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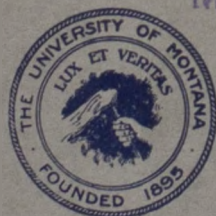
v. 3 no. 1
Nov. 1922

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The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

Compliments of
University of Montana
Missoula



STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

EVERYTHING IN CUT FLOWERS

FRESH FROM OUR GREENHOUSE

CORSAGE AND BOUQUET

OUR SPECIALTY



COAL

WOOD

CEMENT

PLASTER

LIME

FERTILIZER

PHONE 400

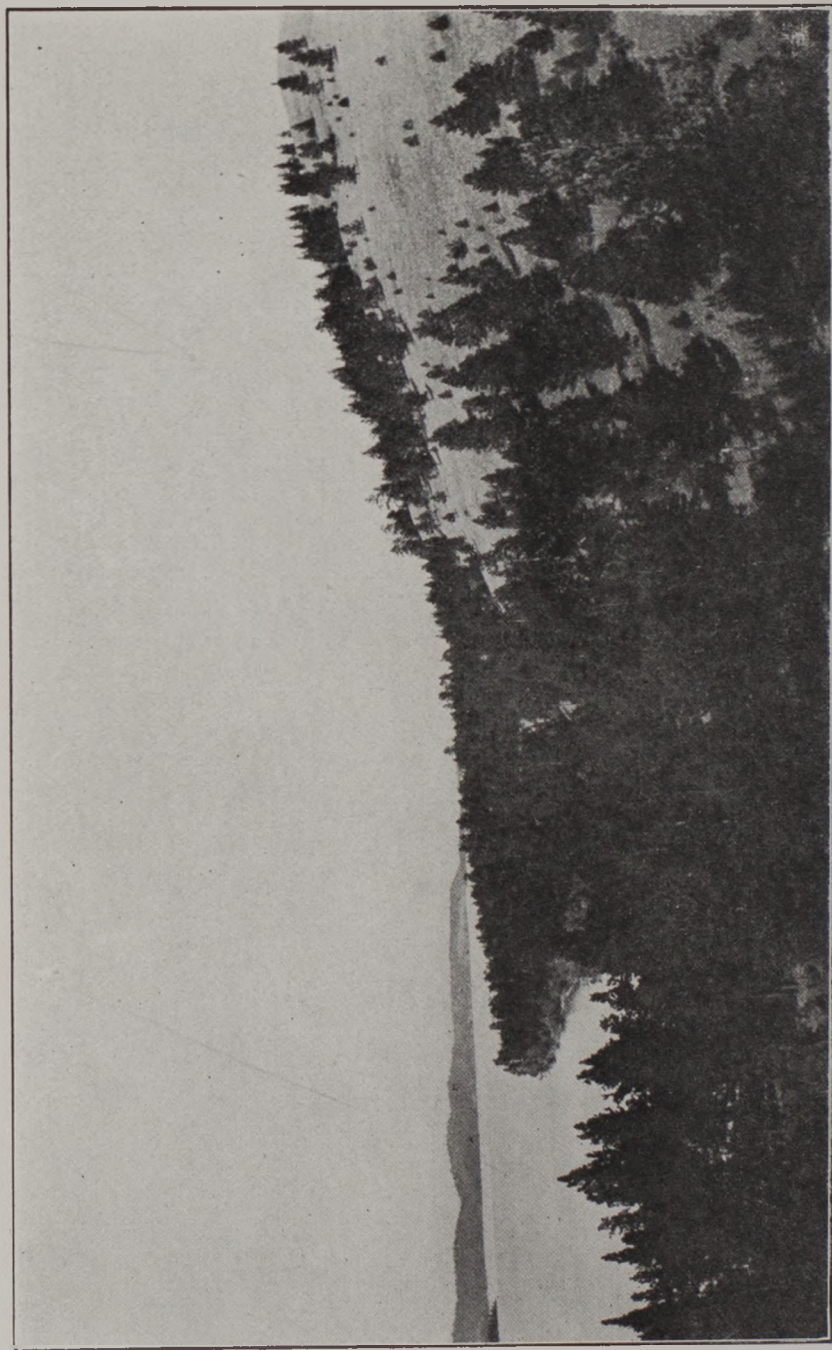
PERRY FUEL &
CEMENT CO.

244 N. Higgins Avenue

The Store of the Town for Men
and Women

Barney's
FASHION SHOP

"If it comes from Barney's it
must be good"



WILD HORSE ISLAND, FLATHEAD LAKE.

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

(Copyright, November, 1922, by H. G. Merriam)
Published three times a year. Subscription price, Sixty Cents.

VOL. III. NO. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1922

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Forget?

Forget?

Fools and cowards seek forgetfulness.

Would I forget the glory of a summer morning
To dwell in sultry, leaden afternoons?

While climbing once
We saw grey clouds that hid a distant peak
Break to a circlet.
For a moment
That one sunlit summit
Stood transfigured.

That moment was eternity.

—JACK STONE.

The Matchmaking of Jean Marjeau

JEAN MARJEAU sat on the sidewalk with his feet in the street. He was smoking a cigarette and incidentally watching the effect of the sunlight on his new silver spurs. Sam Sleeping Deer sauntered across the road and squatted beside him. Sam was wearing a new blanket with yellow and green stripes running on the perpendicular. A brand new sombrero rested upon his calm brow. Dignity and pride showed in his bearing. In his pocket, or rather in his buckskin bag, jingled coin to the amount of many dollars. Sam had sold cattle that day and made a bood bargain. He was now rich.

"Well—what you mak'?" lazily drawled Jean.

Sam lit a cigarette and gave two or three puffs. "Me wan' get married," he seriously remarked.

Jean straightened, his eyes lost their sleepy expression. "Oh, yaas; you got money now; I de understan'," he said quickly. "Me—I not got de much money now—you give me twenty dollar I fin' some nize girl."

"Um," agreed Sam.

Jean thought intensely for a few seconds, his eyes fixed on the distant highlands.

"Dere de family Desautel," he said at length. "Ver' pretty girl. Got de French blood much—not so much Engine. Go to de school; learn mak' de good wife—what you tink—bagosh?"

"Um," assented Sam.

"Dere Annie," said Jean. "She got de fine hair an' de straight back. Den come Marie, she look more de Engine. Ride de horse might' well—bagosh. And de youngest, Josephine, she ver' small, but she lak de bird, turn head so—laugh, seeng."

