

THE DAILY MISSOULIAN ESTABLISHED 1873. Published Every Day in the Year by THE MISSOULIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Missoula, Montana. Entered as Second-Class Mail Matter at the Postoffice in Missoula.

The hot weather "don'ts" of the newspaper health doctors are quite unnecessary to the Montana summer.

The Kaiser might gather wisdom from the child emperor of China. That lad lost no time when told to quit.

The use by the Germans of a sort of flour made of wood may explain the mental density of some of their cabinet heads.

Among the most gratifying of the forward looking movements is that of the Russian bear marching westward with hob-nailed boots.

A few signs, at least, point to the return of the white-winged dove of peace from its long journey over the troubled waters of humanity.

The citizens of Arizona took on a trainload of white elephants as well as of L. W. W.s. Wherever the train stops the authorities shoo it on before it can unload.

Things work slowly in Brazil. Diplomatic relations with Germany were severed in April, but the Brazilians are still figuring on the numerical chances of the allies to win without their help.

The president expects every man who is not a slacker to be at his side during this great enterprise. Or, to put it in the words of Lord Nelson, the president expects "every man to do his duty."

Among the prospective candidates for mayor of Chicago is Morris Elder who refused to serve on a conscription board because he had "no time to monkey with that business."

A westerner predicts that everybody will be drinking goat's milk in ten years. Something serious will have to happen to our palate if he means us.

Here too, when it comes to that we will make the other fellow the goat.

The Minneapolis Journal has discovered that a ten-year record shows fourteen deaths from golf. If the game is that dangerous why not send more golfers to the battle front where their bravery will bring medals of honor as well as inspiration to their countrymen?

The public is a part of the government, the president tells us. The fathers of the revolution made that plain in the Declaration of Independence, but of late it seems to have been overlooked by certain United States senators and corporations that have grown to the point where they regard the people with more or less contempt.

Our readers who follow the doings in Missoula twenty-five years ago may have read that the Missoula Gazette of July 12, 1892, printed a column description of such a swimming pool as Missoula should have had long ago. The reference was interesting as showing that the sentiment for a swimming pool was strong before some of our boys who are going to war were born. No doubt all will agree that twenty-five years is a sufficient period of time for discussion of anything. Action is needed now. More money is needed. The mayor's committee at a meeting last night discussed tentative plans; the work will go ahead, but it will not be completed until the fund has been enlarged by a considerable sum. We urge the people of Missoula to come forward with their subscriptions. Also we ask those who have sent pledges to pay up without delay. Subscriptions may be paid at any one of the four Missoula banks.

The New York Times in discussing the persistency of a few senators in marking the newspapers for special taxation, says:

The newspapers of the country perform services for the government that can not be measured in money terms. They disseminate information, they make the gov-

ernment's policies known to the people, they make daily contributions to the stock of public knowledge, they raise the level of public intelligence. They directly and powerfully assist the government in its appeals to the spirit and patriotism of the people—as in the great part they played in the recent campaign for the Liberty loan. Nevertheless, no newspaper wants to be in debt to the government. If the second-class postal rates of newspapers are not remunerative, let the government determine the actual costs of newspaper transportation, apart from the cost of transporting magazines and other periodicals, which is an entirely different matter, and fix the charge accordingly. The newspapers will not complain of that.

That proposal is entirely fair. The newspapers should not be forced to bear a special tax because of the failure of the government to charge the magazines a justifiable rate for second class postage. Nobody expects that the services of the newspapers to the government will be rewarded. It is even too much to expect that these services will be appreciated. That matter, however, has no relation to fair dealing with the newspapers in fixing a war tax.

PRESIDENT SISSON.

The newly elected president of the State University, Dr. Edward C. Sisson, will begin his administration with the hearty good wishes of the citizens of this state and with the strong co-operation of his associates in the faculty.

We believe that the university has been most fortunate in securing the services of this distinguished educator. He comes to us after a long and successful career and with the highest approval. Recently he has been commissioner of education of Idaho.

