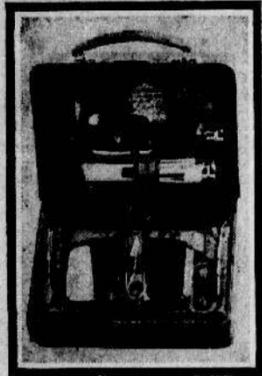


Comfort and Convenience in MOTORING EQUIPMENT



WELL-EQUIPPED DRESSING CASE FOR A MAN'S USE

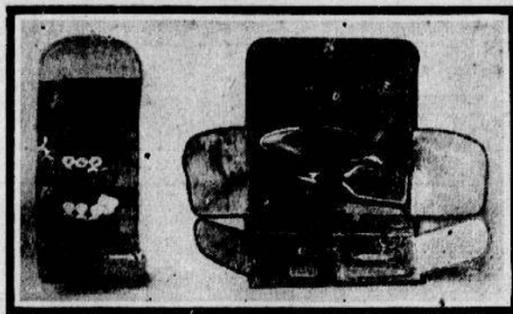
Mechanical perfection is combined with the utmost of luxury in the up-to-date motor car, whether it be a practical touring car with an open tonneau, an elegant limousine for town use during the social season, or one of the dainty coupes or broughams which one drives from inside, and which are ideal for woman's use.

One of the most unique contrivances in the line of motoring conveniences is the limousine washstand, intended for use on long drives when one desires to freshen up a bit, far from an inn. This handy contrivance folds up against the dashboard of the car and no one would suspect that it is a washstand until the small table-top is let down and the legs unfolded. Then one sees a perfect little dressing table with a wash basin, two stoppered bottles filled with water, soap, towels, hand brush and file, hair brushes and other toilet articles.

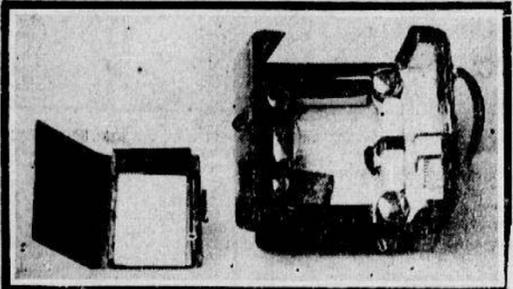
Limousines for town use are most luxuriously furnished with all sorts of small toilet needs. Powder, rouge, lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, cut glass extract bottles, atomizers, curling tongs and manicure implements are fitted into little receptacles provided for them. There are also memorandum pads, card cases, theater ticket holders, parasol and fan racks—even cigarette lighters and ash trays in millard's limousine.

Most of the closed cars have also little cut glass flower-holders which are each morning filled with violets, carnations, gardenias or some other favorite flower, the color of the flower usually corresponding with the upholstery of the car. In limousines and small town coupes and broughams the cushions are usually in light gray or tan color, the deep maroons and plum colors which used to be the fashion being less favored now than delicate shades. Of course, the window shades and the rugs must match the upholstery and the color scheme is carried out even in the door handles and small trim of the interior of the car.

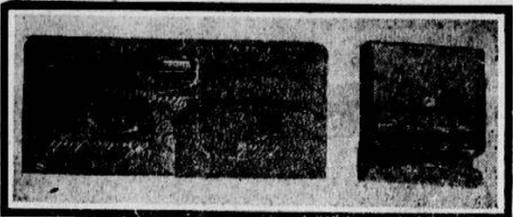
A new addition to motor car equipment is the aviation mirror which is so placed that the occupants of the car may look down into the mirror to watch soaring aeroplanes instead of craning their necks to peer aloft. Luncheon baskets are an appreciated feature of motor car equipment, and every well equipped touring car has its luncheon hamper of wicker, built in a shape that fits compactly into some special case, and provided with plates, cups, table silver, napkins, cov-



INDISPENSABLES THAT MAY BE PACKED IN SMALLEST SPACE



WOMAN'S DRESSING CASE AND SMALL WRITING TABLET



SMART AND USEFUL BELONGINGS FOR THE MOTORIST

ered flasks for liquids and air-tight boxes for salads and sandwiches. Some of these baskets provide for six or eight persons, though two and four persons only are provided for in the average hamper.

Bottles for keeping hot liquids or ice cold liquids at their original temperature are a great comfort on long cross-country trips and these bottles are now being manufactured to sell at much less than the prices originally asked for them. A cup of steaming tea, ready at a moment's notice is a luxury on a cold, rainy afternoon, on route; and ice cold lemonade is equally grateful on a sultry summer morning.

