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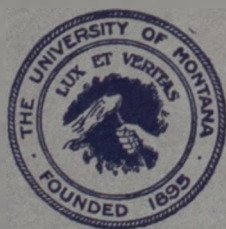
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V. 7, no. 1

Nov. 1926

The FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine



AMONG OTHERS

1. *Sayings of the late Dr. J. H. Underwood.*
2. *"There Are Night and Day, Brother."*
3. *Verse—Revelations; Smelter Smoke.*
4. *The Sluice Box.* *Book Shelf.*

STATE UNIVERSITY of MONTANA

NOVEMBER, 1926

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VOL. VII

NO. 1

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Sayings of Dr. J. H. Underwood

Professor of Economics and Sociology, State University of Montana,
1907-1926. He died in Washington, D. C., on October 24, 1926.

All problems that are not thought out, must be fought out.

A humorous attitude toward the universe is the only attitude that is compatible with self-respect.

If you are afraid of important people, don't treat those who are below you meanly.

Shall swine be fed pearls? Why should the digestion of swine be injured?

"The time is not ripe." The time to be just is a time that never comes to weak men.

Wherever there is another human being within reach there is occasion for creative and cultural life.

Join the Jewish, Catholic and Protestant organizations, if they will allow. Join both the Chamber of Commerce and the Federation of Labor.

I think more of a person with a good motive who is wrong, than of one who is always right with no motive.

Loyalty holds society together, but the creative person is driven crazy by it. Loyalty is the first virtue of a slave. Find an equilibrium between loyalty and creativeness.

The crowd thinks with its ears, discusses with its teeth and votes with its tail. The crowd can always hear the bass drum or see the drum major. The crowd can always see the virtue of the six feet six inches of Saul the son of Kish. The crowd can always feel the weakness of the individual who is standing alone; or of the man who is trying to get out of the mob.

I advance reasoning by confusing and embarrassing social division and organizations and institutions. The disturbances of institutions is the emancipation of individuals. I treat institutions as necessary evils not as divine virtues, hence subject to revisions, medicament and surgery.

THE FRONTIER

A Literary Magazine

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."—THOREAU.

(Copyright, November, 1926, by H. G. Merriam)

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NOVEMBER, 1926

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In Memoriam

J. H. U. ————— 1874-1926

One dies—we go our way.

Life never stills; men seldom pause.

It is too wise to stop its wheels; men are too bound.

But sometimes, here and there,

A mind prophetic closes its visioned search,

Whose vibrant thought has fibred souls

To dare their natural power;

Then do such men, strong in their lost support,

Praise, in their life's endure,

The soul that touched with theirs.

Life moves continuous;

But sometimes men do pause, and hear a spirit's hail.

One dies—we go our way.

Life never stills.

H. G. MERRIAM.

Joseph Harding Underwood

Chanticleer of a Fairer Dawn

WE say and say that the spirits of great men live on in their influence. It is a pale wraith of comfort. Can a very little be attempted to help to make it true? I do not know. But I do know that I shall sometimes take new heart when I think of Brother Joe.

For his, though full of thwarting and of sadness, though imperfectly fulfilled, was a triumphant life. The powers of stupidity and meanness could never knock the chip off his confronting shoulder.

I knew him well, and I should like to tell the whole world that I have known a man who never knuckled under. He was to his last conscious hour stoutly demanding much of life. And still more of himself.

Nothing ever made him believe he had to play the game the way the others do. He never gave in to the discouraged notion that God is the only one to help the man that holds the sack. I could cite instances in which he helped, himself, with money, and with all his personal force.

Brother Joe was always acting his belief that fairness for others was more important than comfort for himself. Again and again he risked the Juggernaut vengeance of systems for the uncertain good of a person. He proved repeatedly that for him friendship was more precious than convenience. He gave up easily attainable wide reputation that he might scale inch by inch the sky-reaching, rough precipice of art. (For instead of the weighty treatises he had collected materials to write, he deliberately devoted himself to perfecting a series of imaginative dialogues to embrace the rich, various, and dangerous, but hopeful, meaning the whole of life revealed to him.)

For life was adventure to him to the last. He never outgrew playing. He never lost his jauntiness for long. He gambled for enormous stakes: for democracy, for freedom of spirit, for honesty, for beauty. Authority never cowed him. Fear of the revenges of craven compromisers and exalted humbugs never subdued him.

And I think it was because he always refused to blink that his vision was so clear and so deep. He could not be taken in—except, perhaps, by student bluffers whom he didn't bother to suspect—because he refused to fool himself.

I am sure few men of fifty are loved as Brother Joe was loved. And, if many who were fond of him could not understand him, it was

part of his greatness that he could reciprocate cordial friendliness or affection without being understood.

He never pretended blindness to the absurdities of human beings. He could laugh at himself. And he laughed, and even mocked, at the pious frauds and pusillanimous respectabilities of men of high estate. But he avoided hurting folks in vain. His guns were often masked; but they hit a mark whenever they barked out. And he was dangerous to palterers and parasites.

Brother Joe was sensitive as only genius born is sensitive. He was imaginative as only the most exquisite souls have been. He saw to the depths as only bold, true prophets see, though like other greatly wise men he made what must seem to others errors. He used knowledge with a competence only hard-working and puissant intellects attain. He was a pioneer in the effort to reconcile the scientific and the poetic methods, the rational and the religious attitudes. He was an idealist whose ideals were never finally moulded and shut away in shrines; his ideals were alive and growing and engaged in constant action. He had a quenchless faith.

But the way I shall always think of Brother Joe—or one of the ways—is this: He crowed daily a whimsical defiance to meanness and sham and stultification, and neither man nor nature ever forced him to show the white feather.

SIDNEY COX.

Enigma

The dry-goods clerk and I had planned a home.

I said, "I have to write my poems—you understand?"

His eyes had quizzed my asking ones:

"Sure, I won't care"—granting a wilful child's demand.

But when the poet spoke of marrying me,

I said in desperation, "I'll need clothes to wear,
Somewhere to sleep—and food, sometimes?"

His eyes were quizzical, too: "Of course, I shall not care."

VIOLET CRAIN.

"There are Night and Day, Brother"

IN retrospect it is inconceivable, fantastic, like a dream I have dreamed or a tale I have read. And yet it began so casually that I was unaware of its significance until it was ended. At the time it seemed quite natural, almost commonplace.

I scarcely know how it happened. There was an obscure notice in the morning's paper announcing the death of the gypsy queen, and I wandered down into a little known part of the city hoping to catch a glimpse of that strange and mysterious people of whom I had read so much and knew so little. When I at last discovered the house the gypsies had departed. A piece of faded, crimson carpet had been drawn askew across the one window, and a brisk young undertaker was locking the paintless door. At the curb stood a funeral limousine, shining with black enamel, suavely upholstered. The man saw me hesitate, and grinned. "Looking for the gypsies?" he asked. I nodded.

"They're gone on to the church, about ten blocks from here," he jerked his thumb in that general direction. Then, magnanimously, "Jump in; I'll take you there."

It was a most extraordinary and delightful invitation, so in I "jumped." The man settled himself in the driver's seat and the car nosed forward.

All the way to the church the brisk and chubby undertaker talked mournfully about trade. He explained that it had been bad lately, very bad. I found myself taking a profound interest in his troubles. And all the while I felt so matter-of-fact, so perfectly at ease. It was extraordinary.

