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The Germans gloated over der tag but are not so cheerful over der tag after der tag. Swat the spy instead of the fly is the cry in the east until summer begins, bye and bye.

From the present outlook an egg will be an extravagant Christmas present in Germany this year.

The great Russian offensive has become what the late John J. Ingalls described as an iridescent dream.

Nicholas Romanoff goes to church twice a day to return thanks that there is another fellow to take the buck.

We suggest that the pacifists of Montana direct their efforts toward restoring peace in the state railroad commission.

Chicago now boasts that it is the chewing gum center of the world. We do not doubt the claim. It has long been the rag chewing center.

Now that the whole is proposed as a staple food we look to Judge Bickford to stock the lakes of Montana with these interesting mammals.

There will soon be enough for a table at bridge, the late czar remarked to Manuel of Portugal as Constantine dropped through the chute.

Without waiting for the referee the German newspapers are now awarding a decision on points to Hindenburg. No wagers will be paid, however, until General Pershing has been heard from.

Two correspondents complain to the New York Tribune that the late czar should not have to do manual labor in public. We do not know why Americans should get excited over this matter. Think of the amateur gardeners of Missoula who work in public and have nobody to pity them.

The disorders in China occur at an opportune time for the friendly policeman, Japan. Whole Japanese armies will be needed for the suppression of the various rebellions in China under the plausible excuse of protecting Japanese interests there. And of course the allies in Europe will not expect aid from their ally in Asia until this work has been accomplished. The Japs, we predict, will look on that job until the end of the war.

A new anesthetic of remarkable value in war times has been invented. It is known as nikotene and is composed of quinine, hydrochloric acid and urea and is sprayed on a wound by an atomizer. It stops pain for three hours and will be found in every soldier's kit, as a physician is never required for its use. It was invented by a San Francisco lawyer who offered it to the United States army but was turned down. Among other things this war will teach our government to be in a more receptive mood to inventors.

We congratulate the people of Great Falls on the opening of the new natatorium. Truly, it is a noble memorial to the late John G. Maroney. The natatorium will furnish endless enjoyment to the people of that fine, progressive city. It will also keep the death list down. Missoula hopes to have something of the sort some day. Just how soon depends upon the generosity of our people. With the opening Missoula will step into place with its sister cities, Battle, Billings, Great Falls and Helena, all with swimming pools.

Our British cousins, with customary stubbornness, are slow in discovering the virtues of corn bread. They prefer to have American wheat. It may be that a process of hunger will be necessary to complete their education in this line. Measured by calories, corn bread may not possess as much nutriment as wheat, but is certainly a golden food and good enough for a king. Even kings will not be so particular as to their menus as the war progresses. As for the British, our advice to them is to eat corn bread and say they like it. Uncle Sam is not conducting a short order restaurant for their benefit.

THE LIBERTY LOAN WINS.

With the final returns to be heard from, it is certain that the Liberty Loan has been a success. While the amount reported was less than \$2,000,000,000, it is confidently believed that the complete figures will show over-subscription.

The records of Montana and Missoula are most gratifying, proving that the red blood of patriotism runs strong in this mountain state. Montana's subscriptions reach the large figure of \$14,035,000, which is more than one hundred per cent over the allotment to this state. The subscriptions in Missoula reached \$515,000, a very large sum and satisfactory evidence that our people have done their duty. Montanans of the state, the federal reserve district and the county have done more than they were asked, perhaps considerably more when all of the figures are known.

Montana also stands fifth in completing its quota of volunteers for the army. These records altogether are abundant proof of the entire willingness and ability of our people to carry their share. We do not need any missionaries from the east, any Dr. Hillises to swing us into line. Let them work in their own territories where their services are badly needed.

WORK FOR THE TEACHERS.

In a recent issue of the University of Montana bulletin, Chancellor Elliott calls special attention to the following recommendation of the Council of National Defense:

Finally, we believe that an educational responsibility rests on the institutions of higher learning to disseminate correct information concerning the issues involved in the war and to interpret its meaning.