The illustrations show some of the smart and convenient belongings ready for the motorists this summer. Everything likely to be needed on an extended trip is included and these belongings are packed away into the very least amount of space possible.

A complete sewing kit will appeal to both men and women, for few men there are nowadays who are not able, if occasion arises, to turn their hands to sewing on a button or catching together a rent in a glove. In the sewing kit, which is a long strip of leather with various silk lined pockets, are thread, needles, scissors and buttons, with glove mending silk, hooks and

eyes and other needfuls for a hasty tailoring en route.

The little writing pad is also a particularly convenient notion. The stationery is of the sort which folds up to form practical envelopes and in the leather case are postage stamps, ink and pen. The small table may be whisked out in a minute and rested on one's lap or the edge of the car and a note or telegram dashed off.

The flat leather case for veils, gloves and handkerchiefs may be carried conveniently in the tonneau and fresh wearables will be always at hand when after a long, dusty run one wishes to make one's self spick and span before entering a town or arriving at a friend's house. In this picture is shown also a useful leather case holding four well stoppered screw-top bottles in which may be carried cologne water, medicine or stimulants.

The dressing bags are particularly smart and convenient. The large bag for a man's use is equipped with all the necessary brushes, manicure and other implements, and under a flap is space for shirts and collars. The woman's dressing bag is quaintly fitted with gold stoppered bottles and jars and ivory backed brushes and in the center there is a space for folded nightdresses and slippers.

"I hope that I have made myself perfectly clear and that the state of Montana will continue to prohibit the letting out of prisoners to contractors, but rather have them employed by and on behalf of the state in the building of roads or some policy such as is pursued with the prisoners in the state of New York, Massachusetts or Pennsylvania."

HISTORY IN SCHOOL

(Boston Transcript.) The woman of the future is the schoolgirl of today. As woman's political sphere promises to be enlarged before the United States is much older, it behooves young girls to take the history of their country seriously; but the experience of some Boston school-teachers induces them to believe that the boys remember much more of what they are taught than do their sisters. Witnesseth the following recitations:

Teacher—What can you tell me about Benedict Arnold, Annie?
Annie—He was a traitor and let the British into Fort Washington when Washington was not there.
Teacher—Not correct, except that Arnold was a traitor. What can you tell me about Arnold, Hessian?
Hessie—He was a traitor, but Nathan Hale was a worse traitor. Hale was the biggest traitor we had.
Patriotic Boy (interrupting)—Oh, gee! Nathan Hale wasn't a traitor. He served George Washington as a spy. They call him the "Patriot Spy" of the revolution.
Teachers realize that line upon line, precept upon precept, is essential to enforcing history upon the unimpressionable, and those who are impatient with the tardiness of results in that branch take consolation in a reply by the geography class by a girl pupil: "An oasis is a fruit and grows on tall trees."

NO TIME WASTED.

(Success Magazine.) Olaf Larson, working in a millinery warehouse, backed into an elevator shaft and fell down five stories with a load of boxes. Horror-stricken, the other employees rushed down the stairs, only to find him picking himself unharmed out of the rubbish.
"Ess de boss mad?" he whispered cautiously. "Tall em Ay had to come down for nails anyway."

Convicts on Public Roads

(Billings Gazette.)

Previous to the agitation which resulted in the holding of the first Montana Good Roads convention in Billings, the Daily Gazette urged the construction of a great east and west highway by the state, this road to begin at the Dakota line and to extend to the state boundary on the west. It was urged that this road would greatly stimulate the sentiment in favor of improved highways, in that counties would use it as a base from which to construct model roads reaching every settlement within their borders.

The Daily Gazette urged that the convicts in our penal institutions be employed in road construction because it was recognized that the expense of road construction if met through the employment of men and teams at ordinary wages would preclude construction of roads for many years to come, while with convict labor, the roads could be immediately built with practically no cost to the people, and immensely to the benefit of the convicts themselves.

All circumstances recognize the fact that immense harm is done to a man to pen him up in idleness, and the Daily Gazette pointed out that it was only through road construction that this needed employment could be furnished without bringing convict labor into competition with free labor. When the congress met in Billings resolutions were adopted commending the stand taken by the Gazette and urging the enactment of the proper legislation by the legislative assembly.

At the last regular session when a bill providing for the use of convict labor upon the state highways was pending a strong lobby sent by the state federation of labor, was on hand to smother the measure, and so well did this lobby perform its task that the bill was never heard from after it went to committee.