We drew up before the church. A great crowd hung about the doors and jostled each other on the pavement. "I got to get out of this," I thought. I suddenly wanted to hide, to crouch down in the gray velvet cushions out of sight, but I could not. The crowd parted in a narrow aisle and I had to pass along it and up the church steps while curious eyes stared and voices murmured.

The church was dusky, and there was the bitter, biting fragrance of incense. It is all so vivid. I wish I could make you see it as I saw it. In the glowing chancel the priest moved solemnly, performing the mass. Candles flickered before the shrines of the sweet, foolish plaster saints; candles burned at the head and foot of the casket of wrought

silver. The sun shone wanly through stained glass, touching the heads of the kneeling gypsies; the dark hair of the men, the bright, twisted scarves of the women, turquoise and scarlet, purple, maroon and emerald.

Suddenly, swift and clear, above the murmuring voice of the priest, rose the plaint of the gypsies. What was it? I do not know. A primeval chant, perhaps; a poignant, passionate cry of desolation; the epitome of sorrow, of despair, a soaring terrible canticle of woe.

Slowly the men came down the aisle bearing the silver casket. The little gold crescents in their ears swayed and glittered; their black hair curled crisp and oily. Under the heavy lid of the silver casket slept the gypsy queen. An old woman, perhaps; a wizened, ugly, dirty old woman, but I pictured her young and lithe, lying there so quiet, so still, her ribbon-bound hair falling in two dusky braids across her shoulders, her eager, supple hands at rest, folded meekly upon the soft curve of her breast. She who had been so free, so proud, so arrogant, sleeping quietly.

The gypsies would go back to the road again in their painted caravans. They would follow the green boughs of the Romany pattern across the curve of the world, and she would sleep on under the grass, with gold coins pressing down her eyelids and her restless limbs still.

Some long forgotten words from Lavengro came to me with sudden clearness. The voice of Mr. Petulengro, the gypsy, saying, "There are night and day, brother, both sweet things. Sun, moon and stars, brother, all sweet things. There is likewise a wind on the heath. Life is very beautiful; who would wish to die?"

Shut away from the night and the day; placed where the wind on the heath could never blow, lay the gypsy queen, sleeping. Would her little hands sometimes flutter and beat against the door of her prison? Would she stir uneasily, longing for the hot, sweet smell of grass in the sunlight? "Life is very beautiful, who would wish to die?"

ALICE PARSONS HANCOCK

Document No. 1 *Dry-Land Farming*

PATRICIA came running into the room where Louise sat staring out of the window. She sat down beside her.

“What’s the matter? Get a letter from home?”

“Yes, from my mother. She’s having so many social pleasures, and I’m glad. Her life hasn’t always been a happy one.

“When I think of it now, I don’t see how my mother ever endured those first few years that we spent in Montana. She had lived in Illinois all of her life and after she and my father were married, lived in Chicago, where my father was principal of a school. We three children were born there. We were all very happy until my father had pneumonia and was ordered to go west for his health.

“My father’s people, because they were worried and wanted to help, took everything into their hands. We would, of course, go to Montana. We had an aunt there who had taken up a claim on some dry land near Roundup. My father could get a position in a school where he could be principal and probably not have much hard work. We would leave in August. They settled everything. It was taken for granted that my mother would be delighted to do anything to better my father’s health. Of course, she found it hard to make such a great change.

“She didn’t complain—except once—when a friend of hers said, ‘I suppose you are very excited about going West, aren’t you, Jean?’ The relatives all turned to my mother and smiled. Of course she would say ‘yes.’ But she said, ‘Well, I believe I’d rather go to hell right now and get it over with.’ Everyone gasped, ‘Why, Jean!’ in very hurt tones, but the arrangements went on.

“We arrived in this very small town ‘near Roundup’ on a very rainy day, my mother recalling the very glowing letters of my aunt which stated that we had ‘three hundred and sixty-five days of sunshine in glorious Montana.’ My aunt met us and she and her husband took us into their hands. Arrangements had been made for our dry farm; our shack was being built one-half mile from theirs; we would buy a horse and buggy and my father would drive back and forth to school—the fresh air would do him so much good. It meant, of course, that Jean would be alone all day with the babies (I was five years old,

Paul was three and Gil was one), but, of course, Jean was willing to sacrifice everything for George's (my father's) health.

"Three weeks later we drove out to our ranch. The shack was finished, the furniture moved in and we were proudly riding in our new buggy, with Susie, a gentle white horse, pulling us.

"The shack was one large room. In it were the bare necessities, a stove, a table, a cupboard, three rocking chairs, a couch. My mother hid as much as possible behind gay curtains, which added greatly to the room's appearance. A huge screened sleeping porch completely surrounded the house; it was our one luxury. We all slept there. On nice days, we ate there. We read and played there.

"I remember that my mother used to say, 'This silence is driving me mad.' She was used to the roar of the city, to seeing and being with her life-long friends, to going to theaters. Now, she was alone with us children all day; she didn't see a person, outside of the family, for days at a time. My father would return about seven in the evening, exhausted. At night they would try to read by lamp light, which seemed very dim compared to the electric lights that they had left.

"One quiet evening about dusk my mother, two brothers and I were walking about near our house. Suddenly we heard a terrible scream, echoed by many others. It was a blood-curdling sound. My mother grabbed Gil and told us to run to the house. We all went in, locked the door and stayed there, never speaking above a whisper until my father came some hours later. He told us that we had probably heard coyotes. My mother thought the sound was Indians escaping from the reservation some thirty miles away.

"I saw her cry only once in all those summers and falls that we existed out there. We had to haul water, daily, from a spring five miles away. This was done every evening after my father returned from town. It was quite a ceremony. A large barrel was put in the front of the buggy; mamma and papa sat on each side of it. We three children sat on the floor in the back. Under the seat were jugs for drinking water. One night there was a terrible storm and my father didn't get home until nearly midnight. Because it was too late for us to go after water when he did return we decided that we had plenty to last us until the next evening. At breakfast the next morning we children and my mother were playing when Paul's arm slipped and he spilled a cup of water! To me, now, it seems very trivial, but at that time it was a catastrophe. My mother put her head on the table and

burst into tears. It was just the last straw and she cried as if her heart would break. Soon we were all crying. She had to stop to cheer us up. She couldn't even cry as much as she wanted to.

"Another night my father and mother decided to hike after the water as Susie was lame. They were each to carry a pail. It was a beautiful starry night and they arrived at the spring happy, for the first time in months. They sat down under a tree by the spring and visited. (You see our shack was situated in sage brush and a tree couldn't be seen for miles.) When they started back it was quite late, so they decided to take a short cut. They soon lost the path and were wandering around in the sage brush. They were lost for hours. Finally they sighted the light at home. In his hurry, my father stepped into a rabbit hole and fell, spilling his pail of water. There was silence. Finally my mother said, timidly, 'George, are you hurt?' He roared, 'No, I'm not hurt, but I've spilled the water!' She could contain her mirth no longer; she sat right down and laughed and laughed. It was contagious and he laughed too. Afterward she said that it was the first time they had laughed together for months.

"We had heard frightful stories of snakes—and we couldn't tell poisonous from non-poisonous ones. One morning my mother was singing as she made the beds on the porch. She pushed one out to tuck the covers in and saw on the floor a vividly colored piece of cloth. She bent over to pick it up and it moved! She screamed and we ran over to my aunt's for help. When they came back with us the snake couldn't be seen anywhere. I can still remember my aunt's tone when she said, 'Jean, I'm sure that it was all your imagination!' Then I said, 'But I saw it, too.' My aunt was not convinced. She turned and said, 'Jean, you are having a bad effect upon the children. They are at the impressionable age.' With these words she and her husband rode away, leaving us to our fate.