It is true that many well-meaning people are either a little hazy in their own minds as to the causes of this war, or are doubtful whether the nation was wholly justified in engaging in the war under conditions as they existed. These people are quite different from the conscientious objectors or the Socialists, who are against war under all circumstances. It seems strange to them that our country should be involved in the vast preparations for war when there has been no attack or invasion of our own soil.

Why are we fighting Germany? Speaking generally, we are fighting Germany to save Democracy to the world as well as to America. We are fighting to preserve liberty and human rights, indeed, all that is worth living for. We are fighting to keep alive the faith of our forefathers and to prevent feudalism from spreading over the world. It is difficult to convince many people that if this war is lost, Germany will make vassals of the American people.

For the direct causes of this war the teachers may say to their pupils that Germany started the conflict when she attacked our ships on the high seas and destroyed the lives of Americans, who were traveling on foreign ships under the laws of neutrality. Hundreds of American lives were lost before and after Germany had made and broken promises that she would respect the rights of neutral countries and neutral flags. This is a war of self-defense and is being prosecuted to maintain the self-respect of the American people. If we were to pass over the wrongs which we have endured at the hands of the German government, we might with justice conclude that the spirit of America was well on the way to decay.

Chancellor Elliott's advice that special pains should be taken to instruct students regarding the causes of this war should be followed to the letter. It is most important that there should be no misunderstanding on that matter.

A CHECK TO WASTEFULNESS.

Centralize! If the American habit of forming commissions is allowed to run riot in the field of war relief, the overlapping and wastefulness will be appalling. The commission habit in governmental affairs has wasted the taxpayers' money. The field of philanthropy has been burdened with all sorts of volunteer organizations, with salaried staffs appropriating a good percentage of contributions. Chairman Herbert C. Hoover of the national food board has made his first appeal a request that all volunteer civilian effort for the comfort of our army and navy be under one head. "Every country in Europe," says Mr. Hoover, "has gone through an era of disintegrated overlapping effort, the multiplication of thousands of committees, and tons of useless, inappropos and wrongly directed material." Germany has suffered least from overlapping, while England and France paid the biggest price, until they learned the lesson of single direct control. Before we entered the war, churches and individuals and organizations were almost swamped by the multiplicity of appeals for European relief. This will now be multiplied a hundredfold unless we have a central organization whose duty it will be to endorse every public organization or appeal before the public hears of it.

25 Years Ago

What Missoula Was Doing on This Date in 1892.

(From the Missoula Gazette of Wednesday, June 15, 1892.) Fire was discovered about 10:45 last night in the small two-story white frame house next door west from the Red Star lodging house on Main street. The alarm was given by the shooting of a pistol and quite a crowd of people collected before the arrival of the fire department. The building has been unoccupied for the last month and was shut up. Chief Mentrump discovered after the fire that the floor near where the fire was first seen was partially covered with coal oil. A can of oil was also found. The building is the property of M. Manheim.

Less water and more beer would suit the average citizen these days. The flood is becoming unbearable.

It is expected that a train may be started east from this point sometime today.

News reached the city yesterday that J. B. Catching's dam at Bearmouth had gone out.

The Bitter Root railroad bridge will be ready for travel by tonight and the Bitter Root train will run into the Missoula yards tomorrow.

The ladies imprisoned on the south side held a meeting yesterday and it was unanimously voted that they could get along without the men folk and passed resolutions forbidding their return.

What is the matter with an exhibition game of baseball? The Bozeman team is here, and though the grounds on the south side are not accessible, the fair grounds would do very well. A game would attract a large number of people, and would probably be found a paying investment.

A large amount of fruit coming from the west and stopped here on account of the water, has been corralled by Fussy, who is selling it at prices which makes him mad. The lower he sells it the madder he gets, and he is now almost giving it away.

A buggy and harness attached to a gray horse was found in the river yesterday at a pile of drift wood near the Rattlesnake. The horse was dead, and the rig, which is supposed to have come down from Drummond, gave evidence of having been in the water for some time. The buggy and harness, which were but little damaged, were saved.

The water in the river at this point fell more than a foot yesterday. A basket ferry was established over the gap in the old bridge trestle, and in this way a crossing was effected for those who needed to cross. It consists of a board suspended by ropes like a swing and running on a stretched rope. As yet no ladies have ventured to use it, and it is not probable they will.

