

THE DAILY MISSOULIAN
ESTABLISHED 1873

SUNDAY, APRIL 28, 1918.

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS.

The appointment of a United States district attorney for Montana, because of existing conditions, should be a matter of deep concern to the State Council of Defense, to the various county councils, to the American Protective Association, as well as to all patriotic citizens wherever they may be found. It is not only within the province of these organizations, but it is their whole duty to give careful study to the controversy that has arisen over Senator Walsh's recommendation of Mr. Wheeler for re-appointment, and to advise President Wilson and Attorney General Gregory of their findings and desires. That is strictly war business and should be regarded as entirely outside the realm of politics.

We have insisted from the beginning, or about ten months ago, when the lynching of Little uncovered weakness in the office of the federal prosecutor, that politics should be forgotten in remedying this serious difficulty. It is with the keenest regret that we have found Senator Walsh in disagreement on this issue, and realizing the senator's great influence, with the administration at Washington, it seems to us all the more necessary now that citizens, individually and in organizations, interested in the welfare of Montana, should take a hand in this game.

The appointment of Stephen J. Cowley, of whom we hear only good things, has been recommended by Senator Myers. There may be able men than Mr. Cowley for this position; we do not know, but most certainly the State Council of Defense should give most exhaustive examination of the whole question, and then offer its recommendations to the national administration. We do not think that the President and Mr. Gregory will care to act against organized patriotism in Montana, and force upon the people of this state the services of any man who has been tried and found wanting.

The office of the federal prosecutor of Montana is closely related to the preservation of the lives and property of the people of this state. They have rights in this matter that must not be ignored. If the president should go so far as to overlook that, we may assure him in advance that there will follow a decided lack of confidence in the purposes of the government at Washington to thrust aside all other considerations but that of winning the war.

"CLOSE DOESN'T COUNT."

The problem of the German war lord is simple. He must move all hell to force a decision of the war before America's arrival can compensate the allies for the loss of Russia. That problem must be done this year and probably within the next few weeks. If the war lord fails in this object, and settles back into his trenches, he loses this war as certain as he carries a withered arm, even though he conducts a successful campaign against Italy later.

This observation, as we know, is true, but it must be kept ever in mind by America, whose watchword should be "Hurry and hurry." The weight of the republic in the war will not be felt to a considerable extent until next year, but after that it will become steadily more crushing.

The movement of the Germans on the western front is again advancing, and must be regarded most seriously. By the capture of Mount Kemmel the Germans have secured a great vantage point, the loss of which could not have been contemplated in the war plans of the allies. We anticipate that the program of the past six weeks will be repeated and after a brief pause, the Germans will attempt a move on toward their new goal. What may happen after that is, of course, solely within the domain of prophecy. One guess is as good as another. There is the existing fact that the Germans are now within forty miles of the English channel, with a much better prospect of reaching it than was apparent a week ago. On the other hand, as we look back, we remember that Germany has lost several times when she had won nearly, but not quite, the things that were sought. The Hun's grasp was on the eastern suburbs of Paris when he was turned back at Marne. Verdun slipped through his fingers when it seemed only necessary to close his hand to clutch victory. Just

so it may be that they will reach the coast, but we must always remember that the Hun fails to win while America is in the war. As applying to this situation, we recall an axiom, original we believe, with our old friend, Commodore Power of Helena. He was studying with anxious interest, the returns of the first gubernatorial elections of Montana when he was opposed by "Our Joe," as our people affectionately called Governor Toole.

"The election returns are very close," said one of the commodore's lieutenants.

"Close doesn't count," said the commodore, who saw the writing on the wall.

A BAS LA FEMME!

One of those horrid editor persons has gone and made himself disliked again. Discussing the proposition of making the University of Pennsylvania co-educational, a writer in the Alumni Register of the institution thus unburies himself:

If the women are admitted, he declares, "the college will become an amorphous, gelatinous, indigestible mass."