"A little later, when my mother was telling us stories, the snake crawled out from behind the stove. She grabbed her revolver and tried to shoot, but she was so weak that she couldn't pull the trigger. She became hysterical and tried to kill it with a broom. Every time she struck, the snake stuck out its tongue at her. She grew faint and screamed. A neighbor who happened to be going by came in and killed it; it was a six-foot bull-snake.

"My mother tells of another hot afternoon when we children were asleep and she was reading, trying to get into a happier atmosphere. A

man drove up and said to her, 'Is your husband at home?' When she replied that my father wasn't at home, he said that he wanted to sell him some strawberry plants. There was something about the irony of trying to raise strawberry plants on our dry farm that filled her with anger. She was furious, and finally said, 'You may think my husband a fool to try to live on a dry farm, but he isn't fool enough to try to raise strawberries on it.'

"The man sneered and said, 'Any man would be a fool to try to live with you.' He drove away.

"She sat there looking over the never-ending expanse of sage brush with waves of heat rising from it and was thinking that perhaps the stranger was right when she looked up and there he was again. He tipped his hat and said, 'Lady, that was a pretty poor joke, even for a hot day. I'm sorry.'

"She said she forgave him but she never forgot it. It still hurts.

"These are only a few of the torturing things that happened to her.

"And do you know, Patricia, that now when I ask my mother, 'Would you, if you could live your life over, give up those experiences?' she replies, 'No. If experience is living, I have lived.' "

MARGARET VEEDER.

'I was Never a River'

I was never a river,
I was spring water
Flowing from dark to darkness.
I shall never be a lake nor an ocean,
I am a little pool in the midst of a meadow
And you may never catch me
Not glinting at the sun.

There has been tumult,
There will be disaster,
But where was once swift beauty
Must it not come again?

Was it a swallow that skimmed over me
And made these ripples
That still try to catch the sun?

DOROTHY MARIE JOHNSON.

Wood Note

I

THIS enormous adventure came to Sturgeon at a time that was, speaking relatively and in terms of his life, rather long ago.

It was in the time when his family lived in a suburban town, upon the edge of a wood. Again, it was in the time when ladies, the friends of his mother, seemed always dressed flowingly in white—even to their white, floppy hats—as they sat upon the family's big lawn in the shadows of the late afternoon, talking endlessly over a wicker tea-table. Generally they talked about books (his family was that sort), and occasionally they said things so comprehensible to him that, if he were playing a solitaire of crouquet upon the lawn, he would pause to listen.

The more daring of the ladies smoked thin white cigarettes: a strange and not quite healthy process, it seemed to him then. Silver spoons tinkled against fragile cups. There was light laughter.

"Therese," his mother would call toward the house, "the samovar," please!"

But when in their tea-talk words like "philosophy" and "the new drama" assaulted him, his attention must have failed, and he would trip up a steep hill to little Gardner's house to suggest—oh, anything. It made no difference. One had much time then.

Generally sheer habit took them to the thick woods behind Sturgeon's house—that is, if it were a clear day, with a not too short time remaining before the supper hour. Very likely he and Gardner would have been in the wood that very morning, but the hours in those days might as well have been years. So much could happen! With each change of light in the sky the woods, too, could change definitely, like the expressions of a person who can be angry at one moment and unknowably pleasant at the next. No, the woods were not always the same. One day they might be very dark, looking as if they were about to tumble over on you, and you ran rather desperately for the house. Another day they were spacious, inviting, like the corridors of a sunny home done entirely in white.

Now on a certain late afternoon when a word like "renaissance" had shattered his interest in the gathering on the lawn, Sturgeon went up the hill to little Gardner's house; and later, together, they turned

quite naturally toward the forest. There were two ways you might enter it: down a hill and through a lower lane, but preferably and closer at hand, by a path that led through a patch reputed to be of poison ivy.

Through the woods, then, for a quarter of a mile (later he could think it all through at night), and beyond would be a clearing where was a fallen tree that had long served admirably as a castle. Sturgeon recalled later that neither he nor Gardner spoke as they walked. It was as if they were expecting something unpleasant.

The something unpleasant was of course what they would have cited as being the only thing of its kind possible: an invader. Sturgeon's father had spoken of tramps from the city . . . out of work . . . first haying season over. Sturgeon guessed it. The squawky blue jay family that should have been crying at their approach was ominously silent, though there was still filtering light in the tops of the trees. He stopped, and dogged little Gardner almost ran into him.

"Look," pointed Sturgeon. A man sat in the clearing. But he was not a tramp. They knew it almost at once, though his back was toward them, for he wore a white shirt, and tramps generally wore something different from that. However, he remained sitting upon the castle—on one of the very turrets—outrageously indifferent to the impropriety. Before him was a board on which he was adding and changing colors with a brush. A strange business.

Neither Sturgeon nor Gardner could speak. Sturgeon was just a little frightened, and dumbly angry. And Gardner's mouth was gaping wide, but not for speech.

Then the man turned around as if he had known all the time that they were there, but until that moment had been too busy to look. He was smiling at them like an older person at a party, not at all menacingly. His brown hair was mussed, and he seemed a bit fagged. Sturgeon reflected that if he were somewhat younger, Sturgeon's mother would have been certain to take an interest in his welfare.

"These are your woods, I guess," the man conceded in a nice enough voice, not as much like a girl's as was his smile. Then he added, "But I need them for a while. You don't mind?"

Why wouldn't Gardner speak first? But it was enough that he did not. So Sturgeon said, "No, you can stay." He felt that to have been said rather magnanimously. He tried again, "I live up here" (pointing backward over the path); "where do you live?"

The man was now standing up and away from his picture, still holding his brush in his right hand, and squinting at his work. They stepped nearer, for it was getting more shadowy, even on the fringe of the wood. But the picture nevertheless seemed to them to be green, just as they knew the open field to be green when in the light of day it was clear enough to see it.

He was a long time answering Sturgeon's question. "Generally I live over there." He pointed toward the city. "But when I got tired this time I came here. See that? I have a little tent and food for a while. You will come down to see me. You will, won't you?" He looked at them again, amused, questioning. This was really becoming too droll.

They breathed, "Yes. Tomorrow," and turned to hurry back. The forest would be dangerously dark now. The man was already a blur against the open field and the arc of sky dimming above it.

II

Half an hour later, at supper on the screened porch and under the light of slim white candles, Sturgeon told the tale breathlessly, then waited.

His father, who had plump red cheeks, was in spite of them grave . . . and now, as always, skeptical.

His mother, still in white as in the afternoon on the lawn, was rather too plainly sympathetic. She subdued him with "Of course, my dear," leaving Sturgeon to wonder if she would add in explanation to his father, "You know, he is reading almost too much these days."

At their manifest doubt Sturgeon was horrified.

"You don't believe me?" he asked shakily, and almost wept. But tomorrow . . . their doubt made the prospect of the morrow happier in its secrecy.

III

The next morning at nine o'clock they were again in the clearing, before the closed flap of the tiny tent.

"Ho!" cried Sturgeon boldly.

The flap opened. The man's brown head alone popped out as if there were nothing more of him.

