard of attraction brought here by the management of the Bijou theater. Miss Myrtle Deloy will furnish the singing number. She has just closed the season on the coast as prima donna for the Keating and Flood Musical Comedy company, and is now on her way east to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Deloy, noted people in the theatrical world. Miss Deloy is a most charming character singer. Her costumes are the latest and finest creations. She features herself as the



MISS MYRTLE DELOY.

"Sunny southern singer," and her engagement here no doubt will meet with approval. The funny vaudevillians on the bill are Snow and Rudy, two young men in a study of black and white—comedy, harmony singing and talking. Their act is unanimously pronounced everywhere as a scream of fun. Vitagraph's big comedy feature, "The Hall-room Rivals," will be shown, together with an elaborate two-act Kabaret special entitled, "The District Attorney's Interest." The orchestra has arranged another big musical program.

EMPRES.

For this afternoon and evening the Empress theater will present a strong three-part Thunhauser feature, "The Miser's Reversion."

The miser has a daughter who is in love with an intelligent young man making his own living, and who wishes to marry the miser's daughter. The miser wishes his daughter to marry some very rich man, and will not have Jack.

The miser is deeply interested in Darwin's theory. He is 72 years of age. One day Maharaj and two attendants in Indian costume enter from the street. The great Lahaj Maharaj of India has come to demonstrate the efficiency of his elixir of eternal youth. The miser looks at him in awe, and indicates the book of Darwin's theory. The miser finds out that the East Indian has a great deal of money and valuable skins, and offers his daughter to him for part of this. The East Indian is greatly pleased.

The East Indians give a meeting in the convention hall, demonstrating the great elixir of eternal youth. The applicants give the miser the elixir, and there is a gradual change in the miser, and he is transformed to a man of 40. When the miser sees the whole bottle of elixir and drinks it, which immediately changes him from a man into an ape. The miser escapes from the house, still a monkey, and tries in vain to explain to the people. He is restored to his natural self only after he consents to his daughter's marriage.

NEW EXPONENT EDITOR.

Bozeman, April 8.—(Special.)—At the annual meeting of the staff of the College Exponent, the official paper published by the students of the Montana State college, yesterday evening Robert T. Kelly of Anaconda of the class of 1915 was elected editor-in-chief of the paper for next year, to succeed Selmer Solberg of Big Timber, who graduates in June. Kelly will appoint his staff. He has been serving during the past year as managing editor and this is his third year on the staff of the paper, so he is familiar with the work.

SPURGEON RELATES STORY OF ATTACK

CLERGYMAN DECLARES HE WAS DENIED ANY POLICE PROTECTION.

Denver, April 8.—Definite plans for the departure from Denver of the Rev. C. L. Spurgeon of Des Moines, who was kidnapped, beaten and deserted at a lonely spot 14 miles north of Denver, were uncertain tonight. The reaction from the exciting events which had their climax Sunday night came late today, and with it an exhaustion physically that it was thought would necessitate his remaining in the hospital several days. Hemorrhages from the internal injuries which Spurgeon's physician reported had ceased yesterday, were experienced again today, according to Mrs. Spurgeon.

Talking slowly and with apparent effort, Spurgeon began a detailed recital of the events of Sunday, but was forced to end the conversation abruptly because of exhaustion before it scarcely was begun. He confirmed the report that he was beaten before leaving the hotel, and declared that his assailants took \$2 from his room, and later relieved him of money to pay the chauffeur. He stated that police protection was denied him Saturday night, and had it been provided trouble would have been averted.

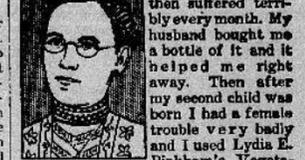
Spurgeon, an officer of the Knights of Luther, came to Denver March 31, and had delivered four lectures, in which he charged the Catholic priesthood with immorality.

The police and district attorney tonight reported no developments in the search for Spurgeon's kidnapers.

MRS. BEIDEL TELLS WOMEN

How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Kept Her in Health for 14 Years.

Shippensburg, Pa.—"It was several years ago that I started taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I then suffered terribly every month. My husband bought me a bottle of it and it helped me right away. Then after my second child was born I had a female trouble very badly and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and in a short time was cured and have been in excellent health since. I always praise the Compound whenever I have an opportunity as I know it helped me and will help others. Lately I have given the Compound to my daughter and I wish all suffering women would take it and be convinced of its worth."—Mrs. JAMES A. BEIDEL, 113 N. Penn Street, Shippensburg, Pa.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotic or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record of being the most successful remedy for female ills we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., seem to prove this fact.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

BLACKFEET INDIANS OPPOSED TO OPENING

Washington, April 8.—(Special.)—Two delegations of Indians from the Blackfeet reservation are here, protesting against the opening of their lands to settlement. One delegation opposes opening any lands; the other is willing to have the eastern tier of townships in the reservation opened, the remainder of the lands being retained for the Indians.

The Indian office is opposed to the proposed opening. Hearings have already been given the protesting Indians in connection with Senator Myers' amendment to the Indian appropriation bill, directing the opening of the eastern tier of townships.

In today's meeting of the committee, Senator Lane of Oregon raised the point of order that the Myers amendment proposed new legislation, not germane to the appropriation bill, and the committee sustained the objection. A separate bill for the opening of the eastern townships will be introduced and will have the support of both Montana senators.

LAST SPIKE DRIVEN IN CANADIAN ROAD

Vancouver, B. C., April 8.—(Special.)—The first ocean-to-ocean railway on the western continent was completed today and a new chapter in Canadian history was written when the Grand Trunk railway connected across Canada at Fort Frazer. Construction crews working from east and west met at 1 o'clock this afternoon, one mile east of Fort Frazer station. The last spike was driven by Chief Engineer B. B. Kelleher, Vice President M. Donaldson presented the track foreman, east and west, with gold watches and cheers were given for the Grand Trunk officers, from president down. Mr. Donaldson then requested that hats be removed and heads be bowed for one minute, in honor of the late president, George Hayes. Two thousand people attended the ceremony besides the many business men and farmers in the Fort Frazer district.

BOZEMAN CLUBWOMEN NAME SIX DELEGATES

Bozeman, April 8.—(Special.)—The Bozeman Women's club elected delegates today to attend the convention of the Montana Federation of Women's clubs to be held in Lewistown, Mont., in June. The delegates were instructed

PLEASED.

Washington, April 8.—Undisguised gratification was felt by administration officials here today at the prospect of finally healing the breach between the United States and Colombia through the treaty signed at Bogota yesterday.

Don't Sacrifice Your Health

for anything, for once it is lost it is hard to regain. Guard it carefully and at the first sign of distress in the Stomach, Liver or Bowels, resort to

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

It keeps entire system normal and promotes health and strength.



Dainty styles in dancing pumps, in satins, patents and dull leathers. Proper toe and heel effects, at Mapes & Mapes.