THE EX-CZAR'S LIFE.

In the Alexandrovsky palace, Tsarskoe-Selo, from which he ruled but three months ago an empire of 180,000,000, Nicholas Romanoff, the fallen czar of all the Russias, is now confined. Surrounding the palace is a triple cordon of revolutionary soldiers, watching sharply all the moves of the deposed emperor.

Under the same roof with the ex-czar, according to the Moscow "Russkoye Slovo"; there are imprisoned the ex-czarina and the Romanoff children. But Nicholas and his wife are kept in separate apartments, and are not allowed to see each other. When the ex-czar visits his children their mother is not present.

Life in the palace begins rather late. The prisoners rise about 10 o'clock in the morning, and are served to eat. Nicholas then sends for the papers. He usually reads the "Retch," "Bourse Gazette" and "Russkoye Slovo," which is daily dispatched to him from Moscow. In the afternoon he reads the evening papers. He sends a soldier to buy the papers he wants, giving him some money for the purpose.

Still Wears Military Uniform.

Breakfast is served about 1 o'clock. Nicholas then goes out into the garden for a walk, accompanied by an officer. Sometimes he goes out for a second walk toward evening. He is dressed in a military uniform.

Dinner is served about 8 o'clock in the evening. It consists of four plates. Red wine is usually placed on the table, but it is never drunk. The French cook of the imperial household still has control of the meals. He receives 4 1/2 rubles a plate. The ex-grand Duke Alexis chooses his own food.

Twice a day the Romanoff family goes to church. But even there, Nicholas and his wife do not meet. The ex-empress, on her knees, prays fervently. The priest is a very old man, and the choir of the chapel, composed of servants, are also forbidden to communicate with the outside world.

Tea is served again about 11 o'clock in the evening, and the Romanoffs go to bed about 1 at night. When the emperor gets up the next day he looks well rested. He behaves throughout the day with a coolness that resembles a state of stupor. He asks questions that have nothing to do with the great events of the day. He is interested chiefly in the military developments.

NEWSPAPERS AN EDUCATIONAL FORCE.

We spend every year in the United States hundreds of millions of dollars in primary education and a very large amount in college education for the youth. But the great educational force of the country is in the newspapers and magazines. The great mass of the people of this country get most of their education, aside from their everyday experiences, from reading the news, advertisements and other matter in the newspapers and magazines. Nobody would suggest that we close our schools or stop primary education in the land, and I know of nothing that will be of more value to the people of this country than to have these educational facilities in the highest degree during the war. It will be a mistake to lay a burden on the newspapers. We all know the inception of the second class mail privileges was for educational purpose. James R. Mann in Leslie's.

Talk of the Town

It is characteristic of the self-centered species that we are careless (if not unaware) of the personalities of the streets we live and walk on. Not all are as blind to the real nature of streets as is the civil engineer who regards them as mere geometry, but few realize that most streets are enjoyable and profitable acquaintances. To say that a street is like a person is not fair; some streets have more character, more individual grace than most people.

There are streets in this town whose careers have been more interesting than their inhabitants. There are streets which have struggled through early adversity to a maturity of well-earned leisure. There are streets which have come, through little accidents, to mean and graceless ends. There are snobbish streets and snug little bourgeois streets and wicked streets and happy streets and streets of humanly indefinite character.

Consider the sad story of Front street. It would adorn any Sunday school library, so obvious is its moral. But in the suburbs it is born, humbly. It is true, but honestly. There is a touch of the Old Homestead about its origin. And about its youth, too, for it sturdily scrambles from the hard environment of its beginnings at the Van Huren street bridge and after a block or two of dinginess arrives at an honest prosperity. The early roughness disappears. Smart little parks of grass take the place of the scraggy edges. A fashionable bit of the social life of memory of rocks and ruts. And it comes to hob-nob with the mighty of the town.

An upright, worthy citizen is this young street. It does not become churchly, yet it takes on a sober air as of one with money in the bank and a finger in solid enterprises; a business man with a family and an interest in conservative politics. So it spends fully half of its life.

