

THE DAILY MISSOULIAN

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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1914.

Nothing except a battle lost can be half so melancholy as a battle won.—Duke of Wellington.

Call for Progressive State Convention.

Section 34 of the primary convention law of Montana provides as follows. "The candidates for the various state offices, and for the United States senate, representatives in congress and the legislative assembly nominated by each political party at such primary, and senators of such political party, whose term of office extends beyond the first Monday in January of the year next ensuing, and the members of the state central committee of such political party, shall meet at the call of the chairman of the state central committee not later than September 15 next preceding any general election. They shall forthwith formulate the platform of their party. They shall thereupon proceed to elect a chairman of the state central committee and perform such other business as may properly be brought before such meeting."

THE WORLD DO MOVE.

The Butte Typographical Union wants the schools kept closed until the military leave town. The world do move. We can remember when a proposition to nail up the doors of liquor dispensaries would have caused a riot, led by the Butte Typographical Union.

ROOM FOR INQUIRY.

Unless the military authorities exaggerate, in their statements of the number of previously enlisted guardsmen who did not answer the call to Butte, a large per cent of those who did march into the city were hastily enlisted. We wonder if inquiry into who these recruits were would lead to interesting reading?

HE SENT OUT THE TRUTH.

To the best of our knowledge, Mr. A. R. Keith of the Butte Miner, against whom certain people in Butte, Helena and elsewhere are now directing criticism, sent out, before the arrival of the militia in that camp, what he believed to be the truth. Mr. Keith is The Missoulian's Butte correspondent and we have no intention of letting him be the goat, if we can help it.

At least two first-class powers will be third-class, when this is all over.

The Japs may find Tsing Tau another Port Arthur.

We still refuse to take those Russians very seriously.

The more that get in it, the sooner it will be over.

Never forget that the Butte situation will leave Montana a lovely bill to pay.

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER

Hon. P. P. Claxton, commissioner of education, has called my attention to the fact that "The Star Spangled Banner," which is now our national hymn, was written on September 14, 1814, and suggests that a very fitting way of celebrating the centennial anniversary of this event would be to have the hymn sung in all schools, public and private, at noon, on September 14, of this year.

I think the suggestion a very good one and I therefore recommend that all teachers of this state make preparations for celebrating this event in the manner suggested above.

I hope the newspapers of the state will be willing to print the words, and if possible, the music of the hymn some days before the 14th, so that all teachers and children will have copies of it.

H. A. DAVEE, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

The suggestion of Commissioner Claxton and Superintendent Davee is an excellent one.

Among the many patriotic airs with which we are familiar, "The Star Spangled Banner" holds undisputed sway in the hearts of the people. At home and abroad it has finally become to be recognized as the national air of America.

No patriotic song could have had a more inspiring source of creation. It came into being at the very lowest ebb of our fortunes during the war of 1812.

During the Spanish-American war, "The Star Spangled Banner" was baptized with imperishable glory.

Throughout that war and since that time it has been above all others, in camp or on the battlefield and in peaceful public assemblages everywhere, the song that arouses the highest enthusiasm and the deepest emotion.

During the bombardment of Manila, when there had been angry mutterings from other war vessels lying in the harbor, the band on board a British cruiser struck up "The Star Spangled Banner," showing in an unmistakable way their sympathy with the American cause. From that moment, Dewey's task was an easier one.

The flag of Fort McHenry, which inspired the song, still exists in a fair state of preservation.

Its original dimensions were 40 feet long and 23 feet hoist. The extra width came from the fact that 15 instead of 13 stripes were included in its make up—that being the number of states constituting the union at the time it was made. The star spangled banner that floated over Fort McHenry also contained 15 stars in its blue field, instead of the 48 that now appear on the regulation flag. So long as American patriotism shall survive the immortal words of Francis Scott Key will prove an inspiration to the generations of Americans yet unborn.

On the evening of August 24, 1814, the British army under General Ross, after a weak defense by the American militia at Bladensburg—six miles east of the struggling unfortified village of Washington—entered the capital. They burned the inside fixtures and furnishings of that portion of the central part of the present capitol building—then partially completed—the White House and all other public buildings, except the patent office.