"Can you build a fire?" asked the man ludicrously. "Can you cook? Can you fetch a pint of water for a painter to shave with? Or would you rather be a painter's picture and stay young and helpless forever?"

They laughed comfortably.

"No one at home will believe you are here," said Sturgeon irrelevantly. "They think I'm story-telling."

The man wrinkled his forehead as on the night before. "Don't bother about it. Maybe I'm not here. Maybe we're all dreaming each other. What do you say to that?"

Well, there was an idea! Sturgeon and Gardner looked at each other. No, they were assuredly alive, but the painter. . . . He might indeed have been a dream. . . . Suddenly he crawled on all fours out of the tent, wearing his white shirt and khaki trousers, and dragging his board and brushes.

"What is it to be today? A cow?" Assent. "Very well, a cow; a cow that you can milk for our breakfast. That's the real function of art. But I forget," he concluded apologetically, "you don't yet know what art is, fortunately."

How jolly for Sturgeon then and there to have sprung "renaissance" upon him! But he dared not. In silence the man set to work upon a cow. The morning wore on. . . .

That morning and afternoon, other mornings and afternoons to the number of four. Long hours when there was nothing finer in the world to do than to prop yourself up against a turret in your log castle, and watch a man with a brush. Certainly the fellow was entrancing. He simply waved his brush across canvas, and things—mostly cows—took shape. And he talked, not regularly, but in abrupt little patches such that you could not possibly have put in a word yourself had you one ready. A long spell of dabbing, and then he would exclaim, "How does this seem to you? No, no—not the picture. All this: day, woods, mist, smell, all this sort of thing. Means nothing right now, eh? Well, it will . . . Some day, like the grey in the top of a Gothic cathedral, years afterward . . . But no, you don't know what that means, either. But you will. You'll remember all this some day, mist and me in the middle of it. What?" And he would smile again, quizzically, and cock his head.

Or he would break a long period of dabbing to say, apropos of nothing at all, "Now understand a cow. Do you see anything to one? Big cows, lean cows, even a purple cow, just for a treat. But you, you little tow-head over there, you never saw a cow on Michigan boulevard. Of course not! That's why I'm here. Maybe I'll take a cow back with me when I go; march her up to the door of the Art Institute and see how she'd look against one of those sleepy old lions that are always sitting

there. What? Fun, eh? My, my, the value of contrasts! But of course, you're not ready to understand that, either."

At the end of four days, the ground was littered with pictures of cows. Alone, some heading one way, some another, one standing on her head. "I call that one 'Humility,'" said the painter. And they all laughed together, Sturgeon and Gardner not knowing why they laughed except that he did. "When there are just twice as many pictures of cows here as there are now, I will go," he said on the fourth day. "But not before."

He had been there four days, Sturgeon counted, since that first night. That meant, of course, another four days.

"You will come back?" the painter queried abruptly as they turned into the dusk.

"Oh, yes."

IV

But the four remaining days were not to come. Sturgeon remembered in later years in considering what was his first lesson in the facing of a disappointment. Strange affection they had built up for the fellow!

"We'll try a new kind of cow this afternoon," the painter had said in the morning. "Perhaps the clover meadow at the lane makes another variety: leaner or wider, but somehow different . . . Change, Sturgeon, change, it makes cows and the world rest more easily. Wait and you will see!"

And so this day Sturgeon and Gardner were just at the edge of the meadow when the dull, unfamiliar sound of carriage wheels came to them from the lane. The backs of two horses and the top of a carriage—strange horses and a strange carriage—were just visible to them where they stood in the tangle of bushes at the wood's fringe.

The carriage stopped before a clump of trees isolated in the field. The painter would be there, they knew at once; and they knew also that the strange horses and the strange carriage and whoever was in it had come upon some dark errand.

They circled the field, coming some distance behind the carriage before crawling on their stomachs toward the trees. Yes, of course: a woman had alighted from it, a tall woman in violet who glittered when first her shoulders appeared in the sunlight; and there was a coachman in black and white to help her down.

The painter, the back of his board toward them where they lay hidden close by in the grass, had evidently not sensed the enemy; had not even heard the carriage, though it came within fifty feet of him.

Here was desperation! He was still oblivious to the woman as she half pulled off a long white glove, held her fingers to her mouth, coughed slightly.

They saw the man at the easel turn and rise with a single motion like one called suddenly and familiarly.

They heard him say only "Aline!" in a protesting, suddenly old voice they had never guessed of him, they who thought by now to have known him so well. "Aline, you are early, three days early. It's not fair, you know, by the promise!"

The woman toyed with her loose glove impatiently before looking up. When she did, her face was clearly not at all like those of the ladies who sat on the lawn with Sturgeon's mother of late afternoons.

For assuredly she was of the city. Ladies in suburban towns didn't wear jewelry like hers, even to the nice dinner parties at the house of Sturgeon's parents. They didn't wear floppy violet hats to match their dresses. Their faces were not remotely hard and concentrated. Thus quickly did she make a place in their minds.

"Two days or four," answered the lady in violet quickly. "What matter? You must be coming back now."

Their friend shrugged, gesticulated. "'What matter?' you ask. A great deal of matter. I have things going on inside my head. Plans. Work."

With a glove swinging loose on her arm she pointed to the easel. She smiled patronizingly, a little wearily, like one much older and given to impatience. "More 'work' like this? Of course we shall take them all back with us. Every precious cow of them. And where are the rest?"

The painter seemed to them to look very unhappy. Then he thrillingly said, "In a tent by a castle with a turret on the end of it. Funny, is it not? Will you see it? We must walk through the meadow."

"No, no," said the lady, a lady obviously made for riding in a carriage and giving orders to a coachman. "Henry, go with him. And get every picture, of course. We must waste . . . not . . . not one."

She glanced at her watch, a flame on her wrist in the sun, and called after them, "Twenty minutes!" The painter did not seem to hear, but gazed instead earnestly up and down the edge of the wood.

He was expecting the boys over there and they, here, knew it. Sudden desire for rescue came to Sturgeon lying in the grass, but plans toppled before the dignity of the lady in violet. Tears arose in them both. The minutes droned on in the heat of summer.

Many more minutes droned on until the painter and the coachman returned under separate burdens, the one carrying his art on uneven strips of paper and canvas, the other the little tent and the blankets atop it.

Then the lady became efficient. The things were handled quickly. "The tent up there with you, Henry, the blankets, too, if there is room for them." Henry bustled like a jockey. The lady moved with equanimity. But the painter only leaned slightly against the carriage, looking more desolate than ever one would have thought possible.

Soon all was in readiness; why didn't they start, be gone, have the pain of the thing done with?

"I'm ready," they heard the painter say at last, as Sturgeon always imagined that brave men would speak when they were certain to die, but no sooner.

He opened the door for the lady and with something of a gesture of assistance touched her arm slightly as she entered. At once the interior of the carriage was violet. Violet shone through the windows and danced off the black woodwork. It reflected down from the lady's hat brim upon her face. All was radiant but for the pallor of the man beside her.

Deep in the grass, not daring to raise their heads, they heard the coachman make a cheeky noise to his horses. Then they looked up and saw the coach rock as it left the path to make a circle, saw the fingers of clover clutching at wheels slow rolling down the lane. . . .

V

No need to tell a breathless tale at dinner that night in the light of the slim white candles. Better not to. Who now would believe?

Said his father suddenly, "Have you been reading much lately, Sturgeon?"