Following a hasty reference to Webster's celebrated work on the English tongue, we learn that amorphous is but another word for shapeless; that gelatinous is defined as "resembling jelly," and anyone who has ever overeaten is perfectly informed as to the meaning of indigestible. Let us consider them, seriatim.

If you admit the ladies, writes this editor person, the college will become shapeless. Perhaps. But we have seen certain shapely coeds, too. In fact, some of them, we are sure, have been shapely enough to maintain the reputation for shapeliness, even of the University of Pennsylvania.

If you admit the ladies, he charges, the college will come to resemble jelly. The remark inspires a sweet thought. Let us pass on.

If the ladies are admitted, is his final observation, the college will become indigestible. At once comes to mind pictures of midnight fudge parties, of simmering chafing dishes, of courses in home economics as practiced by girls who never knew much about mother's kitchen at home, of nightmares, of mornings after.

Perhaps the mean-spoken editor thought some of these things himself. At all events, a little later in his screed, he gets specific, and discourses in much more understandable English as follows:

"The essential thing is to keep the life of our male undergraduates a boy's or a man's life, pure of the tone, free of the influences and opinions of a girl's community life."

Maybe the editor is right. At all events, the University of Pennsylvania still is open to boys only. But how the dear girls must hate him!

The Missoula County Defense society is producing excellent results through its investigations of reports of seditious utterances. All of its work will be well worth while, if it uncovers even one German sympathizer in this city, although it is in a fair way to do very much better than that. Even of greater value is its work in protecting good names of those who have been made targets by the envy, hatred and malice of enemies who would stoop so low as to make untruthful charges of disloyalty, to gratify their desires for personal injury. The society plans to make a clean-up of this work, and should have the co-operation of everybody. Grossly distorted stories grow from mere rumors. Any citizen will be doing a real service if he informs the society of these rumors, and no citizen, however loyal, should be offended if he is interviewed by one of the society's committees chosen to sift these stories to the bottom.

If Townley's friends are so sure that he is another Abraham Lincoln there is an easy way for them to rid him of part of the odium that clings to his garments. Senator Sherman of Illinois, in a speech Tuesday, stated that Townley represented a German influence and got pro-German money somewhere. This we take to be a serious charge. Let Townley bring a suit for damages against the distinguished senator from Illinois and have the matter cleared up.

Senator Walsh stands by his friends and the harder his friends are, pounded, the closer Walsh sticks. — Lewistown Democrat News.

And the people of Montana must suffer accordingly. Why should not Mr. Walsh stick close to the people who gave him the senatorship?

SINCE THERE ARE THOSE AMONG US WHO STILL LOVE GERMAN RULE—



WHY NOT ACCOMMODATE THEM?



Niagara Falls Could Save Millions of Tons Coal Annually.

Niagara Falls, without losing their scenic grandeur, could solve our coal problem. If 3,000,000 horse power, one-half the mighty force going to waste at the great cataract, were harnessed and turned into electricity, it would mean a saving of 100 tons of coal each minute, 52,000,000 a year; 62,000 cars would be released for other service and our fuel shortage would be changed into a surplus.

By the use of submerged dams, this power could be developed and at the same time the rapid wearing away of the crest of the falls could be checked, thereby preserving their beauty for generation to come. These statements were made in an address by C. A. Winder before the Schenectady Section of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, published in the Electrical Experimenter.

Niagara is an ideal location for the electro-chemical industry upon which the war makes great demands. "Not a shell is made that is not shaped by electricity made abrasions. The electric furnace from which the armor plate is poured used electrodes made from coal by the aid of electric power, the resisting power of this same steel is given by electrically made ferro alloys. Merchant vessels are now using smoke buoys in which quantities of phosphorus and other electro-chemical products are burned, thus emitting large quantities of smoke, thus protecting the boat from the submarine." Its products also go into high explosives, airplanes, balloons and almost every tool of the modern army. War demands many things not produced in time of peace.

The electro-chemical industries already located at Niagara make use of the 250,000 horse power developed on the American side and formerly imported another 150,000 from Canada. Owing to the increased needs of the dominion, much of the latter has been shut off. The full utilization of the power of the falls would not benefit the present generation alone; the world's supply of coal is not inexhaustible and the day will come when other sources of energy must be found.

