

STUDY THE CANDIDATES.

With this issue we conclude a series of articles reviewing the careers of the several candidates for commissioner of public safety. Yesterday we gave the platform and a personal sketch of the present commissioner, Thomas E. Kemp, who is a candidate for reelection. Missoula, under the administration of Mr. Kemp and his excellent police force, has been well guarded. Such disorder as we have had has not been serious and is more or less common in every city. We have not suffered from professional criminals and there has been no mob violence and the city has been kept safe for its citizens. Mr. Kemp has lived in Missoula for thirty-three years, is intimately known to long service in the police department.

Today we give a sketch of William J. Moore, who has served three and a half years on the police force and is now a candidate for promotion. Mr. Moore may well point with pride to his fine record. Not only has he caught criminals, but he has sent them to the penitentiary, and that is the real test of police efficiency. His record shows his great ability for detecting criminals of national reputation. Certainly he is a high-grade police officer with a record for strict attention to duty, good sense and courtesy. He is one of the most popular young men in Missoula and his friends are confident that he will win in the primaries and at the election.

Between now and the primary election next Tuesday, please give careful attention to the qualifications of these candidates. We do not believe that our interests will suffer in the election of any one of them, and yet a crisis might arise in which one would deliver the goods where the others would fail. In fixing the choice, it is wise to consider any possible eventuality in this war-time year.

A SAMPLE.

We suggest that our readers give a moment of study to the career of Robert Burns Martin, in an adjoining column. Mr. Martin has been in the public eye, to some degree, for the past two weeks. He is one of Townley's traveling organizers who was scheduled to speak before the Missoula Forum, but failed to keep the date. The patriotic citizens of Columbus and Big Timber advised Mr. Martin to pass up the meetings scheduled for those towns, although he finally succeeded in speaking to a small audience at Billings.

We gathered the facts of Mr. Martin's career with some care, because we were interested in the character of a man who has been sent to Montana to tell our people what is wrong with our system of government, and how to change it so that everybody will be happy and contented.

The story of Martin's life speaks for itself. He is a minister without a church or a congregation. He was manager of a farmer's co-operative commission house in Spokane that lost \$80,000 in six months, and was closed out later with a deficit of \$13,000. He has been an agitator and organizer for one league or another of so-called reform work, always with a salary. He has been an unsuccessful farmer, but gave up the work because agitation brought him a salary that was more profitable. He is a radical Socialist and an unsuccessful candidate for office. He was a team made of D. C. Coates, a chum of Bill Hayward, who is now one of the officers of the new Nationalist party. He has been an agitator for good government leagues, the anti-saloon league, the Socialist party, the farmers' union, and the Non-Partisan league, but always a Socialist. Three years after arriving in Spokane he was sued on an old note given in Wisconsin while acting for the anti-saloon movement. He defaulted judgment when it was entered and the note was unpaid for years afterward.

Now then, will any reasonable man and especially our hard-working, hard-headed farmers, concede that an agitator with a record such as Martin's is qualified to instruct the people of this state in anything? What is there in this man's career or character that should call for the confidence of farmers or business men, or, indeed, anybody? He proposes the introduction of a vast

system of co-operative business, for the establishment of which the farmers are expected to give up \$10 a year for propaganda, yet as a business man he is an utter failure. Is it not absurd to think that anybody should seriously listen to these smooth-tongued, persuasive dealers in political gold bricks, who flit from one propaganda to another, but always for a salary. And behind it all is the record and disloyal taint of the arch demagogue Townley? We have got to confess a good deal of sympathy for the citizens of the different Montana towns that have passed Martin on. Also we pay our tribute to their good sense and patriotism.

BOLSHEVIKI ON THE SEAS.

The new philosophy of government, as laid down by Messrs. Trotsky and Lenin is rather well illustrated in the news yesterday.

The Russian steamer, Omsk, lying at Norfolk, Va., is manned by a crew of Bolsheviki. They were removed from the steamer by the collector of customs at the request of the captain, but after parole, they armed themselves and attempted to take the ship. In the investigation that followed it was revealed that the crew had attempted to put the Bolsheviki principles into active operation. The demand of a twenty-five per cent increase in pay was not so unusual, but the further plan to depose the captain and operate the ship by a committee of the crew was quite new. Yet to the simple minds of these people, that was Bolshevikiism in its purest form.

Try to think of the possibilities of a ship that was governed by a committee, instead of a captain, whose authority heretofore has, by reason of necessity, been recognized by international maritime law, as supreme while the ship is on the high seas. Under the Bolsheviki system who would supply the captain's maritime knowledge? Where would the authority rest, in case of mutiny? What would happen to the passengers, if the committee, by chance, failed to agree? Could anything be more utterly absurd?

