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If Captain Kidd were alive today he would have high rank as a profiteer.

Hold out something for the Red Cross but pay your swimming pool subscription first.

La Follette is at least useful as a fine target for T. R., whose markmanship is as good as ever.

La Follette might be re-elected if the suffrage could be given to all the effigies of him that have been hanged.

Having expended 41,000,000,000 rubles on the war Russia is wondering whether she has had her money's worth.

The kaiser's slogan "onward with God" must refer to the direction in which General Haig is driving the Germans.

We recommend Colonel Bryan's grape juice as a goodbye beverage for Montana recruits about to depart for the camps.

The dove of peace may not be as wise as the owl but still has enough sense to beware of salt thrown by the black eagle of Prussia.

The Japs are about to send another commission to pledge eternal friendship to us and incidentally to pick up any war trade secrets that may be lying around.

Close observers noticed a batting of eyes and a restless running about in from twelve to fourteen seats when Representative Heflin moved for an investigation of charges in connection with von Bernstorff's slush fund.

We do not think it will be necessary for Senator Walsh to consult an astrologer if he desires the names of people of Montana in the instance of recommending Wheeler for re-appointment.

A famous philosopher once said that if fools were saved from their folly the world would soon be filled wit'. fools There is much coming to the tribe of Hohenzollerns and their followers but the world will be much wiser after their interment.

Montana's Indian summer is keeping right on after that good weather record.—Butte Miner.

Look at the calendar please! The Indian summer is not due until November and before that are to come the halycon days scheduled for some centuries as the most delightful period of October.

Food Administrator Hoover has sent a special appeal to save the entire apple crop because it will relieve the pressure on other foods. More than 200,000,000 bushels of applies are on the trees this year, but Mr. Hoover will have to do something more than make an appeal to save all. The government must aid in the matters of labor and storage.

We doubt if the citizens of Missoula have adequate appreciation of our band. It is one of the finest organizations of its kind in all the northwest It should have the heartiest support of our chamber of commerce and our people in general and much more encouragement than has been rendered. We do not know why, for instance, officers of the state fair should regard it as necessary to import a band from Denver when the services of the Missoula band were available and would have been entirely satisfactory. Then, too, we think that for the purpose of showing our neighbors in the state what we have, the chamber of commerce might have arranged to send the band to Helena on Missoula day. What is the use of having a superb concert band if not to advertise Missoula?

The college authorities throughout the country have acted wisely in lifting, for the time being, the restrictions of the fraternities on the period for initiating freshmen. In most universities freshmen are not initiated until after the first term or after the freshman year. The great depletion of membership because of the enlistment by the men of the three upper classes has made it impossible for some of the fraternities to maintain their houses. Only the members of a college fraternity can appreciate the benefits of their association. It is a very vital element of university life and carries lasting value. All aid should be extended to the fraternities by the college authorities and the alumni in their efforts to hold a highly important place in university life.

GO TO CHURCH TOMORROW.

Why not plan today to attend church tomorrow? And for that matter, why not plan it for every Sunday?

We are living in times that try men's souls. We ought to be thinking more of the spiritual side of life. Our young men are leaving us to die for the preservation of our lives, our homes and our liberties. Is it not then a fitting time that we should give an hour or more each week to listen to those who have given their lives to the sacred cause of making the world better and preparing souls of men for the future life?

Missoula is fortunate in having ministers of the Gospel who are uplifting, earnest, educated, able men, whose work outside of the pulpit is of the highest importance to the growth of our community. We do not place church services in the catalogue of entertainments, but we feel sure that every one of us who attends church will return home with new inspiration, with better thoughts and better prepared for the duties of the week.

Let us keep this matter in mind, especially in war times. Begin tomorrow, if you have not already acquired the very excellent habit of church attendance.

MORE KULTUR.

In a news report of a recent German air raid in an English village we find the following:

> Crashing through the upper floors of the school building, the bomb dropped into the infants' room and exploded among a big class of children not over 5 years old. Thirteen of these little ones were killed. Two of the thirteen were blown to such small fragments that no trace of them could be found.

May the lord of battles in his infinite wisdom and infallible justice smite the author of that crime!

May we not wait long for the hangman's bell to call the new Attila with the withered arm and cruel heart!

OH, DEAR! OH, DEAR!

Pardon us, Mr. Hoover, if we yawn. We are becoming fatigued. You are boring us at Lolo. We are with you to the top of Mount Lolo in winning the war but there must be a resting place somewhere, even for a person of your officious importance.