His mother intercepted artfully, "No, he's been away from the house four days now, from breakfast to supper. Much healthier. No chance to dream things. *Aren't* you feeling better for it, Sturgeon?"

JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

Alabama Maru

Unromantic *Alabama Maru* boat,
With hull of black and orange,
Anchored in the grey and slimy moat;
Rows of Japan seamen's faces
Grinning at the city skyline;
No romantic cargo does one see
Of incense, pearls or spices fine;
Only shipping cases—maybe packed with silks and laces,
And grimy boxes filled with aromatic tea.

ERNEST ERKKILA.

"Wherever the Road Forked—"

Wherever the road forked I left a sign,
That you might surely know which way I took;
I left the gate at the road's end unlocked,
And turned again to leave it swinging wide;
I did not shut my windows or my door,
That you might come as freely as the wind,
The sun, the rain; you need not even knock.
And yet I know you will not follow me.
You are not like the rain and sun and wind.
You are not even like the friendly dark
That fills the empty corners of my house
When I lie down to sleep. And I—I stand
Before a mirror never made of glass,
And smile. For who could ever read my signs?
There is no gate, I only said it so.
There is no door, no flagstoned path to it;
And where I go on one can follow me.

DOROTHY MUELLER.

Police Blotter Anthology

I. WIFE BEATING.

TONY, she's come home from work and she's say, "Carlotta, I have get can'. The boss, she's say, 'You're not come to work tomorra. The job it's all gone for you,' an' I say, 'You're come to hell.' and the boss she's say 'Get out.' " I say to Tony, "It's bad for say, 'Come at hell' to boss, and Tony says at me, "You're take sides at that boss? You theenk maybe it's good for Tony to lose job, hey?" and Tony he hits at me once. I hit at Tony with butcher knife I have in hand, and Tony trip me and start for kick me in face with shoes, and holler, "Damn' woman, takes sides at boss! She's don' give damn for Tony and for Virgil her bambino, they starve!" I holler for help, an' in come police cops who take my Tony an' hit him weeth club and holler, "Damn' wop, for why you kick at your wife in face?" an' take him to jail. An' they say to me, "You come to jail tomorra and tell judge why Tony kick at your face," an' I come . . . No, signor, Tony she's good man, only get mad easy—what! You make my Tony go for jail ten days! Dio, signor, she's only hit at me once and kick me twice weeth shoes! Don' take my Tony to jails—she's good man—I don' wan' my Tony she's go to jail. . . . ! Adios, Tony, I breeng you raviolis to jail in morning—you mad weeth Carlotta, Tony?

II. TRAFFIC VIOLATION.

Aw, listen, judge, what harm does it do to turn in the middle of the block at 3 o'clock in the morning! We weren't speeding—even this cop will tell you that! If the old man finds out I've been pinched, he won't let me have the car Wednesday night, and there's a big party on in Butte that night! . . . Oh, all right, but it seems funny to me that in a town as dead as this that you can't turn in the middle of the block at three in the morning.

III. MAINTAINING A NUISANCE.

What d' hell? Me runnin' a joint? Nothin' doin', brother, yuh got the wrong guy! . . . What am I doin' wit' a bottle o' moon? Well, yuh see it's this way: Me and Charley we're goin' out on a date wit' a coupla beadies, and we decides we better have a coupla shots before we taken 'em out. We gets a bottle, and two or three o' de guys drops into my room, and we all has a drink. I'm servin' de drinks, seein' it's my and Charley's bottle, but I ain't sellin' none o' it, see? About dat time,

this here flatty comes in and lamps de bottle and de' glasses, an' me feelin' pretty good, I have on a apron like a bartender, an' I'm handlin' de glasses offa tray. He cops himself a quick sneak to de back o' de room before we moves, and grabs de bottle and pinches me, an' here I am, after spendin' de night in that damn' louse-nest. . . . Huh? I can forfeit \$150 bond for nuisance or go to the federal on possession? Lissen, judge, I tell yuh I ain't runnin' no joint . . . Huh, oh well, take it! I don't like them federal courts.

IV. CAUSING A DISTURBANCE.

Yeah, I been here before, but I'm tellin' it to ya straight—I didn't have nothin' t' do with startin' *this* fight! All I did was t' pectect m'self after these damned wops starts goin' hog-wild at that dance. One o' 'em sends a chunk o' coal my way, an' I ain't going t' stand that from nobody, not even a white man, let alone a damn' wop. I'm dancin' peaceful and quiet, an' I sees a couple o' guys arguin' in the corner. One o' 'em is this wop, and th' other is this other wop. They gets t' talkin' big, an' finally one o' 'em chooses th' Swede here, an' the other jumps in t' help him. Well, I ain't got no love for Swedes either, so I stay out o' it, until a chunk o' coal catches me in th' kisser, an' then I get kinda mad and jump in t' help th' Swede, who's a white man, even if he is a Swede. Then th' cops come in, an' we're all pinched, me, innocent as hell, in with 'em. Honest t' God, I didn't start nothin' *this* time. . . . Ask them wops, or th' Swede. . . . Guilty anyway! Say, what kind o' court yuh call this, huh! I tell ya straight, I didn't start nothin'! What! Yuh mean I gotta do 15 days for fightin'! But I didn't start—

V. DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

Mither av Christ! An' 'tis a free country you call it? As God's me witness we didn't have more nor one drink, an' as t' th' disorderly affair, we was as gintle as lambs! This Mason officer he's insultin' me race and me religion, so I tell him the black curse an' he sthrikes me over th' head wit' his shillalah—that's whoy I'm afther bein' a little dizzy in th' jail. . . . Ten dollars fine! God an' all the saints hear th' man! Ten dollars! Faith, an' 'twas more av justice we got whin th' dirty British polis was runnin' over me own town! . . . Ten dollars or five days! . . . An' ye say y'r name's O'Leary! . . . 'Tis one av thim North Country min ye are thin! Take th' dirty money, ye seut!

EDWARD HEILMAN.

Smelter Smoke

I. ANACONDA SPRING

Grim and grey from the arsenic gas
The Washoe Hills tower;
I haven't seen a sign of grass
Or new wild flower.
A charge is spilled on the copper floor—
The heaps of metal bake
My flesh to the bone . . . The Convertors roar—
But—trout run now, at Georgetown Lake.

II. THE BUCKET

They brought his bucket back to me—
The dinner pail I used to fill
For Italo, my oldest boy
Who worked up there—up on the hill.
I used to rise at five o'clock
And put some coffee in, and cake,
And fruit, and some of that dark bread
My mother taught me how to bake.
And then he'd run to catch the car
And shout, "Goodbye, Ma!" back at me,
So I would watch the empty gate
Till he came in at three.
But one cold day the cable broke—
A ladle of hot copper fell—
O Holy Jesus, please don't send
My boy, unshrived, to Hell!
The neighbors come to comfort me—
Or try to, but they seem to fail—
They whisper, "See, she holds it tight—
Italo's empty dinner pail."

III. THE SKIMMER

He stands there—Frank Domitrovich.
Gaunt—gigantic in the whirl of smoke—
Yet dwarfed by crane-swung ladles overhead,
He tries the glowing mass within the bowl
Of copper-blowing furnace with a rod,
And signals down the crane to take the slag.
That's Frank Domitrovich—a skimmer—
Pulling out the dross from furnaces,
And making copper—miles of gleaming wire—
To link the cities of the world.
Oh Vulcan, from your forge, look up!
And see a mightier man to swing your sledge.