"Josephine," said Sam.

So Sam Sleeping Deer went courting Josephine Desautel. He did not waste precious time, but immediately came to the point. Would Josephine come keep his teepee clean; would she light his pipe and cook his dinners?

Josephine had read some and seen more. She tossed her head. "I live in no teepee," she said. "One nice house—six, seven rooms, or I no marry with Sam Sleeping Deer."

Sam built the house and in his ardor annexed two or three extra rooms. It stood up on the reservation like an elephant, incongruous, alien.

"Now," said Sam.

But Josephine tossed her black braids. "Look," said she, "my blanket is old, my handkerchief is old, my moccasins are worn. Buy me new dress new hat with red flowers and new black shoes. Then—" said Josephine Desautel.

He took her to Missoula. He gave her money. She bought and bought, her feminine soul filled with delicious thrills. He brought her home. Next day he came to claim his bride.

"Josephine is not here", said the mother.

Sam hung around all day. In the evening Annie told him, "No use Sam. Josephine has gone away; she will not be back."

Sam hunted up Jean Marjeau to whom he confided his woes.

"Wat you tink, bagosh", said Jean, "She not wan' marry you?"

"Um", said Sam.

Jean thought for a long time. "Try Marie", he said.

Next day Sam asked Marie to take charge of the new house. Marie rolled her dull black eyes, then they slowly lighted up.

"I want a big black horse—a fast horse; then I marry you."

Sam hunted. At length he made the purchase and brought to the Desautel cabin a wild graceful creature that set the Indian girl's soul afire.

"Ah, Sam", she said, "we ride to town tomorrow; you buy me new dress; I marry you."

So Sam took Marie on her new horse. She bought, as did her sister, gorgeous attire in plenty. Then he took her home.

Next morning Sam came early for Marie.

"She go off marry Little Hawk last night," explained Annie.

Sam with a sore heart sought Jean Marjeau.

"She not wan' marry you also, bagosh," said Jean.

"Um" said Sam.

"Den dere is lef' Annie; she not so preety, but she got ver' strong lot of de sense," said Jean, tapping his forehead.

Next day Sam asked Annie. She blushed until she was almost as pretty as Josephine.

"I want table and chair in the house", said she.

So Sam purchased.

"I want new dress too", said she.

But Sam had grown wary. "No", said he, "you take me now, we buy dress afterwards."

Annie pleaded. "We get married in the town", she begged, "before we come back."

So Sam agreed.

Sam went with her to keep an eye on her while she satisfied her longing heart, but when she had finished she sent him to make arrangements with the priest. When he returned to escort his bride-to-be to the wedding, Annie and clothes were gone. He searched for her the entire day without success and at last, filled with woe, he sought out an obliging friend, who furnished him with the ancient remedy for the blues. Sam was returned to the reservation in the back of his friend's wagon.

When he had sufficiently recovered he made his way once more to the advising side of Jean Marjeau.

"Bagosh!" said Jean.

"Um", replied Sam.

This time Jean was silent a very long time. He smoked two or three cigarettes and studied carefully the spurs on his heels.

"Dere is de modair", he said timidly.

"Um", said Sam.

Desautel had been dead several years. Madam Desautel sat in the door of her cabin cutting roots for soup. She was still rather comely.

Sam immediately proposed marriage.

Next day Sam sought Jean Marjeau and paid him the twenty dollars. When he returned the entire Desautel family had taken up their abode in the new house.

In a Small Town Lawyer's Office

BEN BARROWS

Ragged
Wood-brown clothes.
A tangled grey curled thatch of hair.
Head rheumatically
Twisted to one shoulder.
"An I agreed
If he'd board me—"
A twisted wistful expression;
Bleared eyes;
One of God's derelicts.

ATTORNEY JOHN SEBBER

Sandy hair,
Narrow steely eyes,
Tight mouth.
Neutral grey suit.
Nervously sarcastic,
—A small town lawyer.

REVEREND LE BON

Staring blue eyes,
Pointed eye brows,
A heavy lower lip,
A curl of the nostrils,
Swarthy—
He stares at women's ankles.
And men and women
Call this man
"Father."

BILL TURMAN

Cheerful crow's feet
At the corners of his blue eyes;
Decisive brows.
Big hat
Tilted on the back of his head.
Broad shoulders;
A colloquial drawl.
Bill, the town constable.

LOUISE

Oval face,
Clear brown eyes,
An uninjured soul
Printed on curved lips.
Business heel clicks.
The stenographer—ah, Louise.

Why My God Wears a Pitying Smile

WHEN one begins to formulate his gospel some sneering demon spreads a film around experiences like two that I shall tell.

In the midst of dreary hours of seeing things of interest in Boston I received an impression that remains, after these years, distinct amid the blur. At the anatomical museum of Harvard Medical School I saw a slice of bone more exquisitely reticulated than any coral traceries. A lovely bit of fragile, solid lace, with a pattern of interstice and network so cunning and so graceful and so nice a preacher might have used it to demonstrate God's design, or a dancer might have used the lightness and labyrinthine involution for a dance. It was a disintegrated hip-bone of a man who had died of syphilitic cancer.

The obscuring film tears when one sees the placid faces looking out from Grand Street tenements, the clean beds and the white-spread dining tables exposed to the winning gaudy trumperies from Bowery push-carts. The film rubs through when he sees crouched on the curb of the narrow pavement before a hive of squalor, an ample-breasted mother giving suck with a meaning in her face that is better than content.

A fall day before the leaves had turned, when I had just commenced my first job, I went for a walk in a drizzle. I was timidly in love, and I felt decidedly alone; and I enjoyed the mild, painless melancholy of the season and the day. I turned in among the dripping underbrush of a little patch of woods. And I heard the singing of a hermit thrush, very sweet and not too gay. Driven probably by the vain collecting instinct of a dutiful frequenter of "bird-walks," I drew near the sound. A fetid odor woke a more instinctive curiosity. The wistful-exultant singing ceased. And I saw a motion in a bush. The stench reeked. On the ground under the bush was motion, too—a thousand writhes and twinings within a motionless form; maggots in the cadaver of a dog.

The eclipsing film shrivels before spontaneous flames when one beholds himself exhibiting the meanness, the cowardice and pride he is hawking a prescription to destroy.

—SIDNEY COX.