We are led to this show of impatience by the recent solemn request of the food department to our wives and kids to cease eating candy. Sugar must be saved. The nation is becoming sweetless. The Ethel Barrymore chocolate marshmallow must go. Then the ice cream cone and later, we suppose, the extra lump of sugar in the morning coffee.

Candy has a very well defined food value. It is an aid to the continuance of good health. Besides, we like it. We are not convinced that we should give it up because our food father tells us to.

By the way! Will someone call Mr. Hoover's station.

A WORD IN ADVANCE.

The Butte Miner is entirely right in submitting plain talk on the condition of the drafted men before and after their arrival in Spokane. Nothing is to be gained by ignoring this disgraceful episode from a sense of shame or false pride.

The Missoulian called attention to a similar condition of affairs in this city on the departure of our own men and joins with the Miner in the hope that further reference to the matter will be unnecessary. The governor of Montana should make a special request to the authorities throughout the state for their co-operation in closing all drinking places for three hours at least before the next departure of drafted men. The sight of men intoxicated to the point of disorder leaves an unpleasant memory to the citizens and relatives who are bidding them Godspeed to fight for their country.

STILL USEFUL.

Husband—Well, I've been rejected. The army doctor says my vision is defective, my feet are flat, my lungs are weak, my heart misses a beat, my kidneys——

Wife—Oh, how nice. Now you can help me clean house. Carry down the mattresses, beat the rugs, scrub the kitchen floor, move the piano and bring down that old bureau from the attic.—Judge.

PLEASANT THOUGHT.

"I love to hold the ten of diamonds."

"The ace is a much better card."

"I like the ten. Think of a cluster of diamonds that size!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

By Other Editors

Measure Too Narrow.

New York Times—As the bill before congress to regulate "trading with the enemy" stands at present, the section designed to prevent the more or less secret publication of seditious or traitorous comment on the policies and acts of the United States government applies only to papers printed in the German language. Yet people who are more familiar with our foreign-language papers than the draftsmen of this bill seem to be well aware of the fact that our German papers are not alone in serving the cause of the Central Empires as against that of America and her allies. Therefore, any law on this subject might well be extended to cover every American publication who addresses its readers in English. With some of these papers, of course, the precaution is not necessary, as they preach sound doctrine in all they say about the war, but even for the best of them there would be no hardship, and an appreciable advantage, if they gave their readers a chance to see in an adjoining column a good translation of the commendable sentiments they express in an exotic tongue.

Reducing Car Shortage.

Chicago Tribune—The railroads of the country deserve high credit for the showing they have made since the United States entered the war. It constitutes practical patriotism to a preeminent degree. Take the figures presented by Fairbax Harrison, chairman of the Railroads' War Board. Since April 30, Mr. Harrison reports, the car shortage—that is, the excess of unfilled requisitions over available cars—have been reduced by 70 per cent. This has been accomplished in part by the reduction of passenger-train service, in part by increased efficiency of operation, and in part by obtaining the assistance and co-operation of shippers. In view of the enormous strain that our war preparations are imposing on the railroads, we cannot but express our gratitude for their accomplishment. It is a record worthy of umulation by the other industries of the country. Very few have equalized or surpassed it.

The Why of Hat Brigands.

Detroit News—It costs more than $70 a year to have a $3 hat checked, providing the owner is one of those unfortunates who must eat two meals a day in a dining place where the hat-checking trust has established one of its lairs. This also assumes that the hat owner on each occasion hands the representative of the trust the conventional fee of 10 cents. A writer in a current magazine wonders why we stand the robbery. The answer is easy. We stand it because we are too cowardly to protest. Each of us is afraid that we will be called mean and stingy if we do not give away money that has not been earned. Most of us are under the delusions that we really are giving the pleasant young woman or the affable young man in charge of the hatrack a contribution. We know all about the checking trust, and know that the servitor on the job gets only a fraction of our largess, while the remainder goes to enrich the mysterious persons higher up, who control the checking privilege. It is nothing but cowardice—the fear of the opinion of persons whose good or bad opinion is of no moment—which makes the series of small extortions possible.

Death Is Better Than Hun Victory

A pathetic scene was witnessed at a railroad station the other day when a mother bade farewell to her son, as he departed for a training camp. The poor woman was almost overcome with emotion. Her only boy was turning his back upon the home. She felt that she was telling him good-bye forever, and she so stated to the manly fellow who stood before her. "You will never come back," she sighed—"Oh, my boy; you will never come back to me if you go to France!"

