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**HONEST  
 STRATEGY**

By VENE KENNEDY

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"Please, Mrs. Karl, come and play tennis," said Cleva Culloh appealingly.  
 "It's too hot," said Mrs. Karl lazily.  
 "I'm too old to frisk in such weather."  
 "Hear! Hear!" cried Roy Kendall.  
 "What an honest woman!"  
 "From compulsion, Roy. I was born here."  
 "In the year of our Lord"—Cleva added.  
 "Eighteen hundred and sixty," completed Mrs. Karl easily. "I am thirty-eight, you see."  
 "Thirty-eight?" repeated Roy. "Can't be you are ten years older than I am?"

"Yes," she answered smilingly.  
 Slender, graceful, charming, she looked scarce thirty and knew it.

With a pout Cleva started for the tennis court, followed by Roy Kendall and Madison Harding.

And it was hot! Soon Harding began to breathe heavily. As they finished the game he held out his racket and panted:

"Here, Brady, I'll leave you and Miss Temple to whitewash Kendall and Cleva."

"Are you warm?" said Mrs. Karl, who joined her on the veranda.

"Am I warm? Well!" reaching eagerly for the ice water on the table beside her.

"No," she commanded. "Go change your clothes. Not a cold plunge, remember—just a rub and dry linen."

He laughed, but obeyed.

When he returned, she handed him a glass of water, then a nicely packed beach.

"Uh!" he grunted. "This beats tennis."

"I think so," she said. They chatted for some time. Then he asked suddenly:

"Why haven't you married again?"

"The usual reason," she answered.

"A beautiful woman, with twenty thousand a year, ought to find Mr. Right surely."

"Madison," she said softly, "I've loved Robert. Now—well, I must be sure of myself and him."

"Robert was a good man," he said gravely.

"Yes," she repeated. "Yet I tried him at times because I could not love him."

"But you married him."

"Yes, and I deserved to be most unhappy that I was. He was very bright, I twenty-two; he rich, I poor; he ready to settle down, I ready to have a fling with life. Somehow Madison, I think he ought to have known better than to have asked me. He ought to have known I couldn't love him."

"Why not?" His voice was restrained.

"Youth loves youth. Much as Robert loved me, I think the first few years were equally disappointing to both. I was ready for my fling and had it. I know now how bored he was with it. It's glorious to do stunts with one in a colt, but afterward—"

She laughed merrily and handed him the peach she had been paring.

"But afterward?" he repeated.

"One wants to jog along," she continued. "The normal woman past thirty-five can say what she may, but the excitement and strength taking amusements that she revels in during her teens and twenties—ah, they're of worth the price!"

His answering smile quickly disappeared as she went into the house. He was forty-five, Cleva Culloh twenty-two; he rich, she poor; he had his fling, she just ready for hers. He had accepted Lorene Karl's invitation to spend the month of August at her country home because Cleva was too there. He had determined the later should be his promised wife before they left, but—

He slept little that night. A picture of Robert Karl, wearing and surfeited, dancing attendance on the gay, ungrudging Lorene, rose before him. "To jog along" had a soothing sound, but a vision of Cleva's laughing, girlish face made his jaws set determinedly.

It rained during the night. Next day was cool and clear.

"Oh, me! Oh, my!" said Mrs. Karl. "Why am I not a seer? If I had known it was to be such a charming day, I would have had our dance tonight. By Friday it will probably be as hot as blazes."

"What's the odds?" said Cleva. "I can dance if it registers a hundred."

"So can I," said Roy—"with you."

"Then I shall give you the first and last dance and two in between," she said, with a gay laugh, clanking from under her long lashes at Harding.

"I'll take the rest," he replied promptly. "If it registers two hundred."

Friday night simply blazed forth heat, but Cleva and a crowd of young folks danced as merrily as though Jack Frost were in the air.

Harding noted a wondrous sparkle in Cleva's eyes as she and Roy swung around the room, and he looked sadly disgruntled as he joined Lorene Karl.

"This is our dance," he said listlessly. "Go change your collar," was the answer, "and put some talcum on your neck. Then we will sit under the trees—sit, not walk."

When he returned, he asked curiously:

"Where did you learn so much 'isidom'?"

"I was married ten years," she said carelessly.

She gazed at him contemplatively as he tilted back against a tree and silently smoked a cigar. The bright

moonlight fell full upon him. Tall, broad, handsome, he yet looked his age.

"You have saved my life," he said laughingly as they sauntered back.

"And my own. This is one of the things that's not worth the price."

As he came for their next waiz she shook her head and laughed.

"Come," said he. "We'll risk one turn."

He put his arm around her and made a move to start, then stood suddenly still and stared down at the shapely beween head, his own giddy with the thrill that held him.

He drew her closer. As the music stopped he released her with a reluctance he could scarcely define.

"I enjoyed that dance," she said.

"It was worth the price, then?" banteringly.

"Fully," she uttered softly.

Until daybreak he sat on the veranda smoking and thinking. He tried to adjust the Lorene Karl he had known for eleven years with the woman he had discovered during the past week. He had condemned her for marrying for money. Though gay, even audacious, she had never coquetted.

As she danced with Cleva his mind had been alert to her beauty, to her budding spirits, her glorious youth, but as he held Lorene Karl there had come a sudden content, blissfully human and spiritually tender in one.

In the weeks that followed he found himself in a tumult of thought that made him abstracted and erratic. Now he lounged beside Mrs. Karl, and again panting and perspiring, he followed where Cleva led.

The day before they were to leave the entire party went for a row down the bay.

Mrs. Karl, smiling and picturesque, stood under the trees and waved them goodbye.