After occupying the place for two days, they returned to their shipping on the Patuxent.

On September 12, they again unloaded the troops from the transports below Baltimore and invested that city, the fleet, under Admiral Cochrane sailing on up the Patuxent to engage Fort McHenry.

In the preliminary skirmishing on land, General Ross was killed. The landward side of the city was defended by a long line of intrenchments. To assault these works in broad daylight seemed unwise. It was determined to wait until dark, and then when the 16 battleships had silenced the guns of Fort McHenry on the left flank, to try the fortunes of an assault.

For 24 hours they poured an uninterrupted stream of rockets and shells into the fortification. As the largest guns in the fort could not reach the enemy's vessels, anchored at a safe distance off shore, there was no indication of what the final result would be.

All day long the 13th of September the fleet was busy with bombarding. Sometime after midnight, Admiral Cochrane sent word ashore that the fleet could make no impression on the works. The army retreated to the transports. The whole fleet stood down the Chesapeake and on the 19th Cochrane cleared the capes for Halifax, the transports with the army sailing for Jamaica.

Francis Scott Key was a young lawyer living in Baltimore. The day previous to the bombardment he had gone on board one of the British vessels, unconscious of the purpose of obtaining the release of a friend of his who had been captured a few days previous on the retreat from Washington.

After his arrival on board the vessel, the officers were afraid to allow him to leave, lest he should disclose the purpose of the British. He was compelled to remain during the bombardment of Fort McHenry. He remained on deck all night, watching every shell from the moment it was fired until it fell, and listening with breathless interest to the explosion that followed. The firing suddenly ceased before day break, but from the position of the ship he could not determine whether the fort had surrendered or the attack had been abandoned.

He paced the deck for the remainder of the night in painful suspense. With the dawn of day he saw that "our flag was still there." During the intense anxiety of waiting for dawn, he conceived the idea of the song and had penciled some lines on the back of an envelope. During the forenoon, in the boat on his way to shore, he finished the poem. That evening at the hotel in Baltimore he finally corrected it. Next morning it was printed in handbill form. A copy came into camp, where it attracted the attention of Charles and Ferdinand Durang, two actors who were serving in the trenches. Ferdinand put his wits to work to find a tune for it. Hunting up a volume of flute music, he finally suited the words to an English song of the year 1770—"Anacraon in Heaven," which had itself been set to an old French air.

Fitting the new song to the old tune, there rang out for the first time, "The Star Spangled Banner."

Getting a brief furlough, the Durang brothers sang it in public soon after. It was caught up in the camps, and sung around the bivouac fires, and in the streets, and when peace was declared the soldiers carried it back to their homes with them.

O say can you see by the dawn's early light, What so proudly we halld at the twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars through the perilous fight O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming!

And the rockets' red glare, The bombs bursting in air, Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there; O say, does that star spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On that shore, dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes, What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep, As it fitfully blows now conveys, now discloses?

Now it catches the gleam Of the morning's first beam, In full glory reflected now shines on the stream; 'Tis the star-spangled banner! Oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

And where is that land who so vainly swore That the honor of war and the battle's confusion A home and a country should leave us no more? Their blood has wash'd out their foul footsteps' pollution. No refuge could save The hireling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave; And the star spangled banner in triumph doth wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand Between their lov'd home and the war's desolation! Blessed with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n rescued land Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation. Then conquer we must, When our cause it is just, And this be our motto: "In God is our trust;" And the star spangled banner in triumph shall wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

STUDENT FROM W. A. C. THINKS MISSOULA FINE

A. A. Gleason of Spokane, a student at the Washington State Agricultural college, at Pullman, is in the city for a few days' visit. He is the guest of his friend, Ed Pyte, and yesterday had a chance to see something of the Garden city. "You have a splendid little city here," said Mr. Gleason. "I like it better than any in Montana, and I have been in all of them. Your university has a mighty pretty location and over our way it is looked upon as one of the promising institutions of the west. Pullman is expecting about 1,500 students this year. We now have 15 brick buildings on the campus, two new ones, costing \$150,000 each, having been constructed this season."