It is recognized by everyone with the exception of the men who smothered the state highway bill, that the state has a right to compel convicts in our penal institutions to earn at least a portion of the money required for their support, and that it is only through employment upon the roads that such labor could not be brought into competition with that of free cit-

izens of the commonwealth, but that fact seemed to have been misunderstood by the men who are presumed to speak for the labor interests of the state. That these men were altogether wrong would seem to be indicated by the following letter from Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, to J. H. Hall, Montana commissioner of labor. The letter of Mr. Gompers would seem to be self-explanatory. It says:

"In reply let me say that in the article you quote published in the July Federatist entitled, 'The Crimes of Surface Investigators' conveys fully the attitude of the American Federation of Labor upon the question of prison contract labor. It never has been the policy of the American Federation of Labor to advocate that prisoners in our various institutions should be kept in idleness, but our policy has been that they should be given employment in ways that would be beneficial to them, and not work a hardship upon those who are engaged in free labor by having them contracted out in various industries and in competition with free honest labor. It is my opinion that the least possible competition of prisoners as against free labor would ensue in the direction you advocate, that is in the building of roads which would not only be beneficial to the prisoners but would to some extent relieve the taxpayer. I realize all you say as to the inability of a great state like Montana, sparsely settled as it is, being able for a number of years to improve their roads by any method of taxation. It seems to me that the present law is incomplete or if the state prison commissioners have not the authority to employ prisoners in the construction and maintenance of roads, that it might be advisable to ask the legislature to so amend the law so that this may be applied.

"Let me again say that those who claim that it is the policy or tendency of organized labor to keep prisoners in idleness, thus compelling them to suffer untold punishments, is not and never has been approved by the officers of organized labor or anybody else who has given any thought or study to the question of convict labor.

The Biggest Bargains Ever Offered in Missoula

A swell, new, 5-room modern cottage, strictly up to date, and built of best grade of material and with best skill and workmanship. This home is brand new and a beauty, and is fitted throughout with all the conveniences that a home should have. You should see the nice, large living rooms, bed rooms, bath room and kitchen; large cellar and splendid furnace; 45x130 feet of ground; beautiful location, and close in on south side. We have it just fresh from the last stroke of the painter's brush and can turn it over to you for only **\$3,200**

\$800 is all you need to take this place.

JUST THINK OF IT

160 acres, 4 miles to town, 1 1/2 miles to school, 2-room house; irrigated; part of it under cultivation and 50 acres fenced. For, per acre **\$10.00**

YOU SHOULD SEE THIS PLACE

5 acres, with good 6-room house, good cellar, large barn, poultry house and other outbuildings, 2 horses and cow, 325 bearing fruit trees and with it is 10 inches of water. Just two miles from this office. Price is only **\$4,750**

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A splendid 5-room modern bungalow, all furnished complete, for \$30 per month. Three nicely furnished rooms, right down in city, for light housekeeping. \$30 per month.

See Us For Bargains

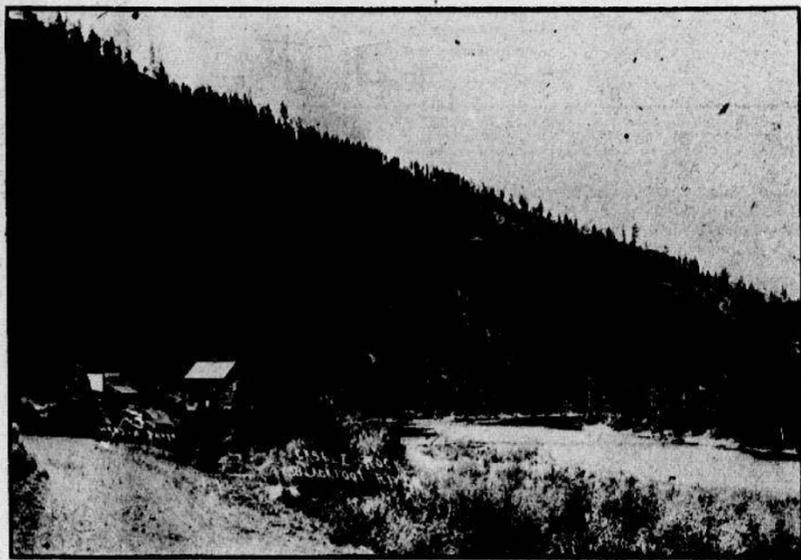
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115 Higgins Ave.

Missoula, Mont.

