

GOOD, CLEAN WORK.

The people of Montana have been well served by the legislature in extraordinary session. Under the guidance and inspiration of the governor who had framed a brief, but careful program of laws most needed, our lawmakers went to their work with a fine spirit of unity, patriotism and a complete disregard for anything like partisan politics.

The two new laws relating to seditious speech and sabotage were especially needed, and as passed, will, we feel assured, provide for every contingency that may arise. It will be only necessary to enforce these laws to clear Montana of any outspoken evidence of pro-Germanism and of the cowardly, sneaking revolutionists who attempt to practice sabotage in any form.

This is essentially self-protection, but very necessary to the nation, and since we have found that the federal authorities have been unable to provide such protection as we needed and anticipated, there is nothing left for us to do, but to adjust this matter ourselves. It was either that or opening the way for mob outrage. It is certain that the loyal people of Montana will never again stand for the things that have happened and have been spoken in this state within the past eight months.

We regret that the home guard bill was defeated, yet of the three war measures, that was the least necessary. Whenever the officers need help, deputies may be appointed and sworn in for duty. Probably there will be troops available, too, if needed. At any rate the big thing is to secure the laws, and the people, we have no doubt, will see that the officers enforce them.

The appropriation of \$500,000 for the Council of Defense and the legalization of that body also meet with our approval. We think that the council may be safely trusted to get the best results from this money, and certainly there should be no delay in solving the serious problem of seed grain for the farmers.

Other measures adopted by the legislature are of less importance, but necessary. Especially are we pleased by the action of the delegated authority of the people of this state, in calling attention to the breakdown of the federal prosecutor's office and public cognizance of the interpretation of federal law by the federal court of this jurisdiction.

What we like best of all in these proceedings is the high spirit of loyalty to our government and the determination that Montana shall spare no effort, either at home or abroad to do her part in winning the war.

"DEUTSCHLAND UBER ALLES."

Last week in New York harbor, as a steamer was passing the Statue of Liberty, a considerable number of people gathered at the rail and sang "Deutschland Uber Alles."

No, this was not a German warship headed for New York, as one might infer offhand. It was an outgoing steamer, bound for the balmy clime of the southern states. Who were the singers? They were German aliens bound for the internment camps where, under the most favorable conditions, they will idle away their time in playing games and other forms of enjoyment, with probably some work to their taste, while the rest of us shiver under the winter winds and continue the work of winning the war.

Certainly that was an enlightening spectacle. These men had come to America from their own country, because they sought a land where there was a possibility for them to succeed, and live outside of a military autocracy that ruled the lives and fortunes of the people. Here they met with success. Some of them even became prominent in business and the professions. No form of torture could have induced them to return to Germany.

What form of gratitude do they show to the country that harbored them, and offered opportunities which they could have found nowhere else? Treason, sedition, every effort that they could summon to aid Germany and defeat the United States, is the answer. The thought of this sight should start the hot blood coursing through the veins of every real American.

"Deutschland Uber Alles," as the boat swept by the statue of Liberty. We have a new law for

the handling of these people in Montana and if any one makes so much as a peep out loud, we hope that the honest citizen who hears will escort that person to the police station.

HOW MOSES WON.

One of our readers down the Bitter Root who, like some others, is beginning to wonder and worry over the single-handed and single-track conduct of the war at Washington, recalls an interesting story to give point to an argument.

Things had been going fairly well with the children of Israel on their long journey from Egypt until they met up with Amalek and his army. Amalek was the kaiser of his time and believed in a thorough one-man government and a militaristic rule. Joshua and his army of Israelites were sent out by Moses to fight. Moses followed, and surrounded by his counsellors, military and otherwise, sat on a hill and watched the battle. Joshua succeeded as long as Moses held up his hands, but when his hands dropped from fatigue Amalek began to win. Then Moses called for Aaron and Hur who were along with them, and told them to stand on either side and hold up his hands. The result is well known. Joshua's army went ahead, the whole fighting strength of the Israelites was united, the journey was continued and the Promised Land was reached.

The plain inference to our correspondent is that the president and his cabinet ought to welcome all aid that may be offered. If a war council of three of the ablest men of America to be appointed by the president and dismissed by him at his pleasure, can help win the war, then, by all means, let us have a war council.

For the information of those people who are vague in the minds as to the meaning of sabotage, we publish in another column the text of the new Montana law. We advise a careful study of it. It is loaded with trouble for such people as would experiment with sabotage on their neighbors.

We publicly withdraw our former suggestion that Senator Walsh find another place for Wheeler. We have no desire to inflict another community in that way and we rely upon Senator Walsh to rid Montana of the infliction without further loss of time.