Yet to the Bolsheviki crew under the inspiration of Trotsky (this change would come as natural. Substitute the I. W. W. for the Bolsheviki and it is precisely the same principle of government that would control in this country in every industry. It does not occur to these people that skill, education, special training, executive talent, enter into the successful conduct of any business, to say nothing of capital.

The collapse of Russia, disastrous as it is for the Russian people, serves as a lesson to the rest of the world in disclosing the utter futility of these visionaries in attempting to govern their fellow men.

The Nevada woman who boasts that she is the first woman candidate for United States senator overlooks Miss Rankin, who is likewise a candidate, with the advantage of having been elected a representative at large from Montana. —St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Miss Rankin a candidate for the senate? She might at least do the neighborly act of giving us the news first. It is humiliating to be beaten by a St. Louis paper.

Germany is hungry for new territory, but she may be taking in more than she can digest. A people like the Russians, who can overthrow a czar, must still retain trouble-making possibilities.

There is a new baby in the Austrian imperial home. Mother and child are doing well, but father cannot keep his attention from the first page of the Vienna newspapers.

To the lay mind this war would seem big enough to require the efforts of all to win it, including those who are mixing things by starting new political parties.

Raise a sheep that will be useful later in trimming the lawn while you and son work in the garden. Let everybody work this year, including father.

The vegetarian pushes out his chest and wonders why the rest of us make life so hard for Hoover.

The woman fuel administrator of White Plains, N. Y., ought to make it hot for the man who is after her job.

Bill Sunday is getting a strange hold on Chicago sinners and the devil is yelling for help.

The color of the Russian Red Guard should be changed to yellow.

If a man dresses well and hasn't very much sense he is usually dubbed a "ladies' man" by others.

Two Ways of Looking at It!

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By J. H. Cassel

Talk of the Town



He Recognized Rattlesnake Story.

Scotty Fee, who formerly had charge of the water supply of the old Missoula division of the Northern Pacific, was one of General Custer's blacksmiths on his last ride. Custer's command passed through the bad lands of North Dakota on his way to the Little Big Horn, where he met his fate. The bad lands at that time were literally alive with rattlesnakes. Among the numerous camp followers was a fool Dutchman who was always trying to do something smart.

On one occasion a huge rattler's tail was sticking out of a hole. This subject of Kaiser Bill says, "Poys, vatch me cut off his rattles." He crept up with his jack knife and began to saw at the projecting appendage. Those who are familiar with habits of the rattlers know they always keep their heads in close proximity to their tails while lying in holes.

Dutchy found this out to his sorrow when the snake bit him on the thumb. Screaming with pain and fright he rushed to the surgeon, who immediately fitted him with bad whiskey. Among the on-lookers was a tall, lanky fellow called "Jerry the Bum." Now Jerry had thirsted for days for the fire water he saw poured so freely down the Dutchman's throat. Determined to have some of this booze he crept out, scratched his thumb on a briar and came rushing in, yelling that he had been bitten. Holding up his bleeding thumb, the doctor immediately got on to him. He told Jerry he would have to lance the member. But Jerry broke away just as the doctor was going to strike.

The conductor was repeating Fee's story to a party in front of the hotel at Glendive. A tall cowboy got up, stretched himself and called out: "You have told that story pretty darned straight, I am Jerry the Bum."

Sam Asks Government to Settle Up.

Sam Resurrection wants help for his people on the reservation. He isn't looking for trouble. He is just a peaceable citizen but he is determined to reach the "powers that be" in some manner. He isn't a good speller and he can't write his name, but he knows where the white man who can understand his "big want."

Sam walked into the Missoulian office yesterday and asked that this letter be written and insisted that he was all right.

To your Excellency, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, Washington, D. C.

Honorable Sir: We, the undersigned Flathead Indians of Montana wish to secure your help to get what money is due us from the government and also to send an honorable capable man to come here to listen to our troubles in the proper way and see if our grievances cannot be settled. The Indians, especially the full bloods, have no education and do not know what they have coming, and are never informed by any government office. We need the money very badly.

I am reminding you of the Indian council of July 16, in the year sixty-one, at Grass Valley, Montana, in which twelve chiefs were present when the treaty was made, and we Indians were supposed to get \$500 at the end of 25 years, but only three chiefs received their share and so would like to receive help just as soon as possible.

And we would like to get some of our tribal funds that is in the treasury of Washington, as some of us are in poor shape.

The agent is my witness for everything. Yours respectfully, Resister—Sam's thumb print.

He doesn't want anybody to arrest him, as he is all right.

ONLY FOR EFFECT.

"I suppose, Henry," said the old gentleman to the new 50-in-law, "that you are aware the check for \$5,000 I had among your wedding presents was merely for effect?"

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the cheerful Henry, "and the effect was excellent. The bank cashed it this morning without a word."—Chicago Journal.

A SHORT MAN.