Come, Let's Play Indian



CASTLE ROCK—BIG BLACKFOOT RIVER

Let's run away from—well everything, To some happy hunting ground, throbbing with spring; Where butterfly monoplane sail to the clouds, And gossiping dandelions gather in crowds. Over the hills and far, far away, Let's play Indian, just for the day. Let's play Indian! What do we care For the follies and fashions of life anywhere. No company want we, but Dryads and Pans. To dance for us, pipe for us—our fancies to fan. The clouds overhead, great white spirals will be, To guard our wee home—a leafy tepee. And many a green, mossy bank that I know Will seem softer, by far, than a big Navajo. We'll drink "fire water" right out of the springs In frolicsome moods, and be happy as kings. While the patient old sun gives off his last gleam We'll heap spiced wood on the blaze by the stream. The gods to the pines a sweet perfume has given, An incense to float, with our smoke to heaven. Over the hills and far, far away, Let's play Indian, just for today. The Promised Land offers a place of release. Come, smoke with the world the calm pipe of peace— Tomorrow will come with its problems of wrong;



WHERE SPORT AND COMMERCE MEET

This was the summons, and the place of our choice was the Blackfoot canyon. Commonplace, I know it sounds. But that is just where I would wish to pilot a great host of those who sit in close rooms longing for a trip to the national park, blind and deaf by their desire to the marvelous carnival forever going on within walking distance of Missoula. The response was hearty and we went

sweeping through the Hell Gate on our way to gipsy land. To the casual observer, there is nothing of interest or great beauty about the Blackfoot river, with its logs bobbing and jostling one another like a brigade broken in ranks; but no stage setting ever had more of pathos, humor or tragedy than is suggested here where the river makes a meeting place for commerce and sport. On a log, hook in hand, bronze face beaming in the sun, the master of the log jam, moving, moving—whistles "Sweet Bunch of Daisies," and wondrous if "By Gosh, it ain't time a fellow was a chewin'." Seems like I ain't had no pie since Christmas."

Further down the stream, an old sport, so quiet that he seems a part of the furniture of the valley, waits patiently for a bite. While he waits, in the green deep of a fascinating pool, where last night the stars rode on the crest of a little wave, a company of "good fellows" are trying their fins in play. On the surface of the pool, a skipping bug suddenly meets his death in the jaws of a trout, while his partner, suffering from the loss of a leg and a nip of the wing, goes suffering on safely. In an eddy, an unfortunate grasshopper, out too early in the season, goes round and round, bewailing his doom, never guessing how much agony he has infused at the end of the fish line.

An azure butterfly, so delicate in texture that it seems truly a little flock of the sky, sails along from bank to bank in confidence.

The call of the meadow lark, the joyous blurring fellow, brings us to a sudden remembrance of the trail. Few know it now, and I would that none go that way, unless he go with uncovered head, for this trail is sacred to Pan and the nymphs.

Through tall old evergreens and feathery tamarack, the path, with its margin of violets and wind-flowers, winds on and up. The song birds call a warning as we pass, or send out the sound of cheer and confidence. The early bee drones in contentment, too busy about the clematis blooms to get in anyone's bonnet.

We meet by a brook, in jocund mood and go rollicking along together. The trail lures, and we follow on. We come to a little clearing where stands a wreck of a cabin on the side hill in a prospect tunnel, and we speak softly. The place had a hallowedness which one cannot know, unless he has in his veins the blood of the pioneer. Some poor fellow sunk his brain and brain in this misty tunnel—and lost. See must have been a good man. See these pines that stand tall and straight above the cabin. One must have a pure heart who has kept such noble company. Close by a spring that bubbles up from the shale, we made camp. The spiky, woody smell, the long tramp, the throb of spring in the blood, like potent tonics, made us doubly ready for the camp feast. We cut long green sticks and thereon frizzled our bacon, and it was good. We dipped water straight from the spring to our mouths, and that was good. We lay in the grass, watching the tiny forest children, or went chasing rainbows with them. For him who loves to follow the trail, it is enough to say, "We went to the summit."

To the artist, the valleys of the Blackfoot and the Missoula, holding in their laps the twin rivers, affords a mine of "study." To the musician, all sounds and coloring, lights and shadows, were blended in one grand symphony. For the poet, there is inspiration from the gods. There could be no sharper rebuke for he who thinks he is poor, in any sense than to follow this trail and stand on the summit. "Wrapped in the silence, unseen and dumb, is that for which the soul is a-seeking. Go out and meet it, in the solitary places, where strife and unkindness are forgotten." "The sun of the spirit will be brighter always. For having played Indian, just for a day."

—LORA HUGHES.