"HUNGER STRIKE" IS ANCIENT SUBTERFUGE

The radical English suffragettes may have thought their "hunger strike" something new, but according to the historical shrews, it was "old stuff." They have found that 500 years ago Cecilia de Rygeoway was released from prison after having remained mute and abstained from "meat and drink" for forty days. The fair Cecilia was lodged in Nottingham jail to answer the charge of having murdered her husband, John de Rygeoway. From the first day of her imprisonment she refused to permit any food or drink to pass her lips and said never a word to anyone. Her case was brought to the attention of Edward III, who, it is recorded, was convinced that she had accomplished these feats by "fully trustworthy testimony," for which reason, "and for the glory of God and the Blessed Virgin, to whom the miracle was owing, the monarch granted the woman a full pardon."

"Old Dobbin" Still Needed

The report that cavalry is being actively used on both sides in Germany's latest and most formidable attack, disposes finally of the assertion often repeated, that the day of the horse in warfare had ended. Even in the transport service the charge was never true; gasoline plays a great part, but the horse and his gloomy half brother, the mule, can go where no motor could turn a wheel. They are indispensable in war. Past scores of trucks hopelessly stalled in the mud of Flanders and up the steep mountains of the Italian front, horses, mules and donkeys have plodded, dragging artillery or laden with food, ammunition and the countless things needed to sustain an army. In the days when cavalry delivered the final crushing blows in battle, one horse to four men was considered necessary; 13,000 are now allotted to a German army corps of 41,000 men.

To provided these, the Prussians encouraged horse breeding in Austria-Hungary, and in three months before the war brought half a million horses, 300,000 of them from France. Great horse hospitals close behind the front lines save about one-third of the animals injured or stricken with disease. In spite of this Germany is now able to secure only one-eighth of the 450,000 fresh animals she requires each year.

25 Years Ago

What Missoula Was Doing on This Date in 1893.

Secretary Cave of the Missoula Shotgun club has some convenient score sheets for free distribution among the members of the organization.

Lines for the Montana Telephone company's new line between Hamilton and Stevensville are being rapidly planted and the speaking system promises to be in full operation by June 1. Judge Tom Marshall of Missoula, Mont., and his two daughters, Misses Anna and Emily, arrived in the city yesterday and are the guests of J. W. Marshall. Judge Marshall goes to Kalispell on business.—Spokane Review.

Furniture is being placed today in the Missoula hotel and the premises will be opened on Monday next on the European plan. The house will be under the direct management of H. E. Chaney of the Hotel Florence and conducted in first class manner. Major P. H. Almon, deputy internal revenue collector for this district, returned from Missoula county yesterday where he was engaged during the past few weeks in registering the Chinese of that locality. At Missoula 117 Chinamen were registered.—Intermountain.

A KING OF ABILITY.

"Is Higgins what you would call an able man?" "Yes," replied Mr. Grocher. "He is able to collect a large income without working hard or getting into trouble."

What My Parents Wanted Me to Be

LUTHER BURBANK. My father, Samuel Walton Burbank, was a man of sterling integrity, scholarly tastes, strong convictions and unusually good business ability. He was very indulgent and fond of his children and gave to each the best education within his power.

My mother, whose maiden name was Olive Ross, was an active and intelligent woman, who looked after her multifarious household duties with scrupulous care. She was very fond of flowers, despite her exacting duties, had the place surrounded by them.

I have always felt that my passionate love of flowers and my inherent love of nature was perhaps inherited from her.

She used often to say: "I hope you will leave the world a better place to live in for your having lived."

My father's farm was located about three miles north of the village of Lancaster, Mass., just off the main road to Harvard. There I was born, March 7, 1849, and there my childhood and boyhood days were passed.

My father was an unusually prosperous farmer and also a manufacturer. Having a very large family, he found it necessary to supplement the resources of field and orchard.