In addition to his duties as an administrator Dr. Sisson will be at the head of the department of education and in that field his services should be marked and useful. Montana wants Montana bred school teachers. We hope the time is near when it will not be necessary to go outside the state to supply our schools with such teachers as are required for the highest degree of efficiency.

LA FOLLETTE STILL FIGHTING.

It may not be wholly fair to say that one is a patriot or a traitor. There is a large diversified class of people who might be generally and mildly termed as braves on the war machine. Some call themselves conscientious objectors, but most of them, we believe, use that term as a mask to hide their cowardice. Then there are the slackers, the most contemptible of the lot, and besides these there are Socialists of a dangerous kind, who are really sympathizers with Germany. They come mighty close to the treason line.

The list might be extended to considerable length, but there is one class that is rather difficult of analysis. We prefer to think that they are afflicted with a form of mental strabismus rather than that they are morally wrong. In that class we might place Senator La Follette of Wisconsin.

We hesitate to accuse Senator La Follette of offering aid and comfort to the enemy, because we are mindful of his valuable service to the people in the past. We have admired at times his courage, his honesty and his aggressive personality. In reviewing the things that he has done we must regard his attitude in this war as all the more harmful.

Senator La Follette, in a recent issue of his magazine says, "Whenever an American citizen begins to question the justification, either in law or morals, of our participation in the European war, he is denounced by the war party and the war press as disloyal to the country. After congress has been bullied into a declaration of war, the politicians, the press and the mercenaries of the war party, assume authority to deny the right of American citizens to discuss the necessity for the war, or the ultimate object and purposes of the declaration of war."

Senator La Follette sometimes runs wild in an argument. Certainly he is off wrong in continuing a discussion as to the justification of war now that we are in it. There is but one attitude to be taken justly and that is to win the war and bring peace as quickly as possible. The time for argument passed long ago. Germany must be beaten.

Senator La Follette's powers of resistance should be put to better use. He is really delaying the peace, which he purposes to seek. The people who may agree with him are but a mere handful of our population. They can only succeed in obstructing the prosecution of the war; they cannot stop it.

Wisconsin was the first state to return its full quota of volunteers and from that we conclude that Senator La Follette's influence at home is not such as to seriously endanger the chances of victory. Nevertheless, we dislike to see a public servant of his record, excellent in many respects, go wrong on the most vital issue that has concerned this country in its lifetime.

JAPS GIVE TO WOUNDED.

Tokio.—The Japanese national fund for the entente sick and wounded soldiers has been closed. It amounts to \$1,000,000. The fund will be forwarded to the powers through the diplomats accredited to Japan.

Famous Heroes of the U. S. Navy By Albert Payson Terhune

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Matthew Perry, Who Opened Japan to Civilization.

He was the second Perry to bear the rank of commodore in our navy—the first and more spectacular being Oliver Hazard Perry, hero of the Battle of Lake Erie.

Matthew Calbraith Perry, younger brother of the Lake Erie commodore, was not only a fighter but a diplomat as well. And, thanks to both these qualities, he won high honor for Uncle Sam in the Far East. Here is his story:

His father and his brother were both naval officers. And from childhood Matthew Perry looked forward to a naval career of his own. In 1809, when he was but 15, he became a midshipman. Three years later the outbreak of the war of 1812 gave him his first real advance. He fought gallantly throughout that conflict, rising to a lieutenant.

Then came dreary years of shore duty and of other routine work, and a gradual advance in rank until in 1837, he was a captain. A year afterward he was made commander of the Fulton II, our navy's first steam warship.

Another chance first came when the Mexican war gave him another opportunity for active service. As commodore he commanded a squadron of six vessels. With these he captured the Mexican stronghold of Frontera. Then he made himself master of the river and town of Tabasco, thus cutting Mexico off from Yucatan.

He was also in command of the squadron which, in March, 1847, smashed so big a hole in the walls of Vera Cruz that the United States forces could march through into the city.

But it was after the Mexican war that Perry achieved the deed by which he has won immortal fame. He was appointed in 1852, to the command of an expedition to Japan, to force upon that inhospitable and hermit country the advantages of a treaty with the United States.

Japan had not been friendly to strangers. She minded her own business and expected the rest of the world to do the same. She did not care for outside trade or for outside customs or for outside people. She wanted to be let alone.