The Rides of a Country Schoolmarm

I. BUICK

AT last Mr. Hymer and I were bumping over the road. Our conversation came less painfully now. At first he had limited himself to such enlightening remarks as "Yes, Maum" and "No, Maum". Generally, with a little persistence, one is able to learn a great deal from a person who is willing to say "Yes, Maum" and "No, Maum"; but so far I had only been able to learn that he was the "Head of the School Board"; that his name was Hymer; and that he had come to meet me. I was just giving up in despair when he suddenly decided to play inquisitor himself. His questions were based upon wheat. My answers showed such appalling ignorance that he began a discourse on the subject. I did my best to look intelligent and make adequate responses, although it was difficult; for he spoke in a guttural voice from around a thick black cigar. Sometimes when my imagination failed to clothe his sounds with meaning, I was forced to respond with an inane smile. But on the whole we got along fairly well, for we were soon chumily eating the bananas which he drew from his pocket—he alternating puffs of his cigar with consumption of whole bananas in three manly bites.

After covering mile after mile of interesting country, Mr. Hymer stopped his Buick before the ranch house where I was to spend four months. Here I was somewhat unceremoniously dumped, and my "Head of the School Board", after brusquely introducing me to Mrs. Hymer, Jr., left. Mrs. Hymer's husband and brother-in-law, both blond, long and shambling, came to take my trunk into the house. They staggered under the weight of it.

"What the Hell do you suppose the Schoolmarm's got in here—moonshine?" one asked. Unfortunately, he looked up then, and saw that I had overheard his remark. A sheepish grin overspread his somewhat dull features, and he stumbled.

"Damn!" said the other, "why don't you look where you are going?" The trunk had descended upon his foot.

With many lusty grunts and half-smothered ejaculations, the trunk was finally bumped into its corner; and then we all went into the kitchen where dinner was awaiting us.

I was informed, after dinner, that we were invited to a "Shivaree". Once more the Buick did service. This time we passed through fields of tall grain which gracefully gave way before us. Our destination was the adjoining ranch, where I discovered that this "Shivaree" was in the nature of a wedding reception. At such occasions, I had been accustomed to the touching of unenergized hands, and the mumbling of words which the speaker did not care to make plain, and which the hearer did not care to hear. But this was a true celebration. What did it matter if the bride and groom were specimens of senility? They were married and every one was glad. The whole countryside was assembled to do them honor. They also demonstrated the fact that they were there for a good time. The chief sources of amusement were eating, smoking and much loud laughter and talk. Nor did prohibition affect these merry people. When there was a slight lull in their celebration, Mrs. Duett

appeared with a jug of whiskey and a single glass. Then followed a certain ritual. The jug and glass circled the crowd in complete silence save for the smacking of lips and long drawn-out A-A-hs. After a respectable length of time allowed for expressions of appreciation, such exciting games as Drop the Handkerchief were indulged in. The affair ended hilariously in a mock wedding.

I was indeed glad to return to the Buick.

II. NAPOLEONIC RIDES

Another member of the school board had been kind enough to tell me that if I wanted I might ride to school with his two children in their buggy. About eight o'clock next morning, I heard mighty "Whoa's". On looking out of the window, I saw one of the most dilapidated buggies to be found outside a Charles Ray comedy. The horse, too, was in a class by himself. His name was Napoleon; and every time we started I thought of that ridiculous old song, "Gitty ap, Na-po-le-on, it looks like rain!" When I knew my pupils better I favored them with the selection, but they did not appreciate its significance. It was not until thrashing season began, and a young man known as Arthur made his appearance, that I found any one who did enjoy Napoleon's name.

A certain afternoon, when the week's rain had made it necessary to suspend thrashing operations for the time, we were "held up" by Arthur. He had been hunting in the magnificent canyon through which we drove twice each day. When we neared him, he pointed his gun in our direction, fondly believing that he was the first one to employ such an original ruse. He did not know that he was the fourth that week, and that this was the third time we were forced to affect surprise, although little Barbarba, aged six, laughed outright. However, after we had allowed the highwayman to enter our coach, he redeemed himself at once by singing in a joyous baritone and with all the required nasal intonations; "Gitty ap, Na-po-le-on, it looks like rain!" At last I had found a kindred soul.

My Napoleonic rides were always adventurous. The road was wide enough for only one wagon, and at various intervals there were drops of twenty feet. Nine-year-old Jennie drove. I shudder now when I think of what might have happened if old Nappy had got his signals crossed. At first I sat tight and trusted to Fate, but after a few times of nerve-racking suspense, while our lives literally hung in the balance, I decided I should like myself to have the responsibility of leaving this world, for better or for worse. And so I took my first lesson in driving.

After we left the canyon, we cut across an open prairie to Mrs. Frenner's, whose kitchen was to be our schoolroom until the new schoolhouse was finished. On our emergence upon the prairie our old buggy became an adventurous prairie schooner, and we a band of pioneers.

Napoleon, I soon discovered, was a hypocrite; for just before we arrived at any destination, he always bestirred himself and ended his journey with a grand flourish. Nor did we ever dare to suggest to him, even in the most polite and most circumspect manner, that he accelerate his pace just a trifle, for when we did he would stop and kick up—I believe the technical term is "buck". At Fenner's we drew up to the strains of a Barnyard Overture. Here we were joined by the other four pupils,

and after we had all become better acquainted, we played until time to "take up" school.

I shall never forget the fun we had once with ten goslings. One morning, upon our arrival, we saw the other children down by the creek. As soon as Jennie and I had unhitched Napoleon, we joined them. They were busily engaged in herding the flock into the water, while the unfortunate hen who had been made their unnatural mother stood on the bank in throes of anxiety. The stream was beautifully clear, and was bordered by overhanging willows. The sunlight playing on the water made it shine like liquid silver, and turned the sand below its surface into a golden brown. Dragon flies darted back and forth. Not far away, a bumblebee buzzed his lazy song, and a hen called to her chicks to enjoy the worm she had just found. I stood enthralled with the peaceful beauty of the scene until Howard's shrill "Come on, teacher, you can help me herd my geese!" reminded me that I was "teacher" and had no time for day dreaming. It was beside this stream that we always ate our lunches blissfully unaware of the mosquitoes that dined even while we did.

After school Howard and Jennie hitched up Napoleon while I put the schoolroom in order; then the six children waited impatiently for me to appear. They waited just long enough for me to climb into the buggy. Then followed a wild race, with the children yelling like little savages; and with Napoleon charging gallantly along. I think it nettled him that he was always left behind, for as soon as the others left us at the fork in the road, he dropped his head, and moped along the rest of the way home.