What Causes Wrinkles? What's the Remedy?

Stop to consider what produces wrinkles and sagging of skin. Premature aging, mal-nutrition, etc., cause the flesh to shrink, lose its youthful plumpness and firmness. The skin then is too large for the flesh underneath, doesn't fit tightly and sags as it used to—it wrinkles or sags.

It must be plain that to tighten the skin, make it fit the face perfectly in every place, will effectually remove the hateful wrinkles and bagginess. This is easily and harmlessly accomplished by dissolving an ounce of powdered axoite in a half pint of witch hazel and using the solution as a face lotion. The ingredients you can get at any drug store. The results are surprising. The skin immediately becomes up, becoming firm and fresh as in youth. Every wrinkle and sag is affected at once.—Adv.

THE MISSOULIAN - SENTINEL CLASSIFIED ADS BRING RESULTS

THE LATEST BOOKS

Those who complain that romance is dead might be directed to James Elroy Flecker's "The King of Alisander." Norman Price, a pleasant young boy and an Englishman, is inspired by an old poet to leave the grocer's shop and to roam a bit, travel and see things. The old man's last words as he passed through the door were "Go to Alisander." And Norman went to Alisander. The delightful improbabilities that follow introduce to the reader a great throng of queer fellows, lovable and entertaining characters, though they may not be real ones. The buoyant spirit of the writer carries the reader on, thrilled with fantastic mysteries and fights and chuckling over absurd adventures. The story's only purpose is to provide enjoyment and in this it admirably succeeds. We could spare quite a number of current novels for more "King of Alisanders." (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

"Saturday's Child," by Kathleen Norris, is a delightful story of a young girl, and filled to the brim with cheeriness, charm and common sense. Susan Brown, the heroine, and a lovely heroine she is, keeps books at a slender wage when we first meet her and is a happy wife and mother at the story's end. The three parts of the narrative show her first an orphan, touching elbows with poverty though she is able to escape it, unhurt and unremitted. The second book brings her in touch with another and perhaps more dangerous and trying phase of life when the chance acquaintance of a young friend of wealth reveals to her temptation with a glittering surface. The third book brings her safely through it all when she is blessed with a real love. The love story of the tale, though told in a way beyond praise is not the book's only charm. It is the stirring and inspiring study of the lovable girl herself that will endear this book to its readers. Mrs. Norris has treated us to more of the same delight to be found in the pages of her "Mother" or "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." It is safe to say that "Saturday's Child" will have many readers. (The MacMillan Co.)

In sharp contrast to the foregoing is Gertrude Atherton's "Perch of the Devil," a cheerless and gloomy story of sudden wealth in Butte, Mont. It would seem that the acquiring of a measure of means, in Butte at least, is sure to occur on imprudent enjoyments, illicit banal relations and an eager pursuit of all shallow pleasures. There may be families in Butte and other American cities whose wealth and refinement are as friendly terms as the reading of Miss Atherton's book does not promise it. More than a mobster of truth is found in the narration of the suffering of state politics and public morality in Montana at the time when Clark and Daly and Fritz Henze played prominent parts in the political ugliness brought only the aversion of the Amalgamated Copper company. This has its interest and

William J. Locke, the novelist, feels no very deep affection for Venice. After a recent effort to enjoy its quaint charms he returned to England, complaining bitterly of its many disturbing noises, crude singers in the streets, the yells of the throngs and perennial and maddening dinning of bells.

George Bernard Shaw is accused of plagiarism by Frank Harris. Harris points out that Shaw's guilt appears in his "Dark Lady of the Sonnets" and in his preface to "Shakespeare and His Love." Harris dwells at some length on the matter.

Irwin Cobb and Samuel Blythe are in Europe at present getting into as close touch as they can with war affairs and gathering material that will appear later. Cobb and Blythe are close friends and it is their plan to tell upon their return, the purely human side of the war and the many phases of it that we will not see in the news. Their work when it appears will surely have all the attention it will merit.