JOHN C. FROHLICHER.

Revelations

“These are things which have been kept from you,”
My aunt told me.
“You’ve not known why Jim felt so towards Aunt Prue;
Or that mystery,
Why Grandfather became so sober when Joe’s name was spoken
And Mother
Became pensive, or cried, from the same token?”
Now I understand
All the scars on that ancestral tree.
Unsparingly
I’ve been shown the years’ grim anthology.
Friends
Tell me that I am not the same—
Neither are they
Since to me the iconoclast came.
Idiosyncracies
Which welded our first friendship vow
Maliciously
Remain as mocking travesties now.

LYLE K. WILLIAMS.

SLUICE BOX

Note on Charlie Russell

(October 27.)

Charlie Russell, the cowboy artist, died last night.

This afternoon the paper contained a good deal of bosh about him. Tomorrow morning there will be some more of it.

And the tenor of the press comment is that the man was successful because, once, his pictures brought him no money, or at least very little; but that toward the end of his life he did famously because he was getting five thousand—ten thousand—from the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, and heaven only knows what bargain-driving American oil magnates.

I saw Russell only once. I recall with some shame that I was one of a press convention group that stamped up to the door of his cabin studio at Lake McDonald, and demanded to see the celebrity. Someone who was drunk called, "Yea, Charlie Russell." Then the door was opened.

Russell had been sitting before an easel, under a skylight. The light that made the detail of his picture distinct shone also upon his face. I remember that there were lines in it. He had been painting, and probably he now wanted to go on painting, but he arose and became affable . . . Old Friends, and the drunk man slapping him on the back. . . .

There was another man, a young man, painting beside a window near the far wall of the cabin. He was not noticed until Russell walked suddenly from the group to look over his shoulder. As he looked, the lines went out of his face and there was glowing peace there, and in his eyes.

"Sky too blue, son, you see?" he said to the young man. "Take some blue out. It hurts."

He came back to us. The lines came back, too. He was affable again . . . Old friends . . . and the drunk man slapping him on the back.

Sea Gulls

There are leisurely sea gulls in busy Aberdeen, white, patient sea gulls waiting on the banks of the river, as if looking for a chance to steal a ride on the next freighter that steams down toward the sea from the big mills lying on either side. But they are particular birds. A quite respectable boat, though loaded only with lumber, whistles for the drawbridge to open, and as the draw swings out the gulls fly to it and perch there until it stops; but when the lumber boat glides through, some do not even deign to examine the boat further: others fly over it half-heartedly, only to return to wait for something more promising; two or three, perhaps already too bored with long waiting, disappear with the ship down the river.

They are unlovely birds, with gross beak and greedy eyes, wading in the mud uncovered by the ebbing tide. They appear to be much traveled, for movements of the city do not distract them; the steady run of traffic over the bridges interests them not at all. Heads of some droop mournfully, unlike the graceful birds following steamers to strange ports. They are stranded because their boat does not sail. On the other side at a mill landing, many are flying eagerly over a San Francisco liner as yet only half-loaded. They are silent birds, patient even in eagerness.

Eddies

Front street does not welcome strangers any more. Windows, deep-set in worn brick walls, frown at the occasional passerby secretively. The sidewalks are warped and rift with irregular cracks as testimony to a past which the scowling canyon of weathered brick jealously guards.

The day had been warm for February. Greasy, yellow water from melting snow ran down the littered gutters. In the twilight doors had been flung open to welcome the soggy air into the dingy interiors. In the shadow of one doorway three negroes, two men and a woman, were arguing in raised voices. Under the solitary street lamp in the block two children and a girl in her teens played intently at marbles, shrill in the excitement and avarice of the game. The girl was waitress in the nearby Sunny Side cafe, but at the time without patrons to be served.

A Ford rattled along the street and drew up to the curb opposite the three negroes. A man wearing the uniform of the Salvation Army stepped from the curtained car, followed by a sister worker in her red and blue costume. The negroes' voices subsided, and one could sense that, in the shadows, they were watching the newcomers. The marble game was hushed, the girl rising from a squatting position to stand erect with self-conscious dignity. As the social workers crossed the pavement to a much scarred doorway, a cat dropped like a shadow from the sill and slunk along the darkened wall to fade into the void of an alley.

The man knocked, and the two were admitted silently, but a smothered scream escaped through the half-opened door. Excited whispers were exchanged in the shadows across the street. The children stared curiously at the closed door.

The Salvation Army workers soon reappeared, helping between them an untidy hag with shriveled features and eyes frantic with insane fear. Pointing a claw-like finger at the pavement before her she shrank back and, with a maudlin scream, clung to the woman at her side. They lifted her into the car. The social workers spoke a few words of leave-taking to a shadowy form in the doorway and the man gave his co-worker directions in a low voice before turning to crank the car.

The sputtering motor of the automobile left a momentary lull in its wake. The door was noiselessly closed. The scrawny cat separated itself from the gloom of the alley and crouched again on the door sill. With raucous oaths the three debaters warmed again to their argument and the marble game was boisterously renewed.

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The Frontier
BOOK SHELF

The Saga of Billy the Kid. W. N. Burns. (Doubleday, Page and Co., 1926.) The best wild west book I know. Billy the Kid is an historic character; the writer knows the New Mexican country in which Billy "operated;" he also has enough insight into human nature to present Billy as a human being rather than as a mere "bad man," a devil incarnate; and he has enough literary sense and sufficient skill to present dramatic material dramatically rather than theatrically. It is a thrilling record, an understandable record, an interesting social happening. I commend the book to any reader's interest. At twenty-one years of age Billy the Kid had twenty-one notches on his gun.

H. G. M.

Abraham Lincoln, the Prairie Years. Carl Sandburg. (Harcourt, Brace, 1926.) Is a two-volume life of Lincoln in which the writer traces with great detail and with loving exactness the life, thoughts, environments, and friends of the man through childhood and young manhood. He leaves him, strong, humorous, hopeful, on the train that is to carry the newly elected president away from his prairie state. No man who was not a poet, an idealist, a rough man of the people, a man of the Middle West, could have produced the book. It is beautiful; it is vulgar; it is alive. One leaves it with the feeling that though Lincoln the idol may have been dethroned, Lincoln the man has actually come before us, conjured up by the pen of an artist.

L. B. M.

Rough Justice C. E. Montague. (Harpers, 1926.) *Rough Justice* sees an English boy, Auberon Garth, from babyhood through the war to subdued but significant maturity. The book breaks, unintentionally, into three parts: first, a detailed story of childhood, full of delicate insight and glamorous description, then a vigorous consideration of the boy's education, none too complimentary to public school and

Make Business Reciprocal—Patronize Those Who Patronize Us.

inexpressibly painful in its detail. But in this last part of the novel—which might have been a book in itself—the author has let his central character slip into the role of a representative English youth in war.

Nevertheless, it is altogether a fine book, lovingly and leisurely written. If its style is frequently a little over-figured, and the Garth family a little too perfect, its wisdom, courage, frankness, insight and beauty are superb.

E. L. F.

Education and the Good Life. Bertrand Russell. (Boni Liveright, 1926.) Bertrand Russell is a mathematical philosopher turned missionary. He is a most powerful spokesman of the religions in present day life, though he accepts the doctrines of no religious sect. Does the truly great spokesman of religion ever speak for a sect?

