

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland.

A man can always find something to flatter his vanity, even in his wife's bitterest roasts.

The "marrying age" is that psychological point at which a man begins to yearn for somebody to sit up nights and wait FOR him and to get up mornings and wait ON him.

No girl really wants a lover to be sincere. Dear me! How she would feel if he said "Darling, I'm spoiled and selfish and bossy, and hard on my socks, and I have no intention of shaving twice a day, after marriage—but I love you, and I think you'd better marry me, for I doubt that you'll get any better chances!"

Ah, dearie, don't sigh for "experience"—for "experience" consists merely in rooting all the golden illusions of Youth from the heart and replanting it with "something-almost-as-good."

A foolish woman is perfectly willing to undertake the task of "manking a man out of her husband," but a wise one knows that she will have a sufficiently hard job in trying to make a husband out of a man.

The debutante is worried for fear there will soon be nothing but "flat feet" left to dance with over here, but the grass-widow is more exercised over the thought that there may be nothing but flat-heads and bald-heads left to flirt with.

Speaking of "triflingness," last week the Germans wrecked a Red Cross wagon filled with American pies and doughnuts. Now let them make an air raid on New York on Monday morning and ruin all the lingerie on the roofs of the apartment houses—and THEN let the kaiser look out!

A bachelor's existence may be comprised entirely of boarding-houses, church socials and lemonade; still he always feels that he never could stand the "flatness and dullness" of matrimony.

Most people marry for what they call "romantic love"—and then manage to stick together, somehow, in spite of it.

PROTEST AGAINST BELGIAN SLAVERY

Senators Send a Letter of Complaint to German Governor.

WORK IN DANGER ZONE

Thousands Taken From Homes and Forced to Labor in the Fields.

Amsterdam, April 27.—The Telegraaf publishes a letter sent to General von Falkenhayn, governor general of Belgium, by a number of Belgian senators protesting against the deportation of Belgian people. The letter in part follows:

Thousands of Belgians, many of them under 16 and over 50 years of age, have been and are being taken from their homes—and forced to labor in northern France at points very near the front, where they are repeatedly exposed to shells.

The letter describes the terrible conditions under which they live and work and declares that sickness and disease are, in consequence, making terrible inroads among them.

FIRE IN RAILROAD SHOPS.

Baker, Ore., April 28.—While members of the home guard were patrolling the plant of the White Pine Lumber company here tonight, fire, apparently of incendiary origin, destroyed the machine shops of the Sumpter Valley railroad, in another part of town. The loss is estimated at \$40,000.

ARCHBISHOP IMPROVED.

St. Paul, April 28.—Slight improvement in the condition of Archbishop John Ireland was reported by his physician this evening. The condition of the Catholic prelate, who has been ill for several months, was grave late last night, but he rallied this morning and gradually became brighter, it was said.

Yes, Aloysius, you will be safe in opening a conversation with the strange lady who picks imaginary threads off your shoulder. Ask her what office she is running for.—Galveston News.

MRS. DE WEESE COULD NOT STAND

Because of Functional Disorder—Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Oakland, Cal.—"I suffered from irregularities and congestion, so I could not stand on my feet for any long period of time and did not sleep well. The physician who treated me did not seem to help me any and a friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and before I realized it I was well. I shall recommend your valuable remedy to my friends."—Mrs. L. H. De Weese, 605 Alcatraz Ave., Oakland, Cal.



Every woman at some period or other in her life suffers from just such disturbances as did Mrs. Weese, and there is no interested friend to advise, let this be a reminder that this famous root and herb remedy has been over-curing these ailments of women for more than 40 years. If any complications exist, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for advice. The result of many years experience is at your service.

BODICE ON BIAS IS ODD AND NEW



By Betty Brown.

Today's fashion art looks like a suggestion for saving cloth. The queer slant of the buttons and waist line in this gown from Fashion Art Magazine appear to come from the use of some odd left-over triangle of dress goods. The design, however, has a charm of its own which is intensified by bindings of black braid and big black bone buttons. Shiny patent leather pumps and a black satin hat are required to give the correct final touch to this attractive model.

Brief Bits or Missoula News

Dr. Anna James, osteopath, 204 W. —Adv.

Mrs. C. V. Gougler left yesterday for Detroit, Mich., where her mother, Mrs. William Dean, is reported seriously ill.

Dr. Willard, osteopath, First National Bank.—Adv.

Seven per cent money to loan. H. J. Fisher.—Adv.

In the library of the forest service building at 5 o'clock this afternoon the sale of a handsome lace collar, donated to the comfort-kit fund, will be completed.

Dr. Louise Smith, osteopath, 618 W.—Adv.

Pansy plants, 50c per dozen, at R. & S. Flower store.—Adv.

Miss Anna Carter will leave today for a visit with relatives in Oak Park, Ill. She will be accompanied by her sister, Mrs. A. T. Mullen, who has been her guest here for the last month.