"Mrs. Karl is a dear," said Cleva complacently, "but I hope I'll never get so foggy. She has an awfully stupid time. If she would only exert herself a little, she could have as much fun as any one."

A couple of hours later Mrs. Karl saw Harding jump from a rickety buggy and come coolly toward her.

"Where are the others?" she cried, affrighted.

"On Rogers Point, dancing," he answered, seating himself.

The disgusted tone of his voice made her laugh.

"Well," she asked, as he did not explain, "what brought you back?"

"You," he answered, putting his hand on hers.

Her eyes still questioned.

"For the last week I couldn't find a minute to talk to you, Lorene, and to day I got desperate. Only in the past month have I discovered that I'm the biggest ass in the country and you the dearest woman in existence. You opened my eyes, then my heart. Now I intend to make you love me."

"But if you cannot?" she said in a low tone.

"I must!" impetuously. "I must 'jog along' with you, dear, or else—no; there can be no else!" he cried, taking hold of her and kissing her determinedly. "I will make you love me!"

"It's all done," she murmured. "I've loved you for eleven years."

A laugh, a daring something in her eyes, made him suddenly understand.

"You plotter!" he cried. "You—you?"

"Yes," she whispered, joining in his happy laugh. "I did!"

**Drinking From the Loving Cup.**

Every prosperous club has its loving cup, but how many of the guests who see it gracing the banquet know its origin or the graceful ceremonial which should be observed in drinking from it? The cup should have two handles and a cover and is handed to the principal guest as the toasts begin. The guest takes it by both handles and, standing, turns to the person nearest, who also stands, and both bow. Then, while the second guest removes the lid, the first one drinks and with another bow passes the cup to his neighbor, who replaces the lid and presents it in turn to the next guest, and so the ceremony is repeated.

In the old days of chivalry and of treachery, as a man while drinking from the two handled cup was practically defenseless, his companion was required to remove the cover with his sword hand that he might not take advantage of the other. It is a very pretty ceremony when gracefully performed.

**What He Might Do.**

Slinkus was a creature who wore trousers. He was rich and respectable. He didn't have to earn his own living. He was a butterfly of fashion. That is why trousers looked queer on him. He went to teas. He never led a German. He hadn't the capacity for that. He did have the capacity, though, for falling in love. As usual in such cases, he fell in love with a superior girl. Dreams and duds go by contraries. So did the girl. She wouldn't have it a little bit.

"What shall I do, what shall I do?" he moaned.

"You might commit suicide heroically," she suggested coldly.

"But that would be murder," he exclaimed, horrified.

"I think not," she said assuringly.

"Any jury in the country would call it justifiable homicide without leaving the box."—Exchange.

**The Pottery Tree of Brazil.**

The pottery tree, found in Brazil, is curious and useful. One would scarcely expect to find pots and jars and pitchers growing in it not on a tree, but the material for them certainly grows in this tree. It is found in the form of siliceous, chiefly in the bark, although the very hard wood of the tree also yields it. To make this curious pottery the bark is burned, and what remains is ground to powder and mixed with clay.

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**PRETTY DISTRUSTFUL.**  
 A Case Where Suspicion Might Be Carried Too Far.  
 "I told the postmaster of a town at the foot of the Cumberland mountains that I proposed a two weeks' trip among the sights and scenes of the big hills," said a Detroitter who roams all over the country, "and asked him if he couldn't give me a writing of some sort that would be a safe conduct in case I met with moonshiners."  
 "Yes; I could write something, but I'm afeared it would do no good," he replied. "They might read the letter and know I wrote it, but they'd still be suspicious."  
 "Suspicious of what?"  
 "Suspicious that you was a spy. They'd be so suspicious that they'd probably draw you up to a limb with a rope around your neck and let you hang for a minit."  
 "Then they'd let me down and be lieve I was all right, wouldn't they?"  
 "I'm afeared not. I'm afeared they'd still be suspicious of you."  
 "Suspicious of what?"  
 "Suspicious that you was a revenoo man. Then they'd draw you up aguin, and it might be two minits befo' they let you down this time. Two minits is a party long time to be kickin' and chokin'."  
 "But they would finally let me down?" I asked.  
 "Yes; I reckon so."  
 "And be convinced that I was no revenoo man?"  
 "Yes; they might, but that wouldn't end it. They'd still be suspicious."  
 "Of what?"  
 "That you was a blamed fule fun bein' up thar at all, and this time they'd pull you up and leave you hang in' fur the best part of a week."—Detroit Free Press.

**A Rainy Day in Japan.**  
 In the houses, the streets and the gardens, the places of public resort, everywhere in Japan, is to be found the all pervading element of art and beauty. A rainy day in Japan is not as in London a day of gloom and horror, but a day of absolute fascination. What a joy is the spectacle of all those lovely yellow paper umbrellas unfurling themselves beneath a shower like flowers before the sun! The Japanese have given the nation not only the house beautiful, but the street beautiful.—Japan; a Record in Color, by Mortimer Menpes.

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**Crowing in Lent.**  
 "During the season of Lent," says the London Chronicle, "it was anciently the custom of the watchmen to crow the hour of the night instead of shouting it, the intention being doubtless to remind sleepless sinners of the effect the third crowing of the cock had on St. Peter. This custom, too, was observed at the royal court, an officer known as 'the king's cock crower' performing the duty within the precincts of the palace."  
 "On the first Ash Wednesday after the accession of the house of Hanover, as the then Prince of Wales, afterward George II., was at supper, this officer entered and crowed 'past 10 o'clock.' The astonished prince mistook the crow for an insult and rose to resent it, but was made to understand with some difficulty that the custom was in accordance with court etiquette. The custom was from that time discontinued."