There were stories of foreign crews put to death in hideous manner because their ships had happened to go to pieces off the Japanese coast. Rezanov, the Russian diplomat, had tried to pave the way for a Russo-Japanese treaty. The Japs put him in an iron cage and exhibited him.

These were but a few of the ways in which the Little Brown Brothers had said "Hands off!" to the rest of the world.

Perry, with four warships and 560 men, sailed into Uraga bay. At once the Shogun (Holy Emperor) ordered his people to pray that the invaders might be destroyed. But the Americans were not destroyed. Nor did they do any destroying.

Perry contented himself with a grim show of force. Then he gave the Japanese authorities President Fillmore's letter setting forth the advantages of a treaty. He also landed a collection of American-made inventions of all sorts, from sewing machines to locomotive models, and explained the advantages of such things. After which he sailed away to China, saying he would come back a few months later for the Shogun's answer.

Back he came. During his absence the Japanese had first made swift preparations for war. But soon they had seen the folly of resistance. And Perry on his return with a still larger fleet found them peaceable enough. The presence of the Yankee warships had done its work. After six weeks' negotiation Perry obtained the treaty he had come for—the first ever made by us with Japan. Among its other terms Japan was pledged to treat shipwrecked sailors kindly; to let foreign vessels provision and coal at certain of her harbors; to permit American ships to anchor at Hakodate and Shimoda and to insure the safety of American citizens.

This treaty was the birth of modern Japan. It opened her ports to world commerce. When Perry went ashore to sign the document he was accompanied by a "guard of honor" of 500 sailors. The sight of the armed guard also served its part in impressing the Japs.

Home came Perry, a national hero, having won tremendous success where the diplomats of all other nations had failed.

Talk of the Town

Two regular fellows are leaving the Missoula newspaper field today, and The Missoulian shop won't seem the same tonight. "Bill" Ferguson and "Kid" Murray are leaving a lot of good friends, not all of them newswriters, either. W. G. Ferguson used to be secretary of the Missoula Chamber of Commerce, and Fred J. Murray once upon a time was elected county auditor, all of which merely goes to show that the two have more acquaintances than most newspaper men have creditors—which is saying something.

Here's luck.

The "safe and sane" Fourth isn't as hard on the youngsters as some of us have been thinking. To be sure, Young Missoula was deprived this year of the precious joy of blowing off fingers, but part of it, at least, has been recompensed. A smudgy-faced, bare-footed horde of small boys and girls has descended upon the chamber of commerce and borne away all the flags and bunting used for street decoration during the Stampede. The banners had been piled outside the building by the crew which took them down, and the youngsters discovered them. By that marvelous grapevine telegraph, which keeps small boys informed of matters important to themselves, the news was spread, and now every scrap of the red, white and blue bunting has disappeared. In every corner of the city (just to show how generally the information was disseminated) boys and girls can be seen today, enacting military or patriotic dramas about these gay flags.

How about that pool? If all of us who are wishing for a chance to go swimming will only whoop things up for a week or two the municipal natatorium will become a fact.

Profits and patriotism are not conflicting influences with James Newcomb, proprietor of the Vienna cafe. Profits may go hang if they are to interfere with patriotism, says Newcomb, and to prove it he has posted before his lunch counter a poster on which the following inscription appears beneath the Stars and Stripes:

If this is not your FLAG, or if you are not in sympathy with the GOVERNMENT that it represents DO NOT EAT HERE AMERICANS AND FRIENDS OF AMERICA only are welcome.

A good way of showing real patriotism is to be offered today by a committee of Missoula women in the form of tags dedicated to French children orphaned by the war. The French army is not like our own. Every Frenchman serves, whether he has dependents or not. And in enduring for three years the worst of the German attack the French army has been decimated. Hundreds and hundreds of little children have been made fatherless, and many of them must go into institutional homes (if not hun-

dry) unless help is given. For the sakes of the smallest children aid has been organized here and abroad, so that they may be left in their mothers' care for a few years at least. Missoula has already subscribed enough to save two children for their mother, but hundreds are uncared for. The money realized today from a sale of tags will be devoted to this cause.