About the middle of July the county officials were evidently impressed with the dangerousness of the road thru the canyon, for one morning as we went to school we passed a group of men, and at intervals during the day we heard the dull boom! boom! of their blasting. Pines and rocks alike had to give way. The blasting frightened away the groundhogs, the squirrels, the rabbits and the occasional faun which we had been accustomed to see on our journeys to and from school. There were compensations, however; it was a real adventure to meet anyone. Sometimes we had to back up for many yards, before one of us could pass the other on the road. It became a standing joke which one was to get out of the way. A small thing in itself, but in the mountains, far from everyone, small incidents take on a new significance.

We welcomed the road-workers, the sheep-herders who drove their hundreds of baa-ing sheep to town, the occasional automobile. They served to break the monotony of our long ride through the heat of the summer afternoons—heat so intense that even the leaves of the quaking aspens were still, and the only sound that broke the hot silence was the raspings of the locusts, or the shrill pipings of the gophers. The children and I did our best to be amused by playing such games as we could in our limited space, and telling stories to each other; but these devices palled, so that we finally received as boons such remarks as: "It's ne' quite so hot today, is it?"

Yes, Napoleon was a faithful horse. He drew us through heat, through rain and through snow; and all he asked was to be allowed to set his own pace.

III. HORSEBACK

One Saturday morning I awoke to hear the rain pattering on my roof. I suddenly knew that at last my day long-wished-for had come. At last I should have an opportunity to explore the various paths which had fascinated me ever since I had arrived. While I ate breakfast, Curley went out to get me a horse. The moment I had finished eating, I went up to the barn, because he had not yet returned and I did not wish to lose one precious second of my wonderful morning. It was only a moment until I had swung into the saddle, and had started. Slim and Shorty went ahead to open the gate, and as I galloped down the road, I was followed by their "Ya-hoo's." Risking my neck and that of my horse, I turned around to wave my thanks.

The road was too slippery to gallop, so I pulled Lucy into a canter, and finally into a walk. As I passed the Huskey place, Jennie and Barbara waved frantically to me from the window. I made Lucy walk as slow as possible when I drew near old Uncle Bub's cabin, for I felt guilty for riding. The disapproval in his eyes seemed to tell me that the least I could do was to get off and help Lucy across the muddy places. Uncle Bub had a horse which was the light of his life, as well as the joke of the countryside. He would much rather get up at three o'clock and walk the twenty miles to town to buy his few provisions than to ride his pampered "Goldie." We exchanged greetings as I passed.

After exploring many by-paths, which proved something of a disappointment, I turned Lucy's head toward the ranch. Riding along, I thought of my other horseback rides. I recalled the one with Mrs. Fenner and Howard up into the timber, with the object of rounding up some stray cattle. We had not rounded up many. Mrs. Fenner had sighted a suspicious whiff of smoke, and we had ridden pell-mell towards it. If the fire had been much bigger than it was by the time we had arrived, the whole basin would have been burned out, and the farmers would have known another year of crop failure.

And I thought of the ride we had taken over to the Perkins' home ranch, where I had been introduced to some beautiful specimens of thoroughbred stock. Mrs. Fenner had entertained at dinner that evening. How good it had been to sit down to a table covered with snowy linen, and to find a real napkin at my place! After dinner, Mrs. Fenner had accompanied me home, and as we went slowly through the beautiful moonlit night, she had poured out her heart to me. How lonesome she was, and how she hated ranching! Her mood was typical of the women in those mountains. They all longed to get away, and not one of them saw the ghost of an opportunity to leave.

In direct contrast to this ride, I thought of the wild, harum-scarum rides the children and I had often taken on Saturdays. They, at least, had been happy; for them the world always laughed and sang. We often rode to a certain place where we left our horses and from there went on mountain-climbing expeditions. Putting my hand in my pocket I drew forth some curiously shaped pieces of bark, some pine cones and gum which the children had given me because "teacher can't get any of them in the city."

And so, entertained by my reflections, some gray and others sunlit, I returned to the "Bar Heart" ranch.

Trail Riding

Another day.
 Nine hours' work ahead.
 Endless succession of days coming up.
 Constant striving for money
 Which will do me no good when I get it—if I do.
 What's the use? Solution—satisfaction with dissatisfaction.
 "Forge along, you damn cayuse; you aren't crippled.
 There, sorry I larruped you.
 Ten years of service isn't to be laughed at.
 Take your time. Good horse and all that—".
 But what'll I have for supper?

Old Sawtooth looms, calm and unapproachable,
 Like some old trapper who has passed his days alone.
 Not like Harold Bell Wright's "Old Granite".
 Rotten story, "When a Man's a Man", silly, sloppy.
 Shucks! Man isn't a man unless often he's weak, even cowardly.
 Seldom god-like, very seldom.
 Not his fault, either. Nature or environment or something.
 Look at that Rainbow jump! Get that boy tonight.
 Helps kill time.
 Seems wrong sometimes, taking precious life.
 But now, is it precious?

Let's see. There's potatoes?
 God, how I hate potatoes.
 Well, pork and beans?
 Ugh—anything else!
 Pie? But my pies are so haggard.
 Bet Mrs. Dane can make good pies.

Mrs. Dane. Too good for old Jake.
 Hill-billy, degenerate, poor.
 "Short and simple flannels of the poor"— Sure hits Jake.
 She's too damn good.
 How come she married him?
 Good face, good figure, good disposition.
 Could have had anybody.
 Maybe she loves him—Good God!
 "Get up! Get up!! Get up!!!
 Wish I had a pair of hooks,
 I'd sink 'em into your old carcass.
 But doesn't pay to get mad.
 Take your time, Baby."
 Little irritable, I guess.
 But I'm so tired of riding,
 With nobody to talk to
 Or laugh with or at.
 Trail gets longer, too. Hell's bells!

I can have peas, or sweet potatoes,
 Or chipped beef——

—BERTRAM GUTHRIE.

Attention Horatio

NEVERTHELESS, I haven't any faith in the supernatural."

Our little crowd had adjourned its meeting, and as we left the smoking-room, we continued the discussion while waiting for the elevator. There were a half-dozen of us who had been in the habit of idling away an hour or so after dinner, and tonight the question of spiritualism had been pretty thoroughly gone into.