The young fellow took his mother in his arms. He assured her that the chances were he would return. "But," he said, "listen, mother: If I die fighting in France, I shall be better off than you will be here in this country if Germany wins the war."

Mothers and fathers should read the words of this brave boy. They should have them impressed upon their minds. For not since the war started has any man uttered greater philosophy. The dead soldiers in France will be better off than the living people in this country if Germany wins! They will at least be beyond the reach of a Prussian military officer; they can no longer be kicked off the streets; they will not have to stand with folded arms and witness a brute of an officer outrage a sister or strike a mother over the head with a sword, or see a baby brother stuck through with a bayonet. All these things have been witnessed by the people of the countries where the Germans rule. Aye, better dead a hundred times, than to be the slaves of the foulest military hierarchy that has ever cursed the earth! The writer of this has an only boy in the war. He had rather see him torn to pieces by a shell upon the field of battle than to see a German army officer enter his home.—Columbus Dispatch.

WANTED MONEY'S WORTH.

"Have you any good reading magazines?"

"We have all the best periodicals, sir. But why do you ask for the 'reading' kind?"

"Well, I don't want to buy a magazine, expecting to while away an hour with it, only to discover that it is full of actresses' pictures, and get through with it in about 10 minutes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

ANOTHER MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Mr. Lynch and his friend were discussing family names and their history.

"How did your name originate, Lynch?" asked the friend.

"Oh, probably one of my ancestors was of the grasping kind that you hear about so often. Somebody gave him an 'inch' and he took an 'L.'"

OUT OF THE WEST

25 Years Ago

What Missoula Was Doing on This Date in 1892.

(From the Morning Missoulian, September 29, 1892.)

Bar silver, 83 1-4.

Have you registered?

Don't forget the speaking at the opera house next Saturday evening.

Helena is to be given an opportunity to play ball with Missoula at $1,000 per game.

Mrs. Keim is now displaying some magnificent plums raised at her residence n Cedar street.

The Catholic fair will take place October 17 and several ladies are already out hunting up votes.

Lou Hunt has received a car load of Baltimore oysters and is giving them away, one with every drink.

The new Northern Pacific hospital is rapidly nearing completion and already shows a beautiful building.

The portion of Front street burned out by the fire of last month is being rapidly built up and that part of the city present quite a busy appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Murphy will occupy rooms in the Montana Commercial building during the winter. The rooms have been handsomely decorated and furnished.

Some weird, wild verses by a Bozeman poet were distributed around town yesterday in dodger form accompanied by an invitation to vote for Bozeman for the capital. The beautiful city had quite a chance before this blow but now her prospects look gloomy indeed.

THE MORNING SMILE.

A Kindly Deed.

"Henry, a poor tramp came to the house this morning with his toes sticking out of his tattered shoes, so I gave him"——

"The only extra pair of shoes I had to my name, and they were as good as new. Woman"——

"Softly, softly, Henry. Don't lose your temper. Let me finish what I was going to say. I gave him a little box of foot powder, and he said he would never forget my kindness."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Black Cynicism.

Emerson Hough, the novelist, was condemning a pessimistic novelist famous in Europe.

"This dub," he said, vigorously, "gives a cynical, black, nasty meaning to the most innocent and harmless things.

"I met him once at a dinner in Paris.

"'Faint heart,' I happened to say, 'never won fair lady.'

"'Oh, I dont know, Mr. Hough,' the rascal sneered. 'Don't most men get married because they haven't got the courage to back out?'"—Washington Star.

Driving a Bargain.

A drummer tells an amusing story of a trade he witnessed in a small Indiana town. A man with a wagonload of brooms was dickering with the proprietor of the grocery store, who was anxious to buy his entire stock and pay half in cash and half in merchandise out of the store. The broom man wanted the money. At last the grocer offered half in cash and half in goods at cost.

With some reluctance the broom-maker closed the trade. There were 20 dozen brooms at 20 cents a broom, in all $48. The man was paid his $24 in cash and the brooms were unloaded and stacked up in the grocer's big front window.

"Now," said the grocer, with a wave of his hand, 'just make your selection from anything in my store at cost, $24 worth."

The man stood first on one foot, then on the other, and thought. Then he said: "Wal, I believe I'll jist take $24 worth of brooms at cost."—The Christian Herald.

'Elp! 'Elp!

A Philadelphia clergyman who is something of a wag, tells this story on a brother minister, with whom he recently attended a convention in Washington:

"The conductor on a street car on which we were riding one day," he said, "was most apparently of English birth. We had hardly seated ourselves when I was attracted by his pronunciation.