A dime buys a tag.

The fact that July 14 is to a Frenchman what July 4 is to us, makes this a fitting occasion for this French relief. Today is a red-letter day in the history of democratic progress, for on July 14, 1789, the French people, rising against an autocratic aristocracy, destroyed the Bastille. Now France has been "bled white" for democracy's sake, and Americans are asked to aid the helpless sufferers.

HOW ONE CAT DOES HER "BIT" IN WAR

According to a soldier recently returned from the front this is a true story. It is the story of how one French section learned to meet a gas attack. The moment that a gas bomb explodes they take to their dugout. The first move, of course, is to put on gas masks. The medicine dog, who travels with the ambulance, has his own mask and knows enough not to remove it. There is no mask for the cat that keeps the men company. Perhaps she doesn't need any.

Down in the dugout, 20 feet below the surface, the men sit by candle light and wait until they think that the gassing has stopped. It is at this time that the "official sniffer" gets busy. He is one of the men who is chosen, or who volunteers, to go above and take a sniff at the air to find out whether or not it is safe for the rest to come up. He climbs out of the dugout, removes his mask and sniffs. If it is not safe he will know soon enough, snap on his mask again and scurry back into the dugout.

After a while he will come up again to go through the same performance. When he notifies his companions that the air is clear, they all emerge. Sometimes when the air has been very thick with gases and there might be danger for a man to take off his mask, the cat is flung out of the dugout to act as a "sniffer." She can sniff better than a man, and there is the slightest sign of gas she will come scrambling back as fast as she can.

LETTER MONTHS ON WAY.

Modesto, Cal.—Strictness of the European censorship and the round-about course which letters from Rumania have to travel to reach America are shown by a letter received recently by Attorney Leon H. Yankwich of Modesto, from his sister, Miss Louise Yankwich, at Jassy, Rumania. The letter had been on the way since November 28, making the trip by way of Petrograd. It apparently had been opened by several censors. While the city of Jassy is in northern Rumania and not subject to German invaders, this letter shows that the country in its vicinity is passing through an almost unbearable ordeal.

The man who sits down and waits for fortune to come along and smile on him needs a soft cushion.

"THE BEAR THAT WALKS LIKE A MAN," COMES BACK.



25 Years Ago What Missoula Was Doing on This Date in 1892.

(From the Missoula Gazette of Thursday, July 14, 1892.)

The ratification meeting under the auspices of the Young Men's Democratic club drew an immense crowd to the courthouse square last evening. Charles Hall, vice president of the club, president, and introduced Hon. F. G. Higgins, who was one of the six delegates from the state to the convention which nominated Cleveland and Stevenson. C. B. Ferguson read a resolution endorsing the nominees of the party. It was received with cheers.

The three companies of soldiers which left Missoula night before last for the Coeur d'Alenes reached the bridge just this side of Mullan yesterday morning in time to see it blown up with dynamite. They returned and will go to Wallace by way of Spokane. The situation in Wallace is more serious than it had been. There has as yet been no conflict between the regulars and the men, but one is hourly expected. Dynamite will be the weapon of the men, and it is probable that before morning every mine and mill in the Coeur d'Alenes will be blown up. The men have taken positions on the hills where they can watch every move of the military and are so placed that they cannot be dislodged by anything but shells, and there is nothing larger than a galling gun here. Fully 1000 regulars will be ready for action tomorrow, it is thought. General Miles yesterday received orders to proceed from Chicago to the Coeur d'Alenes and is now on his way in a special train.

THE MORNING SMILE.

Pickles Ready to Help. In connection with the production of "Hitchy-Koo" they're telling a little tale about Pickles Sinclair, one of its chorus girls. A week or so before the show opened out of town she heard Mr. Hitchcock say—possibly in jest, possibly seriously—"I've got to have 10000 quick or I can't open this ory."

"Honestly!" she asked. "Honestly!" he replied. "Well, lend me to a long-distance telephone," said Pickles, "and we'll fix that little matter up in a jiffy."

When Pickles wasn't permitted to help she was downright provoked.