Pottery was in great demand at that time and he engaged in its manufacture successfully for several years. Later it was found profitable to transform the pottery into a brickyard. He employed a large number of men and my brother Alfred and myself, when perhaps only six or eight years old, used to drive the oxen with loads of brick to nearby towns.

When the time came for me to take up a definite occupation I not unreasonably turned to one of the factories the more willingly because of always having had the keenest interest in things mechanical.

At the Lancaster academy, which I attended after the district school, I was particularly interested in frechhand drawing, which I found very easy, and I always had an interest in designing. So my father, observing these mental qualities, found a place for me in the wood working department of a great manufactory in Worcester.

But the clouds of dust that came from the oak lumber began to impair my health, and it was thought best for me to leave the shop for a while at least.

The Most Striking Things I Saw on 15 Battle Fronts In the Big World War

American War Correspondent Who Has Seen More Actual Fighting Than Any Other Man, Tells Story of His Experiences.

XIII. I See the Enemy Crash Into Italy—Near Venice, December, 1917.

A long, narrow strip of land separating the lagoon north of Venice from the Adriatic and running northeast from the old Piave to the Piave is the enemy's direct road to Venice. Toward the extremity is a bridgehead with the enemy fanlike about it. The defenders of this bridgehead are enfiladed, but for them to give way would result in the enemy securing positions on the island which would in turn enfilade the east of the Italian line.

My companion and I crouched and peered through a slit in the most advanced Italian machine gun emplacement at the bridgehead, while the gunners sprayed the enemy trench in a manner which showed that their heart was in their work. The attack had broken down and the Hungarian dead lay scattered under mulberry trees—the foremost on his face with his outstretched hand still gripping the bomb that he had been about to throw.

"With death in his heart and death in his hand," and now he lies there dead himself!" my companion whispered in my ear. He was the American consul, whose work in Venetia had endeared him to tens of thousands. We had come from Venice with gifts for the men at the bridgehead. We had been forced to leave our launch and had made our way on a lorry until shell fire compelled us to abandon that, also. Only a short, narrow road separated us at length from our goal, but it was being potted with six and nine inch shells while the two rows of houses between us and the enemy were toppling in smoke and dust. A lull, and we took a chance on the road, finally reaching with relief the mud and water pits of the first line. Then we crawled up to the pillbox.

The consul explained to the men that we had brought some comforts to them, which would be fetched from the dunes when the foe became a little quieter. They appreciated the spirit in which we came. One presented the consul with an enemy helmet; whereupon a tall, handsome, olive-skinned lad from the south signified that he would crawl out and get me one as a souvenir of the fight and of our coming. We, of course, forbade him to do any such thing, for the enemy trenches were well within a hundred yards; but shortly after we had dodged back to the front trench my man overtook us, his dark eyes dancing with pleasure as he handed me the helmet from the orchard of death.

I mention this not because it is unique, but because it is one detail of many hundred which I came upon during the past three months in Italy which give evidence of a peculiar trait of war psychology. Above the precipitous, roaring gorge of the Brenta I have seen the Italians trying to get a foothold on solid rock in the very teeth of murderous fire in order to make a last ditch mountain stand to save one of the most fertile plains in the world.

XIV. With the British in Italy—on the Piave, January, 1918

My thoughts go back to Germany, and I hear again the remarks of military wisdom poured out on Britain's effort. At first the Germans laughed at her attempt to give volunteers. Then they had to realize that volunteers were pouring in. "But what can they do with them?" I used to hear. "They have no surplus officers to train raw men. They have nothing with which to equip them. And if they had both of these, where are their Caserns (barracks)? Why, it has taken us years to develop all these." Then I heard Fritz laugh complacently.