Some of our radical friends think the governor and the legislature sought to find a substitute for free speech. Nothing of the kind. Their only effort was to make free speech safe for everybody, including the I. W. W.

We will watch Doc Lanstrum's war garden to see whether the Record-Herald's love for the Non-Partisan league sticks through a senatorial campaign.

Von Hindenburg may be in Paris by April 4 as a prisoner of war. He did not mean that, of course, but let us hope it turns out that way.

T. R. is getting well fast and will soon be swinging the big stick over the incompetents that are tumbling over themselves at Washington.

One of these days the kaiser may slick his hands above his head and yell "kamerad." Then the world will be safe for democracy.

I now warn my country, as far as my impotent voice can reach—Senator James Hamilton Lewis.

"Impotent" is right!

If Wheeler is at all solicitous for Senator Walsh's health, he will resign so that the senator will have less to think about.

If "Bill" Haywood can use Representative Davis of Teton as a messenger boy, we will try to see him off at the train.

No cost will be too great to wipe the stain of a pro-German judge from the escutcheon of Rosebud county.

Montana money would be well invested in legislative salaries, if all sessions were as useful as the last.

Just as we guessed, the Huns made Trotzky swallow it whole and say that he liked it.

This German peace talk may be a revival of the well-known game of the Trojan horse.

The question of the hour is whether Judge Bourquin will act on the hint.

Another Traitor!

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By J. H. Cassel

Talk of the Town



Americans Grateful for Louis XVI.

Americans living in Paris placed a splendid wreath of flowers on the tomb of Louis XVI on the anniversary of the unhappy monarch's birth, says professor Henry Haxo, teacher of modern languages at the State University. Professor Haxo's sister, Madame Flamemont, is in charge of the Expiatory chapel of Louis XVI in Paris. The wreath, Madame Flamemont writes, was inscribed as follows: "To the King Louis XVI, the Liberator of America; Americans and Frenchmen have become again companions in arms."

Apparently the act was a friendly continuation of the spirit manifested by General Pershing in his recent tribute to Lafayette and General Joffre in his famous praise of Washington.

The chapel in which the wreath was placed is in the very center of Paris near the Church of the Madeleine and the Grand Opera. In it for many years reposed the bodies of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette and the Swiss Guards who fell at the Tuileries during the revolution. Though Louis XVI hardly represented the democratic spirit which now actuates the French and American republics, his aid did make possible American independence, so that the placing of the wreath was not inappropriate.

Missoula Soldiers Sleep in Trenches.

An extremely realistic introduction to trench life was given to several Missoula men at Camp Lewis, according to Frank Phillips, a university boy in training there.

"Several of the Missoula men, including Emmett Gragg, John Marble, 'Babe' Kron, Clarence Hawk and Patrick Henry Buckley, got a real taste of trench war recently," he writes. They slept, or tried to sleep, in the trenches at the north end of the parade grounds. It was a bitter cold night and a drizzling rain was falling. The men spread their 'shelter halves' on the ground, laid their blankets on these and covered the blankets with a poncho. Then they took off their shoes and crawled into bed. The rain continued to drizzle. By midnight little pools of water were forming in the bedrooms. Hawk and Gragg were sleeping side by side. "Say, Hawk, quit your crowding," whispered Gragg, after taking as much abuse as he could bear. "You shoved my nose against the wall that time."

"Well, I'm not going to warm up this puddle of water and then let you sleep in it," cried Hawk as he gave Gragg another push.

The men are in fine trim and eager for action, Phillips writes. Phillips himself expects to be transferred soon to New Jersey and thence to France, having asked for the chance.

"Some Wheat," a Bit of Prophy.

W. A. Furnish of Missoula tries out as a prophet in the following verses. The rising price of wheat, he thinks, is likely to start all of us on the run for the farm. He says:

I wandered to the city, boys,  
And I stayed there to see  
If there were any people left  
In town to welcome me.

But none were left to greet me, boys,  
And few were left, you know,  
With the price so high they all have gone  
Great fields of wheat to sow.

No more will factories run, boys,  
To make clothes and woollen warm;  
They've closed all kinds of business—  
More money on the farm.

All railroad stocks are bum, boys,  
And Wall Street's gone to smash;  
No broker's left to run things—  
They've all gone out to thresh.

The kaiser's stopped the war, boys,  
Though he said he was not best,  
He told us what 'twas for, boys—  
More money raising wheat.

On the battle front the earth is torn  
As by a giant's plow.  
There is no war, they've stopped the scrap—  
They're raising wheat there now.