Business, however, becomes dominant over home. The spruce, elegant air is lost for a hard acquisitiveness. Kindness disappears. Desire for gold grows. So comes the meeting with Higgins avenue, and the fall. Easy money breaks the street to grief. From longtime business it turns to vice. A few blocks of the street's old age are spent in drinking and worse. Prosperity dwindles to meanness, and it is a shabby, unrespectable, unlovely old street that ends at last with a plunge into the river.

Then there is Gerald avenue, an aristocrat, born with a silver spoon in its mouth. No touch of vulgar business is on this street. It begins in prosperity and ends so. Its first bow to the world is made in all the elegance of pavement, parks, broad lawns, and spacious homes. It is high church early in life, and never loses an air of goodness, though rarely pious. It is no better, its very carriage says, and it worries not. Like one with a steady income from good investments, Gerald avenue moves calmly to its honorable end in the clean, open country. It is a patrician without snobbery.

For all the intoneness of Front street and the elegance of Gerald avenue, no other Missoula thoroughfare deserves rank with South Fourth street. Here is the most gracious personality of them all. You should know South Fourth street. It has a charm of its own, natural beyond all imitation. It is rough in spots, but no orderly parking, disdains hurry and money-getting and elegance. Yet it is the street most worth while.

It is like a country lane come to town. Great trees, planted in no order, almost completely overhang it. Grass grows where it can—now half across the street, now barely past the sidewalks. The lawns have an air of intimacy, as if they felt out of the public gaze where they might be at ease. The homes lounge about like good neighbors. From Higgins avenue clear out into the Orchard Homes, Fourth street is unmistakably its delightful self.

Some day, perhaps ruthless city-beautifiers will lay hands on South Fourth street and make it over. The easy negligence of the street must be a constant affront to the sort of person who thinks cities should be made with a rubber stamp—precisely so many trees of one kind to a block; exactly so many feet of curbed parking. They will tear up the big, meandering trees and plant little maples there, and they will bustle the lawns into orderly curbing and put a nice pavement in to make the houses sit straighter and mind their manners. And the charm will disappear. South Fourth street today is a tremendous rebuke to those Prussian city-planners so popular among us. Heaven preserve it!

It is not quite evident (to come back to the text) whether streets gain their character from their inhabitants or maintain it despite them. Perhaps the truth lies between. No doubt its environment is responsible for Front street's sorry finish, but who would be bold enough to say that Fourth street has not influenced the character of its people. Why, one who knew Fourth street would trust a man who lived there with his life. Then there is East Pine street. East Pine street used to be a happy-go-lucky sort of place. Of late it has taken on airs, with a big park down its middle and smooth driveways on either side. And the effect upon Pine street people has been remarkable. No, people do not make a street altogether; streets may make people as well.

The fact remains the streets are worth knowing. There are half a hundred worth-while streets in Missoula. Introduce yourself to your street today.

SPEED UP FOOD CONTROL.

Delay in congress in granting Mr. Hoover the powers he asks to stabilize food prices and control food exports may prove very costly. Concerns in neutral countries, neighbors to Germany, are bidding eagerly for American food supplies. They can afford to pay an artificial price, for Germany is drawing on them for every bit of food which they can release, and Germany's need practically regulates conditions in their markets. The government should,

BETTER A LIBERTY BOND THAN AN INDEMNITY BOND



THE MORNING SMILE.

Wouldn't it, Though! If life were freed of every Wrong or Woe, If no one ever had a grief or care, If everybody had enough of dough, And time for any merriment to spare, If husbands never lied or beat their wives, If little boys were never loud or rough, If doctors never failed to save our lives, And if their bills were always small enough, If everyone was sure of all his meals, If no one had to work unless he chose, If toothache didn't feel the way it feels, If hoaze would only beautify the nose, If matrimony never knew a jar, If little babes had colic not a bit, If everyone could own a motor-car, And pay without a groan the bills on it, If music shows, divorces, riots, shams, Were featured in the papers not at all, If gossip, libel, avarice and slams Were swept forever from this mundane ball, If all this were changed upon earth's face, Today, tomorrow and forevermore, Gee, but the world would be a weary place! And Gosh, but Life would be an awful bore!

HARDEN'S VOICE.