Dr. Harrison, practice limited to eye, ear, nose and throat and the fitting of glasses. Office, Higgins block.—Adv.

Lenses ground at this office. Dr. N. H. Schweiker, Montana Block.—Adv.

After six weeks of duty at the Bitter Root national forest headquarters here, Ranger A. G. Devan will leave today for his station on the west fork of the Bitter Root to take up field duties.

R. Gwinn, M. D., eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. Glasses ground at the office. First National Bank Bldg.—Adv.

Light up at L. A. Boyd's Club Cigar store when in Hamilton.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Merchant of this city are soon to leave for Butte, where Mr. Merchant is to be sales manager for the Jennings company. Mr. Merchant's promotion to this position follows his service in a similar capacity here.

Big reduction on all hats. LaVogue Millinery, Simons Bldg.—Adv.

Marsh, the undertaker, 211 W. Cedar. Phone 321.—Adv.

A dance for the benefit of the Masonic War Relief fund will be given by the Order of Eastern Star at Union hall tomorrow evening. All members of the order or of Masonic orders are invited to attend.

Marie Antoinette Ordered to Leave Austria at Once

Paris, April 28.—The Princess Marie Antoinette, mother of Empress Zita, has been ordered to leave Austria within 24 hours and not re-enter that country until the termination of the war, according to a dispatch from Geneva.

Empress Zita has been blamed by the pro-German party in her husband's empire as being responsible for Emperor Charles' now famous letter to Prince Sixtus of Bourbon, his brother-in-law, in which he made overtures for peace to France. Anti-Teutonic tendencies have been attributed to the empress because of her Bourbon descent.

Glamor and Romance of War Except for Fighting in Air Ended by World's Conflict

Soldier of Today Is a Disciplined Manual Laborer Who Does More Hard and Distasteful Work Than He Ever Dreamed of Doing in Civil Life at Home—but He Is a Greater Patriot Than These Warriors of Old.

BY MARTIN GREEN.

With American Forces in France, April 27.—War, as it is conducted today, is little more than disciplinary manual labor. The movement, the romance, the thrills of warfare that we have read about in our histories have given way to routine, system and monotony. This statement has been made many times, but it will bear repeating, because the oftener it is repeated the more potent will be its influence in impressing mankind with a great truth—namely, that war is a foolish waste of lives, money and energy. Everybody has a faint sort of an idea along that line; only those who get into actual contact with warfare can realize that it is simply organized disorder, synchronized dissipation.

The soldier of the past, who was essentially a fighting man and spent all his time fighting, has been displaced because of modern invention and development by the soldier who spends one-fifth of his time fighting or waiting for the other fellow to start a fight and four-fifths of his time being motionless at a multiplicity of tasks made necessary by the fact that another soldier is off somewhere fighting.

All the soldiers in Belgium and France are not fighting. There isn't room for them along the battleline. Very few of those who are alive have ever seen a German soldier except the German who has been captured, and very few German soldiers alive have ever seen a free soldier of the allied forces. Modern warfare, as it is exemplified on the western front, consists of each side digging into the ground, and trying to blow the other side out.

The more securely either side digs in, the harder it is for the other side to blow him out. Accordingly the blowing out process requires more and more preparation as the difficulty increases. The prodigious tasks of labor which are being accomplished by the soldiers on both sides at this time are inconceivable to persons who are not familiar with them. We know the Germans are working just as hard as we are because they have to if they want to hold up their end. The Germans and the allies are fighting the same kind of warfare on the western front.

All modern armies are armies of laborers, mechanics, clerks, stenographers, office boys who shave daily, and executives of varying capacity and power. After the novelty of travel and new surroundings has worn off, the soldier finds himself working harder than he ever worked at home at a task familiar to him if he is a specialized man, or at a task he would never dream of taking up in civil life if he has failed to make himself valuable as a specialist. That is all there is to modern war, all the soldier can expect of the future, is the transient glory of being a hero in his old home town. The modern soldier is a better and more patriotic man than the soldier of time past, who lived in the exhilaration of combat all the time. The modern soldier, no matter what his ideas on war may be when he goes into the game, speedily finds that he has signed up for a period of drudgery, and it is all to his honor and his manhood that he does not complain.

If I have been understood as trying to show that all the glamour and romance and excitement of warfare has been eliminated, I crave the pardon of the reader. There is a branch of the service which embraces glamour, romance and excitement—the air service. Each officer who flies has 22 men working for him on the ground. If he pilot or observer, he lives a life of ease when he is not in the air, which is quite right. The flying man is the spectacular hero of modern warfare—the aristocrat of Twentieth Century combat. He is more than that; he is the hope of the armies of the allies, because authorities are pretty generally in agreement on the conclusion that if we are to whip the German we must whip him in the air.

MISSOULA NEWS

This case has a hint for many Missoula Readers.

A Missoula woman has used Doan's Kidney Pills. She has found them as represented. She wishes her neighbors to know. She publicly recommends them.