Jones' last remark had been intended as final. Now his name was not Jones, but because of what followed I shall call him that. He had gone into the service for the period of the war, later obtaining a commission as Major in the regular army.

McKellar and I did not take to him very readily. We had graduated in the same class with Fleming, and we couldn't quite forgive the attentions Jones was paying Ada during Jim's absence on the aviation field.

Ada's father had been C. O. when we were in the Point, and nearly every member of the class had been at one time or another in love with her, and when Jim carried her off, realized that we could not have forgiven any one but him.

Then Fate brought us all together in the same apartment house, and Mac and I had witnessed the flirtation from its beginning. Not that we ever believed it was anything but silly vanity on Ada's part. We knew her a great deal better than in those old days when we were all standing around waiting for a chance to pick up her fan or run her errands.

Tonight we were about tired of Jones and his talk. There was a sort of unwritten law in the smoking-room that the old Captain should be allowed his way. He had served his time in the navy, having been graduated long before we were born, and we didn't like the way Jones was ragging him about his new fad. Even the clergyman had been very decent about it, though Lord knows he had enough to say against Sir Oliver and the whole outfit whenever the Captain was not around.

So Mac and I were pretty well keyed up, and as the elevator stopped to let Jones off at his floor, I suggested to him that we go up on the roof. In truth I felt the need of a good breath of air.

It was early in May, one of those first warm nights when one begins to think of leaving Washington. As we looked down over the city, gaily lighted as if for a festival, I put out my hand and touched Mac.

"Pretty good old world after all. I wonder if those who have passed on ever look back with regret."

"Still thinking about the old Captain's spiel?"

That brought me back to the scheme I had in mind. "No, I don't believe a bit of that rot, but I sure would like to give Jones a jolt. If Jim should suddenly leave his terrestrial body and appear on this roof some night when Ada and her admirer were at their cooling, it certainly would give him something to think about."

"What's the idea?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You remember how much fun we had with Ada that night she first met Frank Brent? Well, he is in the city, saw him today, and he looks more like Jim now than he did when he was a plebe and we were second classmen. If we brought him up here some night, let

him come in at that door and stand there for a second, I'll bet Jones would light out."

"It sounds good, but would it be quite fair to Ada?"

"If Ada gets a little lesson, it won't hurt her."

The next day we saw Brent, and he was eager to carry out the scheme, promising to play his little part whenever the stage was set.

That night it rained, the next day we all had a date, but the third night it looked as if we would work it.

I had seen Jones stop by Ada's table as he had left the cafe, and I was certain they would go up on the roof. There was a new moon and it did not seem possible they could resist. I asked Mac to phone Brent while I had a little talk with Johnson, the elevator boy. It would never do for Brent to be announced.

Mac and I went up early, leaving Jones still in the smoking-room, but not until we heard him say how hot it was and what a mercy we had the roof.

The night was exceedingly warm and every bench and steamer chair was filled.

When Ada came up we moved a bench for her so that she would face the door. We sat down and talked to her. She did not appear pleased. About ten Jones came up. Some of the older people had gone down, a southwest breeze had sprung up, and even Ada drew a little wrap around her. When we saw Jones coming we moved away, taking a seat facing them.

Eleven was the time set, and Mac and I were on pins for fear they would go down before our little comedy could be enacted. But they did not seem in any hurry, and we began to suspect they intended to sit us out. As the hour approached, Mac and I grew more nervous. Should Brent fail, the joke would be on us, for we had refused to play poker, and we sure did need that money.

Eleven fifteen and we were about to decamp when suddenly Mac grabbed my arm. There in the doorway was Brent, and he looked like Jim all right.

Then I heard an oath and a scream, and turned in time to see Ada crumple up on the bench.

She came to in just a second, but was pretty weak, and we took her downstairs. Jones didn't come with us. He just looked used up. Brent played his part well. The understanding had been that he was to show himself for just a moment, and he had adhered to the plan to the letter, for he was not in sight as we went down in the elevator.

Mac and I felt much elated over the whole thing. It was the most successful practical joke we had ever seen perpetrated, and we went to bed that night feeling well satisfied with ourselves and with the world in general.

The next morning there was a note in my letter box. I took it into the dining room and read it while waiting for Mac. It was from Brent—"Sorry to disappoint you old chap, but Sis called me up at the last minute and I had to take her to a reception. Will do it tonight or tomorrow night, if it is all right with you."

I showed it to Mac as he came in. He looked flurried, as tho he had something to tell me. "Brent must have lost his mind," I said hurriedly. "Read this, Mac, and see what you make of it."

"I know, it wasn't Brent. Jim's plane fell last night."

—HELENA GRACE EVANS.

Routine

BEING a letter from a school man to a college friend of earlier years.
Place: On a train enroute from X, where I am newly contracted, to Y, where I have had charge of the school for the last few years.

Date: Any time, January to June, and recurring periodically at intervals of three or four years.

Dear Joe:

I have just been to the town of X. (Here should be a glowing description of any small town in Montana. Overdraw the picture and enlarge on its opportunities to about half the degree usually done by real estate men.) I was offered the job of running its schools. Of course I have accepted, for it carries a \$200 raise in salary. (Say nothing of the fact that it is time for me to move anyway; that there are those at Y who will be relieved at my going, because of the annoyance of two or three persons who have become my enemies.) Already I have plans in my mind for several things that I mean to do in X.

First, I shall adopt the community. Wife and I shall carry letters to one of the churches of the town when we go there. These letters will be read by the minister on our first Sunday. Of course this will have to be a different denomination from the one that has been our church home in Y, but then, twenty years of teaching and moving about has taught us that teachers must not be too pronounced in their likes and dislikes, and that all the churches are headed for the same goal. So we shall just swallow our prejudice, try to overcome our longing for the old fold, and go to work in the new church. My wife will be a leader in the Ladies' aid society, or whatever the women's organization that pieces out the preacher's salary may be called; and the children will be active in the Sunday school. Likewise we must smother any desire to stay in the old lodge, and will transfer our membership in two or three fraternal societies to the lodges in X. My wife will be a member of the civic club, the women's club and the cemetery association; as will I in the commercial club and the other civic organizations, and I shall pay dues in the rod and gun club, the automobile club, the tennis and golf clubs, though I do not have the time to participate in their activities.

Second, since I have known A, who was superintendent at X for the past two years, and, consequently, that he has kept a good school, I shall try to keep a better school. Given reasonable latitude in the selection of my staff, I shall endeavor to see that the teaching of reading and grammar and geography and whatnot is good.