Frederick Hamann Not "Deserter" at All.

By process of elimination the Missoula county draft board is learning that most of the men listed as "slackers" for not returning their questionnaires are really patriots who are already in the service. Frederick Hamann is the newest addition to the patriot division of the list. His father, Emil Hamann of Ronan, wrote yesterday to Deputy Sheriff Henry Clemens, saying that the boy is now at Camp Lewis in training.

The draft board is not to be blamed for the confusion. Questionnaires had to be sent to all men registered for the draft. Naturally, the men already in the service did not receive or fill out their questionnaires. In checking over the list the board checked off the names of men known to be in the army or navy, but complete lists of volunteers were not available. As a result many real patriots were classed with the slackers who, by evading replies to the questionnaire, are in danger of arrest as army deserters. Hereafter, however, such lists will probably say:

"Men listed below are slackers if not already in the army or navy."

That's the case of young Hamann, anyhow. He's not a slacker, but a soldier.

RETRIBUTION.

"What are you working on, there?"

"A hymn of hate," replied the poet sternly.

"Dear me! Don't you know the American government discourages anything of that kind?"

"Oh, yes. But this is none of the government's business. It is addressed to a neighbor of mine who has played 'Over There' on his phonograph every night for the past seven weeks."

Birmingham Age-Herald.

A man never has to go half way to meet trouble.

Slavery Belgian Woman Forced to Labor for Huns.

The correspondent of The Times at Amsterdam writes: "At Blankenberge, the Germans forced a great number of servants to leave their situations and tried to compel them to take up the work of unloading, docking, and transportation for the army. The young girls refused and were shut up in the Hotel Belvedere, which served as a prison. Most of them persisted in their refusal and were liberated; they were requisitioned again and sent to different places, even to the wall of the port of Zeebrugge, in order to work there for the Germans. Daughters of farmers and the bourgeoisie from the surrounding country have also been requisitioned. 'The military authority does not spare even the disabled and ill. The Telegraaf correspondent on the frontier reports that a disabled man who happened to remark that foreign artisans forced to work that there was work that he could do with his hands. A one-armed man was told: 'We will give you a one-armed comrade and the two of you can do one man's work.' 'The communal school at Duzdeleik has been transformed into a penal colony. The building is surrounded with barbed wire, like a prisoner's camp. The chateau near Bruges is also employed as a penal colony.'"

The Rheinische Westfalische Zeitung recently contained a communication emanating from the Labor Exchange of Cologne, which said in part: "Industry meets with more and more difficulty in procuring artisans, difficulties that can be remedied only in so far as the supply of labor permits. The central intelligence office for manual labor asked at once that foreign artisans should be called on for aid. Those artisans will not be able to replace entirely the German workmen, to say nothing of their demands in respect to wages, which are very often in inverse ratio to their capacities. Experience, moreover, has still to teach us whether the employment of women from the occupied territories will be of advantage for the munition industries. The demand for women workers in the metallurgical industry, as well as in chemical and explosive industries, is very great, and the supply, according to the figures, is still diminished."

A BITTER DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Now, don't feel downcast," said the lawyer, whose client had just been convicted of embezzlement. "Five years in the penitentiary won't seem long, and you will get time off for good behavior."

"Say on, my friend," replied the former bank official sarcastically, "but I know better. I intended to spend the next five years as a retired capitalist touring South America."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

UNSHAKEN ADMIRATION.

"Anyhow," said the patient woman, "my husband is wonderfully law abiding."

"He isn't satisfied with one workless day a week. He wants five or six."—Washington Evening Star.

EVERY TIME A SMALL BOY GETS A WHIFF OF THE ODOR ARISING FROM THE KITCHEN HE PROCEEDS TO GET HUNGRY.

A Kiss for the Children of Gallant France

All the Nation Sees That War's Horrors Are Kept From Them as Much as Possible and They Show Stuff That Made Boches Unable to Take Verdun.

By LILLIAN CHESTER. (Copyright, 1918, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

Paris, Feb. 25.—One can never quite decide whether these smart little snappy children of France have been copied from the fashion magazines, or whether the fashion magazines have copied from the children!

To begin with, as soon as they're able to walk, they know how to wear their clothes.

The Frenchwoman's inborn knack of putting on a bonnet jauntily is in the tiniest girl toddler; the boy has the same jauntiness, and if he is the proud possessor of a military cape, he sure that one corner of it flaunts dashingly over his small shoulder, to reveal the gay lining.

On a day when there is a lifting of the mists which envelop Paris in the winter, and the sun comes out, and the very air glows as if it were full of the fine spun gold, it is a joy to walk on the Champs-Elysees, for the children are laughing there.