By Way of Diversion. Said Silas McGuggin, in Peeweeple's store: "I don't think I'll come in this place any more. This crowd has the notion my brain's taken wings because I express myself freely on things. You don't seem to care for advice and the like. Well, I'm not a fool and I'm not a Dump Ike. The wisdom I hand you is pure and it's deep. You ought to be glad that I talk such a heap." "Now, Silas," said Grandpa McGee, speaking low, "the idea yer talk gets us goin' ain't so. We don't mind the noise you release from yer dome. We know you can't talk much up there at yer home. We're willing to listen through pity, old man." Said Silas: "Thought! All that stuff you might can." And as he went out with a frown on his mur, Jed Peeweeple tapped his old hard cider jug.

Karpe Had No Dog. Curt Karpe and Jack Houston, actors and members of the Green Room club, have enlisted to fight for the United States. Karpe was born in Germany, but he is a naturalized American citizen and wants to serve his adopted country to the best of his ability. When he went to the headquarters of the Thirteenth New York regiment, national guard, to enlist, he was asked

for his naturalization papers. He was prepared for such a request. Reaching in his pocket, he handed the sergeant a paper. The latter examined it and turned it over to the lieutenant. Both men appeared puzzled. Finally the lieutenant asked: "Do you own a dog?" "I used to, but not now," replied Karpe. "Why?" "This paper says no dogs are allowed in the troupe."

Karpe, through a mistake, had handed the sergeant an old theatrical contract.

A Thought for Today. The town drunkard of Nutley, N. J., went to bed the other night absolutely sober and awoke with a terrible "head."

Foolishment. I haven't got much space today. We leave it out, oh, reader, mine! We leave out, oh, reader, mine! You're willing? Say, that's simply fine.

From the Chestnut Tree. "When the lawmakers of a country have horse sense—"

"That country should have a stable government."

Dr. Bingle's Tips. Never worry about the height of a coat. He's bound to be over four feet.

The Complete Home. Laura Hamilton, musical comedy actress, has a negro maid named Nancy. Recently Miss Hamilton leased a furnished apartment on the word of a friend that it was comfortable. Then she sent Nancy up to it. The negro maid reported later that the place was very nice.

"Any vermin in it?" asked Miss Hamilton. "Say, Miss Laura," replied Nancy,

"don't you worry 'bout dat. Dey's avatheng in it, ah tells yoh—evatheng."

Forgot His Mission. Doc McClue came into the office yesterday, laughing like a gargoyle. "Whence the mirth?" we inquired. "Why, till I tell you?" procastinated Doc. "You know old Harry?"

Yes, we know him. Approaching middle age, married but still talkative. That was the fellow. "Well, old Harry comes into my office this morning and I said 'Hello, Harry,' and he said 'Hello, Doc,' and I said, 'What's on your mind?' and he said 'Nothing much, I guess.' So I told him a story I heard last night and that reminded him of one he heard last week, and so it went. And finally he said he guessed he'd have to be toddling along toward the office. 'Well,' says I, 'run along then, family all well!'"

"Oh, that reminds me," says Harry. "That's why I called. My wife's had some kind of a stroke, and I was sent down here to tell you to go right over. Turn it, your story made me forget what I came for."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOT THAT KIND. The wife of General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien, who is engaged in adding to the comforts of wounded British soldiers in English hospitals, tells an amusing—and affecting—story of a soldier who had just recovered from a severe wound.

Feeling ill and very homesick, he went to headquarters to obtain leave of absence. "I haven't seen my wife for more than a year," he said in a most dejected manner.

"Why," said the colonel to whom he had applied, "I haven't seen my wife for nearly two years!"

"Well," said the soldier, earnestly and respectfully, "that may be, sir, but me and my wife aren't that kind!"

The "furlough was immediately granted.—Youth's Companion.

THE "SENG-BUSCH" Self Closing Ink Well \$2.00 Will Positively Cut Your Ink Bill 1/2 Self Closing Non-Evaporating The cut glass models are an ornament to any desk or library. The Office Supply Co. H. B. Boomer, Mgr. "Everything for the Office" Missoula, Mont.