"'Haitch street,' he called, shortly after he were seated.

"'Hi' was the next call. Then followed 'J' and 'K.' At this juncture my companion got up.

"'I'm going to get off here,' he said. 'I can't stay to hear the next.'"—Philadelphia Times.

Woman Helps Run Bagdad For Season 1917-18

For the first time in England's history a woman is helping to govern conquered territory. This woman is Miss Gertrude Lawthian Bell, who is acting as assistant political officer at Bagdad. She is the eldest daughter of Sir Hugh Bell, the great ironmaster and coal owner.

No woman has ever filled such a post before, and no one could have been chosen who is better qualified to fill it than Miss Bell. She has traveled in Syria, Asia Minor and Arabia for many years, learning to know the people, their customs, their language and their political history.

She journeyed from Damascus to Bagdad and back only a few months before the war broke out, and was the first European to visit Havil, the Shammar capital, in Central Arabia, for more than twenty years. In 1909 she was robbed by Kurdish brigands of her horses and baggage during a trip through Asia Minor, but she emerged from that adventure, as from many others, without harm, and succeeded in gingering up the Turkish government sufficiently to have the property recovered and restored to her. This in itself was a feat of daring, and those who have had dealings with the Turkish government will testify that it is almost worth one's life to hold on to what one has, let alone recover that which has been taken away.

Roller Skates With Pneumatic Tires Now

New York.—Charles H. Clark of New York has invented a roller skate with pneumatic tires which is said to be cheap, noiseless and efficient. These skates require only about one-third of the exertion necessary for walking.

SURE OF ONE MEAL.

"Well," chirped the poet, "I've just earned my Christmas dinner."

"So far in advance? What do you mean?"

"Just sold a Santa Claus poem to a magazine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Musical Trees

"To the lover of nature the sounds of the mountains and forests are notes in the greatest symphony ever written. What the ordinary man speaks of as buzzing bees, running water, singing rocks, murmuring pines, or rustling leaves, the outdoor connoisseur recognizes as different instruments in the great orchestra." So we read in a book about plants written by Royal Dixon and Franklin Everett Fitch.

"Every day in every forest a free concert is in progress. . . The repertoire ranges all the way from the crescendos of the tempest to the lento sostenutos of a summer's afternoon. Overtures, anthems, . . . all have their turn. Every twig and leaf rustles a glad accompaniment. The running brook sings in all voices from a piping treble to a tolerably deep bass. The rain pelts melodiously on the dry leaves. Insects, birds and animals make their harmonious contributions. The wind and the trees play an entire symphony by themselves.

"Very few of the trees are self-playing. They are mostly docile instruments in the hands of the wind. Each has its range and its tone. The musical possibilities of each vary with the seasons. Ordinarily, the music of the trees is soft and caressing, but there are times when they are called upon to wrestle with the tempest. . . Under such conditions it is hard to distinguish the notes of the individual instruments. A gentle breeze is better calculated to bring out their accomplishments. The pines are very noticeable for the exceptional quality of their music. Like miniature harps and guitars, their myriad needles tinkle with the slightest motion of the air. The gentle whisper of their orchestration may be heard on all but the calmest of days. In a stiff breeze, the pine needles become the reeds of a mighty pipe-organ."

"Another small-leaved tree which produces delicate, voice-like music is the oleander. In Galveston, Texas, the 'Oleander City,' under the influence of the breezes from the gulf of Mexico, they play and sing all night. The trembling aspen and most poplars produce a clear tinkling sound which sounds a great deal like bells in the distance."

"The cedars, caught in the vortex of a gale, whistle with the note of a high-powered transmitter. The mangrove produces a grunting sound when the wind plays on its aerial roots. The branches of elms and maples flop and snap with the noise of a hundred kettle drums, while the cottonwood gives forth a weak hissing sound.

"Large-leaved trees like the tropical palms, have the regular place of drummer assigned to them. Their heavily moving leaves give a very good imitation of the weird effects produced by a human master of the taps. The banana tree is the bass drummer.

"The trees are not altogether dependent on their leaves for their music. Not a few play their best compositions in the autumn and winter when the leaves are on the ground. The tulip tree is a frequent late autumn performer. When its seed pods burst open they disclose thousands of tiny circular instruments upon which the wind plays the most weird and enchanting music. The winter music of the Chinese umbrella tree is a melodious laugh, so imitative of human mirth as to earn for it the name of 'laughing tree.' There is a certain simplicity and directness of theme about winter tree music which the confused rustling of leaves prevents in summer."—George Elliott Reviews "Walden."