No need to look further for a tested kidney remedy. The proof of merit is here and can be investigated.

Profit by the statement of Mrs. G. E. Reynolds, 614 N. Second St. She says: "I used to have severe attacks of kidney trouble. Sometimes I couldn't get out of a chair and then I had to straighten up gradually, because of the sharp pains in my back. I suffered dreadfully. My kidneys were sluggish and my feet would swell. I tried many remedies for that complaint, but found Doan's Kidney Pills the best. A box or so of Doan's has never failed to cure an attack."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Reynolds had. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.—Adv.

hand visiting a strange city to give a concert and finding that the instruments have been left at home.

Our soldiers are compelled to do a lot of extra work over there because they are not fitted to their geographical environment. France is a vast pocket republic, and the pocket is full of people. The United States is an overcoat pocket republic with people scattered around in the pocket here and there.

France may be compared to a frame of balls arranged for the opening of a game of Kelley pool. The balls are compactly arranged according to number and colors and stripes, and, no matter how much you slide the frame around on the table, the balls will not change their positions. The United States is more like a table in a game of Kelley pool after the break, with balls scattered all over the surface and moving with every shot. Compared with orderly, settled France, the favored country to which we Americans hold allegiance, is more or less chaotic.

The same kind of people have been doing the same things in the same way in France for generations for ages. Not that the French lack initiative in peace or war, but the initiative is on the order of a delayed pass in football. It takes a genius of high order to initiate a new movement in France, and because the genius must necessarily be of high order the initiative is generally successful—as witness the taxicab, omnibus and pleasure-motor shifting of the French army from Paris to the battleline when the Boche was almost in sight of the Place Concorde in 1914.

From my room I look out on a courtyard of an establishment which delivers a manufactured product over a wide range of territory. I happened to witness the process of hitching the horses to half a dozen trucks at 8 o'clock this morning and the beginning of the work of loading the trucks.

At 9:30 o'clock the loading of three of the trucks had been completed. Half an hour later the trucks departed through the courtyard gate. In an American establishment those trucks would have been loaded and on their way in 15 minutes, but the loads of at least two of them might have slipped off the rear in moving up a hill, while nothing short of a collision with a railroad train could have budged the loads on the French trucks.

The difference, I imagine, must extend into military operations. We haven't moved nearly as rapidly in our offensive execution as the people at home have been led to believe we would. If there should be a feeling of disappointment in the United States on this subject—say along in the summer—it must be remembered that the American army is working with and to a considerable extent under the guidance of the French army officers, and, however strongly our military authorities may be inclined in the direction of speedy action, they have to consider policies, principles and instincts arising from the age-old experience of a vast pocket people, all of one blood.

Never in any war has there been assembled such a conglomeration of elements of the human race as is packed in and behind the British and French lines. The only classes missing, in the field of my observation, are East Indians and conscientious objectors, and there are probably some Eskimos fighting against the Germans.

The villages behind our lines in the Toul and Lunville sectors remind one of the streets of All Nations at the

international exhibitions, which have been held in Buffalo, St. Louis, Chicago and other American cities. The roads between these villages are alive with white men, brown men, black men, yellow men, copper-colored men and men of nondescript colors, hailing from the four corners of the earth. All of them are connected with the British and French armies, and in our own army we have Indians and negroes; also in our army we have Japanese, who have been caught in the selective draft, but I do not believe there are any Japanese in any other army among the fighting forces, although there are many Japanese officers here and in

England as military and naval observers. The Turks are allies of Germany, but there are Turks in the allied armies, as well as Armenians, Hindus, Egyptians, South Africans, Chinese, Senegalese, South Sea Islanders, South Americans (in the foreign legions), Filipinos, East Indians, West Indians, Lascars, Portuguese of mixed blood, Hawaiians and Arabs. They are billeted all over France contiguous to the battlelines, and in every village or camp assigned to them. American soldiers, billeted in the vicinity, or on special duty, are frequent visitors.

ADVERTISE IN THE MISSOULIAN

LIBERTY THEATER

Monday and Tuesday MARGARITA FISCHER



IN "JILTED JANET" A Typical Fischer Picture in Which the Star Is Most Likeable.

ALSO USUAL SHORT SUBJECTS AND LIBERTY COURTESY and LIBERTY SURROUNDINGS 10c and 15c

TODAY TOMORROW

CHARLES RAY

IN "The Family Skeleton"

A Nice Little Comedy-Drama You'll All Like

As An Extra Added Attraction

BRUNO CHILINSKI

Violinist

Will Render "CAPRICE VIENNOIS"—Kreisler. "MOMENT MUSICAL"—Kreisler. And Many Other Popular Selections

SHOWS 7 and 9 **Bijou** PRICES 10c-20c

PARENTAGE

The picture that is creating new photoplays. It is stirring the town.

Now Playing at the EMPRESS