No one can compress Russell's writing. He has done that. In this book, moved by his love for his own children, his interest in and knowledge of modern science and its possibilities, if applied to life, and his faith in man's ability to remake his own creations, that is his social institutions, by a good education of his children, Russell has attempted to indicate present-day tendencies in education which seem sound, to outline a way of training children for character, first in the home (which would involve retraining of most parents), then in the school, the transition to training for knowledge, a most sensible and comprehensive curriculum for all children of normal minds to 16 or 18 and even what he regards as a sound university policy and curriculum.

Russell believes that we know enough about physiology, hygiene, psychology, and educational method, that we have power and wealth enough owing to modern industrialism "to create a world where everybody shall have a reasonable chance of happiness." (p. 26.) What we lack is love. "The knowledge exists; lack of love prevents it from being applied." (p. 317.) The book is an appeal to thoughtful parents, students, and teachers to unite in the creation of a generation of healthy, courageous, sensitive and intelligent men and women. (p. 60.) But let no one be too sure that he understands all that is meant by the last three of these adjectives. Nor that he has the

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qualities. To bring up a generation of children possessing them is the function of education.

W. P. C.

The Silver Spoon. John Galsworthy. (Heinemann, 1926.) "The White Monkey" was a continuation of "The Forsyte Saga" but itself the first of a trilogy presenting modern England and London, as the Saga presented the country of the last quarter of the nineteenth century; "The Silver Spoon" is the second novel in that trilogy. In it Soames Forsyte, principal of the Saga, comes in his old age to trial for slander; Michael Mont, husband of Fleur, Soames' daughter, whose love for Jon was so beautifully portrayed in the Saga, makes his first, and futile, speech in Parliament and fails in his experiment for the bettering of society; and Fleur and Soames decide to make a trip around the world, with Michael joining them about half way around, in order that they may regain their perspective on society and on life and, at the same time, allow their social and parliamentary failures to be forgotten by "society." "Perhaps out there she (Fleur) would lose her idea that the world consisted of some five thousand people of advanced tastes, of whom she knew at the outside five hundred." We may expect in the third novel Soames with a long trip behind him but little changed; Fleur with a new outlook on "society" and on life, and a renewed appreciation of Michael; Michael with less idealism and more practical common sense, and for the first time finding Fleur a real companion; England with some idea, at last, of where she is "going"—or at least with her people less extravagant and witless and chaotic in thought and feeling than in the first two novels. This is prediction; we shall see. The book is unimpressive, although written with Mr. Galsworthy's usual skill. Its parts lack proportion (strange accusation of this novelist), and the material is tenuous.

H. G. M.

Our Times: The Turn of the Century. Mark Sullivan. (Scribners, 1926.) The writer is engaged upon an informal economic - politico - socio - cultural history of the first twenty-five years of the twentieth century in the United States; this volume carries the reader through 1903. Sullivan, who has been

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a newspaper man, editor of *Collier's Weekly* from 1912 to 1917, and is still with that paper, has always been a keen observer and student of politics, and a friend of politicians; consequently those sections dealing with politics and political leaders and movements, together with the economic conditions that made and unmade them, are much the most illuminative, and his comments on literature and general culture are least valuable. His social and cultural observation keeps in close touch with quite "the average man," almost as if he were unaware of finer strata in society; but this common herd touch impresses the reader with the real nature of the American populace. He never suffers an illusion of theory or of idealism. His social comment notices surface currents rather than deep ones. The book, read for its chapters on Bryan, Roosevelt, Dewey, Wilson, Contrasts and Changes, is delightful and instructive. It is also a startling pleasure to recall, or discover, in the chapter on "The Nineties," what songs Americans sang, what the stage offered, the cult of the bicycle, the vogue of Charles Dana Gibson, what Americans read, and what they laughed at in those days of only a quarter of a century ago. Mr. Sullivan has had the help of many men, who read his chapters and offered comment—which he places in foot notes. H. G. M.

Notes About Contributors

Dorothy Johnson, '28 (Whitefish); Ernest Erkkila, '27 (Red Lodge); Margaret Veeder, '29 (Wibaux), are doing their major work in English.

Lyle Williams, '27 (Willow Creek), is a student in the School of Journalism.

Violet Crain (Missoula) was graduated in English in June, 1924, and is teaching in Idaho.

Dorothy Mueller, special student during 1924-'26, is spending the winter in Pittsburgh. John Frohlicher, ex '26, is working in Philipsburg. John Hutchens, Hamilton College, '26, is a graduate student in English. Ed Heilman, journalism, '26, is on the staff of the *Anaconda Standard*.

Alice Hancock, '29, is a student in library economy.

Contributors to *The Sluice Box* are: John Hutchens, Ernest Erkkila, Lyle Williams.

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Our Advertisers Make Possible This Publication—Buy From Them.

Crosby, Stromberg,
Carlson and
DeForest Radios
Columbia
Grafonolas
and Records

Prescription
Druggist

Smith's Drug Store

Corner
North Higgins Avenue and
East Cedar Street

A Pleasing, Satisfying Christmas Gift Store

This Store is endeavoring to fulfill the responsibilities which nowadays is rightly expected of one that so happily serves the public throughout the year.

The J. C. Penney Company is proving its capacity to successfully act as Santa Claus to great numbers of people throughout the United States as is being evinced daily by happy, satisfied customers.

The enormous buying and selective power of the Company has been exercised to the end that customers may shop at all our Stores with positive assurance of being able to make satisfying purchases of quality gift goods with a considerable saving of money.

J. C. Penney Co.

Meet Me at

KELLEY'S Cigar Store



Best Malted Milk in City

Brunswick Records
Sheet Music

Schaefer Music Co.

Phone 609 130 Higgins

MISSOULA DRUG COMPANY

We offer a beautiful and distinctive line of holiday merchandise. Here you will find the finest creations of foreign and domestic perfumes. You will want to visit this store early.

"The House of Service"

**SKAGGS
SAFEWAY
STORES**

Distribution Without Waste

NO. 361

310 N. Higgins
Phone 808

TEACHERS

**Splendid
Opportunities
Open for 1926.**

We need college graduates,
with or without experience.

Free Enrollment

Write or call at office for
Personal Interview.

**E. L. Huff Teachers
Agency**

501 Smead-Simons Bldg.
MISSOULA, MONTANA

Buy a gift that is
practical as well
as beautiful.

MOSBY'S INC.

132 N. Higgins

WE AIM
TO HAVE THE MOST
UP-TO-DATE

**Dashery
in Town**

THE SPORT SHOP

"Down by the Wilma"

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**WE HURRY
CAREFULLY**

PHONE

38

PHONE

**Office:
Florence Hotel Lobby
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE**

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You Can Depend Upon Us

WE PRIDE ourselves upon our service. We get our work out at the time we say we will. The largest printing plant in the Northwest is at your command.

PHONE 456

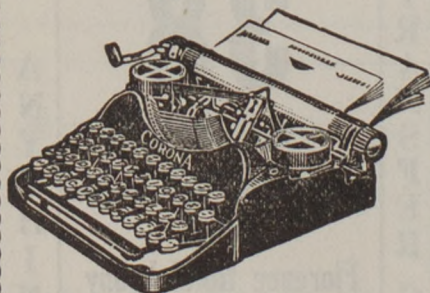
The Missoulian Publishing Co.

Missoula, Montana

We cater to special student needs.

The largest stock of fountain pens in Montana. Loose leaf devices of every nature. Finest lines of stationery. We specialize in pound papers.