Third, I shall exploit the school. Having built up a good school, or laid the plan for one and started the work for its realization, I shall sell it to its community. Every pupil of school age shall be in school, and all must have loyalty to the school above everything else. The community must be taught to demand more and more of its school—more of the real meat of education, and not be appeased by the display of fireworks and frills. I shall prosecute a campaign for new buildings where the old ones are inadequate, for new courses in the high school, for teachers enough to enable them to do justice to the pupil. The school must become the biggest business in the community, and its biggest business. But this

will not be a free school—it will be public, indeed my chief business will be to make it more public; it will be general, for all must attend it—but it will not be free. My constituents may see their taxes rising still higher. It will be my business not only to see that the tax dollar is well spent, but also to see that it is spent. When I get a superior teacher I shall maneuver to get that teacher's salary increased, even though he might consent to remain without the increase; for, believing in the dignity of my profession, I am willing to undergo some inconvenience in order to improve the condition of other workers in that profession.

But this cost of schooling and the mistakes that I am bound to make will make me some enemies. Some of these will be honest and honorable in their opposition; others may not. But all of them will be in deadly earnest to accomplish one purpose; namely, to get rid of me. My task will be to follow a steadfast purpose and discharge my duties well to friend and enemy, in spite of opposition and flattery. But when this opposition, which in the small town steadily grows and never diminishes, becomes so formidable as to make work unpleasant or to stand in the way of united community action in school affairs, then I shall take another train, find another town more attractive than X, and another board of trustees who will give me a contract and possibly another increase in pay, and then I shall write you another letter like this one with a few minor changes to fit particular conditions.

Your sincere friend,

T. A. BRUNER.

A Movie on the Reservation

IT WAS a small town movie-house with worn velveteen seats. Tom Mix was the attraction, that pearly toothed, rash man who delights the inexperienced. The audience began trailing in. Some shuffled, some slipped along. What a motley array of clothing! For Tom Mix was invading the Flathead Indian reservation.

There was a lumberman's outfit topped by a broad, grey cowboy hat set on long, shining, smooth braids bound with bead bands. Farther down was a "breed" with "white men's clothes," except for the moccasins, and, of course, there was the inevitable cowboy hat. So many were "breeds"—that indefinite mixture of red and white. Why does it bring out narrow-eyed slyness?

They settled into their seats and glanced around shiftily. For the most part they were unkempt; their hair, if it wasn't braided, straggled down unevenly over their coat collars.

But here was another. His hair was long, too. But one noticed the bushy beard with a faint flash of bronze thru it. He was French—up in the hills most of the winter.

How stolid the squaws were. They, too, wore a curious mixture of civilized and savage clothing. Their glossy hair was held down by brilliant kerchiefs. Their fat bodies were draped with vari-colored shawls, always fringed. A few carried smoked, bright-eyed, puppy-like infants. Except one—she was different. Her hair was bobbed; she was grotesquely and vividly rouged. Her black eyes darted in an agonized attempt to be anything but herself. She seemed like some wild animal at bay, frantically seeking to evade her captors. Her smile was overdone, and she chewed gum, oh, so raucously. She had become—civilized!

White persons avoided the red. There was as much race division here as in the south. Those of the light race took seats in the center tire, toward the middle and back of the auditorium.

And as the celluloid hero flashed his impartial smile across the screen—it was the stolid Indian who stamped, whistled, and clapped, while the white man sat in half-bored silence.

—ANNE CROMWELL.

Dose Wampus Cat

Yon don' believe dat? W'y, mon Dieu,
You t'ink dat I am lie to you?
Jus' go down where de riviere back
Into dat bayou dere,
An' see dose wild axe handle track
Jus' runnin' ever'where!

An' where you fin' lots track like dat,
Right dere you fin' dose wampus cat.
You wan' to see dose animaux?
I tell you w'at you do——
Firs' go to Pierre de Rochambeau
An' get hees li'l canoe.

Get a beeg heavy hammaire, too
An' tak' a knife along weet' you.
An' w'en you're out on riviere,
Mak' hole in dat canoe.
Dose wampus cat w'at leeve down dere,
He lak' see w'at you do——

He lak' know w'at ees going on—
Or eef you swamp bateau for fon;
Mebbe he t'ink you're good for eat,
Or got some food weet' you.
Qui sait? At leas', c'est son habite—
He's curyous w'at you do.

Eh? "Curiosite", I said!
An' tru dat hole he pokes hees head.
An' w'en you see dat head come dere
You heet dose wampus cat
A great beeg whack weet' de hammaire
An' knock hees head out flat!

An' den you haul heem in de boat,
An' w'en you see hees long black coat
Weet' spots of rouge an' green an' blue,
You get ver' mad, je sais,
To tin'k you b'leeve he lie to you,
Dat man, moi, Jean Marrier.

Montana Place Names

BOZEMAN. While Missoula received its name from the Indians, Bozeman takes hers in commemoration of a guide, Jim Bozeman, who during Indian uprisings, led small parties of hardy American pioneers through the Red man's perilous haunts.

BOOT HILLS. What horrible, grim, and gruesome deeds were committed to fill the numerous "boot" cemeteries scattered over the state! They are inevitable to new territories. The dead who rest there were buried with their boots on. Some were killed in Indian fights, some at the stirring time when the railroads went thru, some after cattle raids, and a large number because the world was too small to hold both them and their rivals. Many a man fighting for right found his final bed beside a desperado—and both now Rest In Peace.

FISH TRAP LAKE, up in the Bitterroot mountains, derives its name from a geographical situation. In the early spring, what in reality is a large slough is filled with water by the melting snows. Fish find their way up to it in the spawning season. Because the basin is small the water supply becomes exhausted as soon as the snows have melted, and the thousands of fish caught in the basin die.

VICTOR, a small town in the Bitter Root valley, was named in remembrance of old Chief Victor, who lived and died at peace with the white man. Only once was he known to have caused trouble, when the Nez Perce Indians rode thru the valley inciting all Indians.