"The Detective—"How tall is this missing cashier of yours?"

"The Firm—"Heavenly, man! He isn't tall—he's 47,000 short!"—London Sketch.

LETTERS FROM THE MISSOULIAN FAMILY

The Missoulian invites letters from its readers on all topics of interest. The signatures and addresses of correspondents should be sent as evidence of good faith, though anonymous signatures may be sent for the letters as printed, if desired. All communications should be limited to 200 words and addressed to the editor.

Editor Missoulian:

Sir: When Mr. Bryan sought to promulgate his doctrine of intolerance to returned soldiers in Toronto, those champions of liberty, who had seen real service in its cause, promptly gave him to understand that he would do better pushing his pen in the interests of the Commoner rather than in the cause of the intemperance of middle-classness. They could better appreciate the rights of those who do and dare, than could him whose livelihood has been derived by chasing phantoms, and found solace in a drink of grape juice. The time has really passed when men should stop to argue the pros and cons of prohibition, and the more so has the time passed when a man like Bryan should go forth among real men and attempt to palm off the paste-diamond logic that his ilk employs. In a day when men are asked to bleed and die for democracy, is not a time for the proponents of doctrines dangerous to personal liberty, to foster their creeds. In a time when men are told that democracy is at stake, is no time for the furtherance of creeds that destroy it. Just as surely as the Spanishquisition came to be but a matter of history at which all who read about must shudder, so it is that he who runs may read, can see the downfall of every human convention and close-knit system that enables its supremacy through the iron rule of either imperialism or intolerance. The returned soldiers of Canada, who gave a better account of themselves than Mr. Bryan, and all of his followers, saw and heeded the man who, like his followers, has the religious and moral zeal of the Nazarene, but has evil spirits tempting his holy ambition. Respectfully,

FOG BALLS.

"The Germans exaggerate their submarine murders as the old settlers exaggerated their fog yarns."

The speaker was a champion flyer of the Hempstead aviation camp. He went on:

"An old settler took a chew and said: 'The worst fog I ever seen was back in '74. I remember I had to go to the henhouse that night, and the fog was so dense thick I had to get the three hired men to push me through it.'"

"I remember that there '74 fog well, said the second old settler, 'but it wasn't nothing to the '63 one. That was fog! Solid! Why, yo boys sat on the fence back o' the distillery all that day makin' fog balls an' heavin' 'em at the people that went by.'"

Detroit Free Press.

STORIES OF SPIES By Albert Payson Terhune

Pauline Cushmar, the Actress Spy.

The theater at Louisville, Ky., was crowded to the doors one March night in 1863. For Pauline Cushmar, a New Orleans girl, was starting in a new play. The Civil war was at its height. Kentucky, like other border states, was nominally true to the Union, but was seething with northern sympathizers. Louisville was a hotbed for Confederate plots. Colonel Moore, United States government provost marshal of the city, could not possibly cope with all these conspiracies.

At such a time a northern actress might have found scant welcome in Louisville. But Pauline Cushmar was a Louisiana girl (don't confuse her, please, with Charlotte Cushmar, a more famous star) and it was whispered that all her sympathies were with the Confederates. She had spent much time at the north, it is true. But she was forever returning to the south on theatrical tours.

During a banquet scene in that night's play, at Louisville, she snatched up a wineglass and strode to the footlights. Her eyes were ablaze and her cheeks flushed. In a trumpet voice she offered a toast to Jefferson Davis and to the triumphant victory of his rebel armies. For an instant a gasp of amazement ran through the audience. Then a thousand men echoed their own sentiments. Also because of her rash courage in offering such a toast in a city garrisoned by Union troops.

If a New York actress in 1918 should give from a stage a toast to the Kaiser, the public could not be more horrified than was the loyal element of Louisville. The whole city was in an uproar.

That very night Colonel Moore, the Union provost marshal, arrested Pauline, threatened her with a prison sentence as a traitor to her country and had her driven out of Kentucky in disgrace.

That was enough for the south. The story spread everywhere. And everywhere Pauline was hailed as a patriot martyr to the Confederate cause—a martyr who had wrecked her own career and risked prison for the sake of her love for the south. She was a heroine—adored, trusted, petted. All doors and all arms south of the Mason-Dixon line were eagerly thrown open to her.

Pauline Cushmar had done a clever thing. For, all the while, she was a Union spy!

She and Colonel Moore had arranged the whole farcical affair of the toast to Jeff Davis and her eviction from Kentucky. They had done it to make the South trust her. And they had succeeded.

From that time, for many months, Pauline could get any information from the Confederates that she wanted. Southern spies, southern officers, southern civic authorities told her many precious government secrets. They let her see the lists of secret Confederate sympathizers and agents in various cities.