That walk is like turning over the pages of a brightly colored picture book.

The luminous lacework of the trees, on that beautiful broad avenue, the quaintly mingled traffic, the throngs of quietly assorted people on bench and parkway, the vendors, the park swings and merry-go-rounds, form the border embellishments; but the pictures, those bright splashes of vivid color here and there and everywhere, are the children.

There's a youngster with a wooden gun, for even the kiddies are doing without things on behalf of the big war; but they're not being deprived; they're making sacrifices, and know that they're doing it, and are proud of it!

Guns are especially popular these past few years with small boys. Knitted caps like dunnies, jammed down over their ears, the tassie half off of one cap and entirely off the other, and the invariable knitted muffler wrapped around the neck, and streaming over a shoulder or beneath an arm or somewhere, but flaunting with French jauntiness wherever the ends may be. Fire-red cheeks, they have, and wide grins, and a dancing devil in

each eye; and they are indulging in the perhaps unrefined but universal joy of bumping each other off the sidewalk.

The poor as well as the rich have a right to the Champs-Elysees, and while there may be a difference in the quality of their clothes and a difference in the way they wear them. Small difference, too, in the happiness of their faces, for the parents of France are doing this wonderful thing for their children, rich and poor and middle-class alike; they are keeping from them as much as possible the ghastly horror of this war.

There are those who have no parents, and a constantly growing problem. Much has been done toward saving these future generations which must replenish France; much more must be done. Those who have given, must give, and give, and give again; for these coming citizens need more than food and shelter; if they are to grow up useful to humanity, and as brave as the fathers who died for humanity's sake, they must be made happy as well as healthy.

No gloom for the little ones! Everyone in France makes that a constant effort.

It cannot be an easy task for a grief-stricken woman to turn always a smiling face when her child asks for his dead father.

It is one of our great privileges to know a certain little Madeleine, who is five and a half years old. Madeleine, of course, cannot remember when there was no war; but she can remember, with vivid distinctness, the air raids which occurred in the beginning, when the Germans were more convinced than now that the world was their football, and that all they had to do was come over in leisurely fashion, three or four nights a week, and drop bombs until all the little Madeleines and Yvonnees and Henriis and Jacques were destroyed.

Find God! More Than Soldiers in the Trenches, Says One.

Private Peat, the famous soldier, who after two years of the worst part of the war has come back to this country, says in the March American Magazine:

"If you had taken the biggest opportunity life ever held out to a man, wouldn't you smile? If you had gone down into hell for the sake of people who were there already, wouldn't you come back—if you were lucky enough to get back—with a smile? If you had learned more in the past two years about life and all that makes it worth living than you had found out in the previous twenty, wouldn't you be glad as you had never before dreamed of being glad?"

"I've got a right arm that may never be good even for a handshake—though I hope it will. Instead of a pair of lungs, I've got one and a fraction. But what of that? I notice that people care a lot more about gripping my left hand now than they ever used to care about getting hold of my right. I get all the air with one lung that I seem to need, and it isn't hot air, either."

"And suppose I hadn't come back at all? I know I'd be smiling now—and I wouldn't be doing it in hell, either. That's what you don't realize, you who are here at home. You don't know how things get clear and plain to us in the trenches. Talk about finding yourself! We find more than ourselves. We find God."

25 Years Ago What Missoula Was Doing on This Date in 1893.

A. J. King, ex-cashier of the Hennessy Mercantile company and a former well known resident of this city, is here on a visit from Butte.

Mr. and Mrs. Rowland entertained a few friends at cards last evening. The evening was passed most delightfully.

Amos Buck, George Buck, Frank Borough and Charley Buck have purchased the 40 acres of Indian land adjoining town on the south. We understand it will be platted and added to the new townsite.—Stevensville News.

Mrs. C. F. Davis and Mrs. George Brooks gave an elaborate card party at their pleasant rooms in the Hammond building last evening.

Hon. William Thompson, the well-known Montanan, who has several times served in the territorial legislature, is in the city on business.

C. H. McLeod, Henry Hammond, William Settle and C. A. Barnes leave this morning for New York. Mr. McLeod goes on business and pleasure combined, the trip affording him an opportunity for a vacation and brief rest from his arduous duties as general manager of the M. M. company.

EVIDENCE OF IMPROVEMENT.

"Professor, how is my little daughter doing with her music lessons?"

"Fine, Mr. Sprechelnitz; she can play the scale without sticking out her tongue."—Richmond Times Dispatch.

(More Tomorrow.)