Corona, Remington, Royal Typewriters.



Office Supply Company

Florence Hotel Building

MEN

You will find our store headquarters for the newest and best merchandise at the lowest possible prices.

No sale is complete until you are satisfied, for our success lies in pleasing you.

Clothes, Headwear, Haberdashery, Shoes

Everything that men wear.

Yandt & Dragstedt Co.

531 Higgins Ave.

MISSOULA

MONTANA

Our Advertisers Are Our Friends—Buy From Them.

**Sentinel Creamery
Inc.**

"You've tried the rest,
Now try the best."

Sentinel Brand

**Ice Cream and
Butter**



112 W. Front Phone 25

YES—

We still mend the rips,
patch the holes, build up
the heels and save your
soles.

Ely Shoe Hospital

136 E. Cedar St.

By the Postoffice

*For the Woman
Who Values
Her Personal
Appearance*

we are fully equip-
ped to give the very
best attention to her
Skin, Hair and Nails

*Marcelling and Water
Waving Our Specialty*

Missoula Hairdressing Parlor
Missoula Hotel Block

University People
will continue as
our friends and
patrons.



Send it to the

**Missoula Laundry
Company**

Visit our store and see our
display of Christmas
Merchandise

Our assortment of
Stationery, Fountain Pens
and Sets, Toilet Articles, etc.,
is complete and very attrac-
tive

HARKNESS DRUG STORE

PHONE 260
Cor. Pine and Higgins

Schramm - Hebard Meat Co.

Fresh and Salt Meats
Fish, Poultry,
Oysters

Delicatessen

PHONE 126

417 North Higgins Avenue
Missoula, Montana

Choose the gift now
that only you can
give—

Your Photograph

Dorian Studio

5th floor Wilma Bldg.

The Smoke House and

Postoffice News Stand

246 Higgins Avenue

Cigars, Tobaccos,
Magazines, Candy
and Smokers'
Articles

Subscriptions taken
for any Magazine

F. H. KNISLEY, Prop.

Fone 139

Make Business Reciprocal—Patronize Those Who Patronize Us.

For Merchandising

Piggly Wiggly

All Over the World



120 E. Cedar St. Phone 389

Fashion Club Cleaners

FASHION CLUB
DRY CLEANING SERVICE

Where your Clothing is Protected by the DeLaval Continuous Clarification System



J. R. NAGUES, Prop.
Phone 143 525 S. Higgins

Say it with Flowers

Our corsages are
superb.
Send her one.



Garden City
Floral Co.

CARAS BROTHERS

Growers of Plants and Flowers

Montana's Choice

Eddy's Bread

Leads by right of merit

Tell Our Advertisers You Saw Their Ad in the Frontier.

*Extracts from
Eight Years
With Wilson's
Cabinet*

WOODROW WILSON

"Wilson habitually took the long view. He preferred to go down to defeat fighting for a cause he knew some day would triumph than to gain a victory on an issue which he was confident would in time be shown false. He played for the verdict of history."

BRYAN

"I heard Bryan for more than two hours on the silver question. I discovered that one could drive a prairie schooner through any part of his argument and never scrape a fact or sound statement."

**WOODROW WILSON
ON SUCCESS**

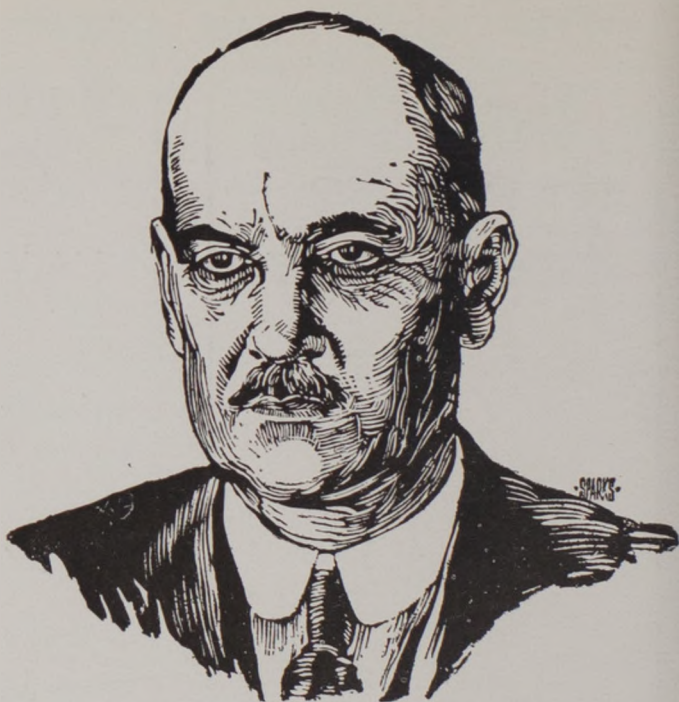
"The way to success in this country is to show that you are not afraid of anybody except God and his final judgments. If I did not believe that I could not believe in democracy."

SENATOR FALL

"Senator Fall paused a moment and said: 'Mr. President, I want you to know I am praying for you' . . . The President remarked, 'If I could have got out of bed I would have hit the man. Why did he want to put me in bad with the Almighty?'"

**WILSON'S FAREWELL
TO HIS CABINET**

"His lips were trembling. He began to speak, but hesitated a minute as tears rolled down his cheeks. Then he said brokenly: 'Gentlemen, it is one of the handicaps of my physical condition that I cannot control myself as I have been accustomed to. God bless you all.'"



*He was Woodrow Wilson's most intimate
friend in the Administration . . .*

Here is the most illuminating and sympathetic account we have of Woodrow Wilson. David F. Houston, formerly Secretary of Agriculture and Secretary of the Treasury, was closer to him than any man in the administration. Secretary Houston paints an unforgettable picture of war-time Washington and the nation's leader. He tells of Bryan's behavior, Col. House's part, Lodge's attitude, Mrs. Wilson's task. Joffre, Roosevelt, Taft, Balfour, Harding, Bernstorff appear in vivid pictures. Here is a book to stand beside the PAGE LETTERS.

EIGHT YEARS WITH WILSON'S CABINET

By **DAVID F. HOUSTON**
formerly Secretary of the Treasury

2 vols

\$10.00

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Garden City, N. Y.

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University Men

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CLOTHES
FLORSHEIM
SHOES**

Buy your clothes at Barney's
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"Barney's"
FASHION SHOP

HIKING CLOTHES

BLAZERS
BREECHES
SWEATERS
SHOE PACS
HIGH TOP SHOES
OXFORD PACS
PACK SACKS
SLEEPING BAGS



We Specialize in
Outdoor Clothing

Missoula Trust and Savings Bank
MISSOULA, MONTANA

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Leonard Larson, Cashier
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**4% Per Annum Paid on Time
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Model Market, 309 No. Higgins
Phone 135

Send it to a Master and
Your Cleaning Will
be Odorless and
Spotless

PHONE
195



205
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GLOVER

Continuous Purifying System

Master Cleaners and Dyers

THE TOGGERY

The Young Man's Store of
the Town



If It's New We Have It.

Walk-Over Shoes.

Wilson Bros. Shirts.

Cosmopolitan Hats

Merton Caps



The Home of
Kuppenheimer Good Clothes

EST ASTIME
B P
LUE ARROT

MISSOULA'S ORIGINAL



Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

CARS PARTS
SERVICE

See the Improved
Ford Car

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COMPANY**

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