DEAD MAN'S CREEK. In the central part of the state, on the divide between the Judith slope and the Musselshell slope, a prospector from the East once set up camp. It was not extremely large, but it had to be supplied with food. In order to lessen the danger of shooting one another, as well as to assure the supply of game, Big Bill, as the Easterner was called, hired two hunters. Each man was to have a slope for his range, and, by order of Big Bill, either man was to shoot the other on sight should he trespass. For many weeks no difficulty arose, but the rivalry between the hunters increased steadily. Then the luck of the man on the Judith slope grew and grew, and of course with it the jealousy and anger of the man on the Musselshell slope. One day the Judith slope man met with an accident, and in his hurry to reach water crossed the line of his domain; just as he rushed to the water and gained hope, he heard a sardonic laugh and the thud of a bullet hitting flesh. He felt a quick, sharp pain, and fell dead before his rival. For several years nothing was heard of the incident. Big Bill had left; his camp was deserted; but the curiosity of a single child remained. His father had left one morning and never returned. Why? In his wanderings he found the answer—there on the divide near the source of the creek lay his father's rifle and wallet. The creek and the canyon have since gone by the name of Dead Man's creek and Dead Man's canyon.

RUBBER POINT. Almost on the Wyoming line is a high point of rock. Below this point a road winds its way. On warm evenings the top of this point was the favored place of an "old maid". Miss Carew, in her youth a beautiful girl, had become enamored of a young French

voyager. They spent many happy hours dreaming together of the rosy future, its joys and peace. Suddenly the lover was called away. On the evening of his departure, standing on this point of rock, they pledged their troth, and he promised to return in the late fall. Fall came and went; many falls came and went. People forgot the affair, all but Miss Carew. She walked to the point every evening and stared off into space, or watched the happy young couples walking along the road below the rock. The youth resented the watching, and began calling her "an old rubber neck" and the point "rubber point", and so the name has stuck.

LAST CHANCE GULCH. Tirelessly a certain group of old miners had searched many regions for pay-rock. But now they were tired and discouraged; they would make but one more try, and that up the gulch just before them. The result of this search would leave them broke or better off. They started out with little animation, but when they arrived they were animated enough, for there before them lay the "yellow rock"! The gulch they called "last chance gulch"; it is now West Main street, Helena.

—HELEN MacGREGOR.

Bookshelf

LIGE MOUNTS: FREE TRAPPER: Frank B. Linderman. (Scribners, 1922.) Mr. Linderman tells a steadily running story that reveals the life of the plains in the early days before Montana was settled. He has known something of this life. He is himself a member of an Indian tribe and has received privileges granted by Indians to few white men. The Indian village, buffalo running and hunting, gambling, trading, the Indian religion of nature, daily duties, fighting, marrying, and other phases of Indian life are described in careful and vivid detail. Mr. Linderman, like so many who love the Indian and write of him, tends toward what the layman in the subject calls idealization. In chapter 30, for instance, the white man comes off, as he probably deserves, a poor second; and whenever the Indian religion is mentioned it is shown as superior in simplicity and sincerity to white man's practice. Likewise the trapper's life is portrayed—his journeying up the Missouri and its tributaries, his Indian skirmishes, his life among the Indians, his trading of white man's trinkets for furs, his life in the posts far out from civilization, his sale of furs, and his days in early St. Louis. The familiar figures of Pink and Carpenter and Talbot (Talbeau of Mr. Neihardt's poem) and Edwin Rose appear.

There is dignity in the book, the majesty of nature, and the clean purity of the out-of-doors. The pages are refreshing. Never once does the love story become softly sentimental; never once the hard life of the plains over heroic. Mr. Linderman writes with love and artistry, and with a newly developed technic that puts him forward many stages as a storyteller. The narrative is so handled that an accumulative effect builds itself into the emotions of the reader. Besides the beauty of nature and of free living in the open there is beauty of description and of phrase. "The moon was full and her light silvered the lodges so that the shadows of the native cottonwood limbs that fell on them shimmered and sparkled, like. At first there was fires in the lodges—fires that showed through like reddish-yellow lanterns. But one by one they went out till mighty night all was dark inside. The rippling of the Marias waters came loud, then soft, as the breeze strengthened or lessened, carrying the sound to us and away again." "She stood up in that swift, still way that is, like a shadow."

The book is a wholesome and instructive and entertaining contribution to our Northwest literature. It should be on every Montana high school reading list and every Montanan would profit from acquaintance with it.

—H. M.

THE SONG OF LIFE AND OTHER POEMS: William H. Davies. (Fifield, London, 1920.) In this book we see the author of *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* come home again from vagabondage to ask himself, "What is life?" That his answer cannot be said to still the question is not to be wondered at. Indeed, he himself shows something more than a suspicion of his failure in coming thus to meet his critics:

"I hear men say: 'This Davies has no depth,
He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,
And throws no light on deep, eternal things—'
And would they have me talking in my sleep?"

Life and death, time and eternity do not yield up to him their secrets; all things pass;

"A sneeze from Time gives life its little breath;"

in a fever of lust, in a struggle for common shelter, for bread and meat, man goes his brief way, afraid of the end of the road.

Of so much Davies is certain; of a God he seems not sure, but he is not afraid. From the great ones, the priests and prophets, who speak of riddles and salvation, of hell on earth and God's almighty hour, he turns like a rebellious pagan, sick of sophisticated mysteries, weary of a world they have

"Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,"
not like Omar to the fleeting satisfaction of the flesh, but to the arms of his first love, Nature:

"To you I'll come, my old and purer friend
With greater love in these repentant hours;
To let your Brooks run singing to my lips;
And walk again your Meadows full of flowers.
Kissed with his warm eyelashes touching mine,
I'll lie beneath the Sun, on golden sheaves;
Or see him from the shade, when in his strength
He makes frail cobwebs of the solid leaves."

This is no great philosophy; it is retreat, but it is the retreat of a strong man who rebels against the fevered "solvers" of life. For the reading of this book choose an hour when the pagan blood is up.

—H. W.

PUBLIC OPINION: Walter Lippmann. (Harcourt, Brace, 1922.) What is the elusive thing we call public opinion? How is it formed? What influences effect its changes? These are questions which present themselves to the teacher, the lawyer, the preacher, the editor—to every worker who has contact with a public, large or small. They are the questions which Walter Lippmann has sought to answer in "Public Opinion". To their consideration Mr. Lippmann has brought the varied and extensive observations of his versatile experience as teacher of psychology and philosophy, as reporter and editor, as soldier and diplomat. Others have attempted to analyze the psychology of the crowd; Mr. Lippmann pursues a different course; he considers more the practical phase of the problem. "Public Opinion" should be read by every student who looks forward to public relations of any sort.

—A. L. S.