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VICTORY IS RESTING ON ALLIES' BANNERS

(Continued From Page One.)

British armies have grappled in the great battle which has been fought with only two brief intermissions since August 23.

The tide has turned for a time at least, and, according to an official bulletin from Paris, the Germans on Sunday evening were compelled to retreat.

The battle line stretched in a rough crescent east of Paris from Nanteuil-le-Haudouin to Verdun.

The Pall Mall Gazette's military critic believes it to have been impossible for the French general to abandon Lafer, Chalons, or Rheims without a blow being struck unless he was determined to make a stand on better fighting grounds.

No news came from eastern France today, where Emperor William is reported to be witnessing the attack upon Nancy.

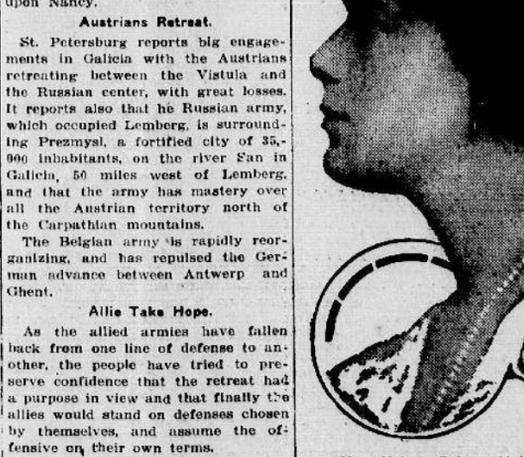
Austrians Retreat. St. Petersburg reports big engagements in Galicia with the Austrians retreating between the Vistula and the Russian center, with great losses. It reports also that the Russian army, which occupied Lemberg, is surrounding Przemyśl, a fortified city of 35,000 inhabitants, on the river San in Galicia, 50 miles west of Lemberg, and that the army has mastery over all the Austrian territory north of the Carpathian mountains.

The Belgian army is rapidly reorganizing, and has repulsed the German advance between Antwerp and Ghent.

Allies Take Hope. As the allied armies have fallen back from one line of defense to another, the people have tried to preserve confidence that the retreat had a purpose in view and that finally the allies would stand on defenses chosen by themselves, and assume the offensive on their own terms.

German Flank in Peril. The Germans had penetrated several miles southeast of Hanteuil-le-Houdouin, but tonight a bulletin indicates that there is a strong probability that the French left, assisted by a small but powerful British army, has threatened, if not turned the right of the German wedge.

CHARMING WIFE OF MARINE CORPS MAN



Mrs. Nelson Palmer Vulte.

Mrs. Nelson Palmer Vulte is the wife of Captain Vulte of the United States marine corps. During the past winter, which she spent in Washington, she occupied a prominent place in the smart set and is considered one of the most delightful women in society at the capital.

Remember

whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy.

By common consent of the legion who have tried them, Beecham's Pills are the most reliable of all family medicines. This standard family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates inactive bowels.

Improved digestion, sounder sleep, better looks, brighter spirits and greater vitality come after the system has been cleared and the blood purified by

Beecham's Pills

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A local business man, who believes in advertising, furnishes the following bit of homely philosophy:

When a duck lays an egg she just waddles off as if nothing had happened.

When a hen lays an egg there's a whale of a noise. The hen advertises.

Hence the demand of hen's eggs instead of duck's eggs.

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The Missoulian

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TUBERCULOSIS

In addition to plenty of fresh air and proper diet, those suffering from or who are predisposed to Tuberculosis are recommended to use Beckman's Alternative to stop night sweats, banish fever and hasten recovery. This medicine, by reason of its successful use during the past, warrants the fullest investigation possible by every sufferer. Beckman's Alternative is most efficacious in bronchial catarrh and severe throat and lung affections, and in rebuilding the system. It contains no narcotics, nor harmful or habit-forming drugs. Accept no substitutes. Sold by leading druggists. Write to the Beckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for booklet telling of recoveries. Prices \$1 and \$2 a bottle.—Adv.

A good move—Coffee to POSTUM

"There's a Reason"

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