They confided to her their carefully hidden processes for smuggling food and arms and dispatches and medical supplies into the southern army from northern states. They let her find out the details of Confederate forts and forces and she planned movements of their armies.

All this Pauline transmitted faithfully to the Union government, rendering incalculable service to our country by her tidings.

At last she penetrated to General Bragg's Confederate headquarters at Shelbyville. There, in some way, she aroused suspicion. Perhaps by means of the same spy-and-counter-spy system she herself was working. Some southern spy in the Union's confidence may have betrayed her.

In any case, Bragg ordered Pauline's arrest. She was court-martialed and sentenced to be hanged as a spy. There was no Abraham Lincoln on hand—as in the instance of captured women spies of the Confederacy—so commute her death sentence to banishment or to a prison term. But before sentence could be carried out a Union army captured Shelbyville. The Confederates in their haste to get out of the city did not wait to hang Pauline, but left her imprisoned there.

The rescuing Union troops acclaimed her as a heroine. They gave her the honorary rank of "Major" and presented her with the dress uniform and accoutrements of a United States officer of that rank.

CATCHING.

Pullet (glancing at nest)—"Haven't you forgotten something, ma?" Biddy—"No, my child, this is eggless day."—Boston Evening Transcript.

It sometimes happens that when type is set it hatches out trouble.

When a toper sees things double his glasses are a little bit too strong.

FIRST INDIAN NEWSPAPER.

The first newspaper printed in the language of an American Indian tribe, the Cherokee Phoenix, was issued at New Echota, Ga., in the year 1828.

When you bury an old animosity never mind the gravestone.

Money makes the mare go, and marriage makes the money go.

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

Patrick Welch for 12 years past a resident of this valley, passed away at his residence a few miles north of town last Tuesday night and was buried on Thursday.

Messrs. Chaffin, Johnson and Mit-tower, commissioners of Ravalli county, are in the city today in attendance on the joint session of county commissioners of Ravalli, Flathead and Missoula counties, respectively.

All the butchers of the city have agreed to close their shops every evening hereafter at 8 o'clock except on Saturday, when they will remain open until 11 p. m. On Sundays the shops will not open at all.

C. W. Young of the Garden City Bottling Works, is popping the cork today over the advent to his household of a bouncing baby boy presented him by his wife yesterday.

Manager Bartley of the Bennett Opera house announces the engagement of Daniel E. Bandmann in a Shakespearean recital to take place at the opera house on Saturday evening next for the benefit of the Sisters of Charity.

Many a living picture of health is badly framed.

An entertaining man says but little but listens impressively.

Some Facts in Life of R. B. Martin Non-Partisan Socialist Agitator

R. B. Martin first appeared in Spokane in the fall of 1907. He tried truck farming for a year east of Spokane and then took up ministerial work at a church at Opportunity. In 1908 he became identified with an organization of dissatisfied farmers who made an attack on the county officials. As a result the farmers caused the adoption of township government in which most of those, including Martin, who were active in the movement, secured berths. In 1910 Martin came to the front as a leader in the Good Government league, which waged a campaign for some of the county offices. At the same time Martin became an organizer for the state suffrage leader and combined this with his county reform work at a salary of \$200 a month. About this time Martin, having learned that agitation was more profitable than farming, ceased all attempts at cultivating the soil and gave his whole time to the rostrum. In 1911 Martin took up the work of organization for the Farmers' Union and induced the farmers to open a co-operative commission house in Spokane. Under Martin's management this institution lost \$6,000 in six months and was closed out a year or two later after sustaining a deficit of \$13,000.

In 1912 Martin turned to organization work for the Socialists and opened a clubroom in Spokane. Here he lectured nightly and rounded up a membership in the daytime with such success that he was soon placed on the rolls as a national organizer for the Socialists. In 1913, with D. C. Coates, recent Non-Partisan league leader in North Dakota, Martin made a race for city commissioner of Spokane on a municipal ownership platform. Both he and Coates were defeated and for a few months Martin was without employment until 1914, when he took the lecture platform as an organizer for the National Socialist party. He continued with this until late in 1915, when, through the aid of D. C. Coates, he entered the employ of the Non-Partisan league of North Dakota. After Martin had the field well organized he induced Coates to go to North Dakota to take charge of the publicity and political organization of the league. Coates and Martin teamed together at this work for nearly two years, until Coates returned to Spokane in 1917 to make another unsuccessful race for city commissioner. Coates is now secretary of the new national party with headquarters at Chicago. After the state of North Dakota was organized for the Non-Partisan league Martin took the field as a national organizer for the league, which he has since followed. Three years after Martin arrived in Spokane he was sued for an old note given in Wisconsin while an organizer for the anti-saloon league. He defaulted in this suit, judgment was entered and was still unpaid years afterward.

Martin has at various times, appeared as a candidate on the Socialist ticket in Spokane county, and at one time made the race for congress.