LOYALTIES: John Galsworthy. (Duckworth, London, 1922.) Is it Galsworthy? So accustomed are we to Galsworthy the thinker in the theatre—the man of ideas who uses the theatre as a medium for giving them to the public—that we may be a bit surprised to spend an evening with Galsworthy the dramatist, the playwright—the man who uses the theatre to entertain, primarily, to instruct if he may. **Loyalties** is a most interesting play. It hits home and hits hard. Nowhere in the list of Mr. Galsworthy's plays of great distinction has he handled in so masterly a fashion the dramatic value of suspense. **Loyalties** is intense. It is a play of plot, of situation, exhibiting characters quite adequate to the situation, individuals who make us feel with them, who give us the illusion of life. An English country home; a number of guests, among them a Jew, young, rich, and new. The Jew announces to his host at eleven-thirty at night that he has had a thousand pounds stolen from his room while he had gone to his bath. He definitely accuses one of the guests without positive proof. And there you have it—loyalty! Shall the host, obedient to his impulse as gentleman, be loyal to his friend and guest and denounce the Jew, or shall he, loyal to himself, to his inner sense of justice, pursue the matter and discover the truth? Shall the club be loyal to the accused member without proof? Shall the wife be loyal when she knows the truth? Shall the legal profession be loyal to client or to the honor of the profession when it discovers the truth? Values? Human problems! Of such is the good play made.

—R. W.

WINDOWS: John Galsworthy. (Duckworth, London, 1922.) Quite a horse of another color! Mr. Galsworthy is coming to be a dramatist of brilliant variety. **Windows** is delicious high comedy, social satire with all the sting left out. He has sipped the honey from clover and poison-ivy and mixed them in a harmless sweetness. But so delicious a flavor! Barrie and Shaw and Wilde and Galsworthy all in one! Whim, satire, wit, subtle innuendo. One has to keep his intellectual power raised at least to the nth. degree to keep up with **Windows**.

Johnny: Is civilization built on chivalry or on self-interest?

Mr. March: I should say it was built on contract, and jerry built at that. Chivalry is altruism, Johnny. Of course it is quite a question whether altruism isn't enlightened self-interest!

Bly: What's the use of all these lofty ideas that you can't live up to? Liberty. Equality. Democracy—see what comes o' fightin' for 'em! 'Ere we are wipin' out the lot. We thought they was fixed stars; they was only comets—hot air. No; trust 'uman nature, I say, and follow your instincts.

Mary: And he's got the books out of cook's room.

Mrs. March: Do you know what they are? "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Wide World" and the Bible.

Mary: Johnny likes romance.

Mr. March: Are you going to leave him up there with the girl and that inflammatory literature all night? Where's your common sense, Joan?

Of such delicate, unlabored lines is the play, a play of philosophical ideas about life that leaves us as muddled as life, but not unhappily muddled; pleasantly, amusedly muddled. With rare humor, the only attempt at finality is given to a woman—inebriate! "I—see—it—all. You—can't help—unless—you—love! See people as—they—are! Then you won't be—disappointed. Don't—have ideals! Have—vision—just simple—vision!"

—R. W.

MARIA CHAPDELAINE, A Tale of the Lake St. John Country: Louis Hamon; translated by W. H. Blake. (Macmillan, 1921.) If Hamon had spent his life instead of merely a year or so in the Lake St. John Country his language and the way in which he turned his sentences might have partaken of the elemental simplicity, power and ruggedness of that cold and lonely part of Canada. And if the life of that region were the very warp of his being his book might have been an irresistible, dramatic revelation, by almost instinctively selected particulars, of the very nature of the country, and the very characters of representative but highly individualized peasants.

That indispensable condition, of being bone of the bone, and flesh of the flesh of the life and people one tries to represent, is not fulfilled. And so this highly and intelligently praised novel about French Canadian peasants on a half-cleared farm in the north of Quebec where the winters are intensely cold is rather a masterly reportorial fabrication than a noble artistic creation.

Judging by the translation, which is manifestly careful with the fidelity of love, the author is very self-conscious about the effect of his words and rhythms. His use and repetition of cunning decorative phrases, and his elaborate rounding of sentences to give them a contour more elegant than the content supplied, make the style excessively and falsely poetic, and render it literally soporific.

And correspondingly, the depiction of the life and characters, though impressive, is by general and somewhat hypnotic suggestion rather than by letting the scenes extend before us, and the characters speak and act. The book is, in short, an excellent example of that inferior but still widely admired kind of art which seeks first to produce an effect instead of to communicate a perception and a feeling already dominating the spirit of the artist.

—S. H. C.

THE MERCY OF ALLAH: Hilaire Belloc. (Chatto and Windus, London, 1922.) A ringing, stinging satire upon modern business, the accumulation of fortunes, and society's attitude toward the processes. It is straight-out satire, frank, battering, and baiting; never for a moment is the reader at a loss for the writer's meaning. It reads as though Mr. Belloc, like many of us, had thought that the ploughing of the war would make society capable of cultivation, but had awakened in post-war days to a realization that no amount of ploughing, apparently, can turn society while organized on the basis of wealth into sweet, productive soil. His banging away at our false standards enheartens one who believes that all is not right in Denmark. Contemporary society needs a satirist as ferocious as Swift. It is too bad that Mr. Belloc's genius is not ferocious. Still, there is no lack of vigor in his indictment. And how ludicrous he makes our world of business seem!

—H. M.

PRISONERS OF HARTLING: J. D. Beresford. (Collins, London, 1922.) A family of ten or twelve sit around in the country home of a rich relative waiting for him to die and leave his riches; they sit around and rot, as people must who live on unworthy ideals. One man and one woman only possess backbone strong enough to hold them erect before the wealthy tyrant; and they alone grow. An exciting story of the will of one strong man, backed with wealth, dominating the lives of a household. It is done with that incisive technique peculiar to Beresford.

—H. M.

PIERRE AND LUCE: Romain Rolland. (Holt, 1922.) Inimitable French realistic story of the love of two youngsters during the abnormal days of the war when society's thought hovered on the edge of a possible no-tomorrow. They are disillusioned youngsters, yet they find love good. Pierre asks of Luce why she loves him, and she replies that she does not know, "And there is no need at all why I should know. When one asks why something is, it means that one is not sure about it, that the thing is not good. Now that I do love, no more why! No more where or when or for, nor how either! My love is, my love is! All beside may exist if it cares to."

—H. M.

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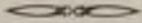
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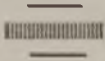
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