Talk of the Town

"Not all the drafted men, who passed through Missoula, Sunday evening failed to act as gentlemen," says Mrs. Fred P. Reardon discussing reports that the drafted men from Butte had been drinking and that they were rough in speech and action. Mrs. Reardon continues: "My son, Stephen J. Reardon, a Misoula boy and a graduate of the University of Montana in the class of 1911, was one of the number from Butte, since his work is in Butte. I was at the station to say goodbye to my boy. He was the only one whom I knew in the group, but there were others who acted also as perfect gentlemen.

"I am strongly against liquor, but I feel that the fact that some of the soldier boys being under the influence of liquor ought not to be placed so much to their discredit, as to the discredit of those persons who sold them liquor or who gave them liquor."

"Mare Island's quota of marines is made up of the real fighting men of the western colleges," says D. S. Roysdon, a State University student who is in Missoula for a brief visit before leaving for American Lake, having been assigned there after short training at the California station. "Just to show their caliber the college men organized a football team which defeated the University of California 27 to 0."

Beckett of Oregon is captain of the team and 'Bull" Ambrose, "Dutch" Molthen and "Sandy" Sanderson, all old Montana stars, are doing good work on the eleven, Roysdon says.

Roysdon went to Mare Island with Sanderson, William Kane and Wallace Lebkicher during the summer. He was deeply impressed by the military efficiency he found there and says that the western marines will do more than their bit in France.

He saw Paul Dornblaser and "Red" Cummins, former university athletes, and John Power of Missoula before they left for an eastern concentration camp and also met Van Housen and Higbee, Missoula marines who expect soon to go to France.

For a period of three months the girls at the Missoula telephone exchange have had a rest; for a period of three months not one "hello" girl has tossed in her sleep and murmured "83 is busy."

Now they are at it again; just the overture now; the big act lasting nine months will start in a few days.

"83s" will be whispered over the wires from all parts of the city, and the patient girls will spend day and night informing young men that the "line is busy."

Of course, it's no use to explain that 83 is the telephone number at the girls' dormitory, at the State University.

The State University opened its doors yesterday, and with the opening a cheerful smile spread over the city of Missoula.

Gaily dressed girls, with garments of many colors are flocking to the city on each train; that is sufficient cause for the taxi drivers and ribbon merchants to smile.

Carefully groomed boys, with shiny new clothes are arriving; that makes merchants of every description smile—that is, they'll smile for awhile; the boys have money now, but later—well, let tomorrow take care of itself.

Says "Red Heads" Don't Get Peeved

Sunny dispositions, efficiency, staying qualities, even tempers.

All those qualities of virtue and many more, are included in one branch of the human race—red headed girls. That was the opinion of George J. Reed of the Yellow Cab company of Minneapolis when he inserted an advertisement recently for:

Telephone operator, experienced, to take care of switchboard (one with red head preferred). Good pay. Ask for Mr. Foley.

This inch on the advertising page stirred up Minneapolis so far as potential switchboard operators were concerned, and among red haired girls in general who did not object to "good pay."

One black haired girl had the courage to apply, explaining that when she was an infant her head used to be "just covered with red curls, and they might come back again any day, you know."

Applicants were made to stand in line as at a recruiting station, and one by one they showed their hair to Mr. Foley. Some were young, others were not, but seventy-seven of the 150 girls who lined up had hair that was either scarlet, crimson, maroon, russet or ruby red. Some of them were auburn curls down their backs; some came without any hats at all, to show the brilliance of their coiffures.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Foley at last asked for help from Mr. Reed, the author of the fateful advertisement. After scanning the line of applicants, Reed selected the winner.

"I asked for red headed girls because they are more efficient than others and stay in one position for a long time," he explained. "I have found that they can handle a switchboard without getting peeved."—Minneapolis Tribune.

Son of General Greene Is Named Aide de Camp

Camp Lewis, Tacoma, Sept. 28.—The war department has paid Major General Greene, commander of Camp Lewis, the compliment of permitting his son, Captain James S. Greene, Sixth U. S. Cavalry to serve as the general's aide de camp. Captain Greene is now stationed at Sierre Blanca on the Mexican border.

Five thousand recruits of the new national army today plunged into the cold waters of American Lake as a part of their regular drill. The cold plunge and a long hike afterwards is a part of the hardening process, which is expected to fit them for the rigors of campaigning in France.

Lieutenant Colonel C. P. Miller, inspector general has arrived at Camp Lewis and been assigned as camp inspector.