And now. Part of the big machine of Flanders I have seen on the other side of the Alps. I am not British, but I was thrilled to see Scottish and mid-county regiments moving in perfect formation, soldiers every man of them, up to the heights of Montello to take their places in the line. And every military detail perfect. I shall never forget my last evening on that front. At my feet stretched the stony bed of the Piave, here 2,000 yards wide, with four or five narrow streams cutting through it. The British artillery crashed behind me and British shells screamed over to carefully-picked targets. I had sat with British observers while they worked with a precision, accuracy and neatness in recording that was simply unsurpassable. I turned back with the sun sinking to the Venetian plain lighting up the solid irregular mountain mass across the river so that the snows glistened and the peaks were flushed with pink. A lastly-floating cloud or two formed such a background for venturesome airmen that the shrapnel bursting around them was first revealed by little electric torchlike flashes.

"The best front this side of the Brighton front," said a Tommy from Flanders' mud as I turned away.

Then I passed through an army with every strap and button and wheel in condition and in place. There was not a hitch anywhere. I again admired the splendid equipment—equipment which has evoked admiration all over Europe. A country that can turn out such equipment and develop such an army must have tremendous power. With faith in itself and the will to win, it is bound to come out all right.

Man Who Has "Covered" 17 Wars

Perhaps no living man is better fitted to tell of the great improvements in implements and methods of destruction than Frederic Villiers, the famous English war correspondent, who, at the age of 65, is "covering" his 17th war. He was born in London, on April 23, 1852, and studied art in France. He was an artist for the Graphic in Serbia in 1876, and correspondent and artist with the Russian army during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877. The following year he was with the fighting men in Afghanistan, and then made a trip around the world. The Egyptian war next occupied his pen and brush, and in 1884 he was in the eastern Sudan, in the "broken square" at Tamal.

Abbyssinia, the Nile, Khartum, in the desert, with the Serbians invading Bulgaria in 1886, in Burma, across Canada with the governor-general and a lecture

FIRST MISSIONARY TO CHINA IN 1845

The first general attempt to introduce Christianity into China dates from April 24, 1845, when the Chinese government, following the disastrous war with Great Britain, granted permission to foreigners to teach the Christian religion. Missionaries from many countries began immediately to flock to China, but in most places the "white devils" were received with hostility. The emperor, Taou-Kwang, who in the latter part of his reign favored the introduction of European arts and religion, died in 1850, and his son, Hien-Fung, adopted a reactionary policy.

One of the odd results of the introduction of Christianity in China was the appearance in 1851 of a rebel leader who called himself Tien-teh, and who announced himself as the resorer of the worship of the true god, Shang-ti, and devised many of his dogmas from the Bible. He called himself the brother of Jesus, the second son of God and the monarch of all beneath the skies, and demanded universal submission. His insurgent followers called themselves Taepings, or "Princess of Peace," but the title was utterly belied by their atrocious deeds.

HANDICAPPED.

"Don't you feel tempted to go into politics?" "Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax, "but what chance have I? Having made a reputation as a financier, people would be almost sure to regard anything I undertook as merely a new form of investment."—Washington Evening Star.

HOW MUCH DO YOU SPEND? NEW QUERY

There was once a time, before the war, when one felt that it was a matter of delicacy and even of decency, to refrain from discussing certain questions pertaining to one's own personal economics. A mention of the price of the roast with which one served one's guests was not unlike a mention of the intimate details of one's bath. And to state the sacrifices which had purchased one's chinchilla coat was an indelicacy as a discussion of one's digestion. But that, as Vogue suggests, was before the war.

Now things are very different. Conversation, once merely an exchange of thoughts, has become an exchange of entertaining woman is the one who tells the most interesting anecdotes of endless furnaces, meatless roasts, and endless days. "How are you feeling, my dear?" as a conversational opening, will soon be "How are you feeding, my dear?" And "How are you getting along?" will no doubt become "On how much are you getting along?"

No woman can hope to hold her own who has not a fund of incidents relating to the way the grocer tried to charge her 15 cents for sugar and the dressmaker (whose mother-in-law is pro-German) tried to put four and five-eighths yards of velour into her suit. No gathering of women is complete without a full discussion of the cost of meat, butter, eggs, and theater tickets. An afternoon tea sounds like a meeting of the stock exchange and a quiet morning at the Red Cross is like an oral review in arithmetic problems.