Maximilian Harden, the one unshackled editor in Germany who dares to boldly criticize the military autocracy that rules Prussia and the Teutonic empire, in a recent issue of his paper voiced the growing demand of democracy for a greater share in the government of Germany, as follows: "The German people are not free, for the institutions under which they are living do not meet their requirements. Nor are they governed by such men as have been proved by merciless, uncompromising selection as most fit for the task. No patchwork can help. New thought demands a new garb. Fermenting drink has no business in an old, unsealed container. And it must no longer be the will of one man that is to decide the garb and the container. That is no longer possible in any European land today, is not even attempted in any of them. We want to govern ourselves as well and as conscientiously as we know how. We want to decide ourselves the road that leads into the bright future. We are mature; we want to forge our own fortunes. It cannot be worse than it has been so far. Whoever thinks the turn to democracy is too brisk should remember that Bismarck himself contended that a country should be governed either by absolutism or by parliament, according to the requirements of the time."

NEW INVENTIONS.

In experimenting with soap bubbles an English scientist developed an apparatus that blew them large and substantial enough to be used as backgrounds for photographs. Gasoline locomotives have been invented in England that are safe to use in coal mines; their ignition taking place within tight boxes and their exhaust through water. A new microphone to collect sounds and convey them to the ears of partly deaf persons by almost invisible wires is so compact that it can be worn under a man's necktie. An inventor in Nebraska has patented wire netting covered frames to cover open automobiles to catch hats, veils or other articles that otherwise might be blown away. Semi-official estimates made in India of the World's production of rubber for several years to come indicate a constant increase, passing 200,000 tons in 1919, but never equaling the demand. By a Frenchman's invention as a language student hears a word spoken by a phonograph he also sees it appear on a printed roll in conjunction with its translation in his own tongue.

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HAPPY THOUGHT.

It takes more than a high collar to hide a rough neck. Slacker Joke. Friend—(grateful for a favor)—"I'll dance at your wedding." Slacker—"I wish you already had." The Line Is Busy. Hello, hon, how you feeling?—Fine and dandy, listen, did we have a wonderful party? Oh, did we!—I'll say, hon, listen, how'd you like that fellow?—He is all right, but I don't expect to hear from him—Why, hon?—I'd know, he didn't take me right, somehow—Listen, what do you know?—Not much—I'm going to have it with some hem-stitching—That hobbin-stitchin's lovely, that's new, hon—And wear my blue

GERMAN EDITOR INTERRED.

Cleveland, June 14.—Waldemar von Nostitz, 65 years old, former editor of a German daily published here, was arrested by federal agents on the charge of being an alien enemy. He was ordered interred for the rest of the war. The arrest was the result of what the federal officers term pro-German editorials which he is alleged to have written and published.

RE-SOLD TO CLEVELAND.

Washington, June 14.—Elmer Smith, an outfielder, has been re-sold by the Washington Americans to the Cleveland Americans.

The New Way to Remove Corns Ice-Mint Does It—No Pain Just a Touch Stops Soreness. The Corn or Callous Soon Shrivels and Lifts Off. Try It. Your Feet Will Feel Cool and Fine. Thanks to a new discovery made from Japanese products, your foot troubles can be quickly ended. Ice-Mint, as this new preparation is called, is said to shrivel up hard corns, soft corns or corns between the toes so that they can be lifted off easily with the fingers. It's wonderful. Think of It: Just a little touch of that delightful, cooling, soothing Ice-Mint, and real foot joy is yours. No matter how old or tough your pet corn is, he will soon shrivel up and you can pluck him out. No pain, not a bit of soreness either when applying Ice-Mint or afterwards, and it doesn't even irritate the skin. If your feet are inclined to swell or puff, or if you have cracked or bleeding toes, Ice-Mint will draw the inflammation out and quickly heal the sore and tender places. It is the real Japanese secret for fine, healthy, little feet and is greatly appreciated by women who wear high heel shoes and men who have to stand on their feet all day. No more tired, aching or burning feet. No more foot trouble. Ice-Mint will make your feet so cool and fine that you will just sigh with relief. It is now selling like "wild-fire" here. Just ask in any drug store for a small jar of Ice-Mint and give your poor, suffering, tired feet the treat of their lives. There is nothing better.