

THE CITY IN BRIEF

Mrs. Alice Hedge drove over from Corvallis Wednesday.

Miss Laura Harper went to Missoula yesterday to see Maxine Elliott in "The Inferior Sex."

Charles Johnson returned Tuesday from a visit of three months at his former home near Copenhagen, Denmark.

Cleveland C. Taylor and Sheila Theresa Gervais both of West Hamilton were granted license to marry Tuesday.

Ross C. Carpenter, the mining magnate of Trout Creek, spent Christmas at his home in Hamilton, returning to the pipes on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Markle and son John, who spent Christmas at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Markle, left Tuesday for their home at Bonner.

The Hamilton Gun club will pull off one of its periodical shoots next Sunday at the local range, beginning at 10 a. m. Bluerocks in plenty will be provided.

A. K. Lusk, purchasing agent for the United States reclamation service with headquarters at St. Ignatius, spent Christmas in Hamilton, a guest at the home of Major W. W. McCrackin.

Percy H. Edwards was a business visitor at Drummond this week.

W. E. McMurry left yesterday afternoon for Helena, where he will serve in the twelfth legislative assembly.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Davenport of Kiona, Wash., are visiting Mrs. E. E. Stockman, mother of Mrs. Davenport.

Miss Mary Dwyer left Wednesday afternoon for Seattle with little Prescott Meccalf, who will be left with his parents there.

The "Squaw Man" will appear at the Lucas opera house Tuesday evening January 3. Seats on sale Saturday at the Valley Clothing store.

Geo. A. Garnett was up from Victoria Wednesday. He returned recently from the Clearwater and reports very deep snow on the divide.

The Isis is the name selected by Bullock Bros. for the old Lyric theater. Under the management of these popular young men the theatre is receiving a splendid patronage.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Taylor and daughter have returned from an extended eastern trip. Mr. Taylor attended the National Land show which in Chicago and reports that he finds that the Bitter Root valley is stricken on the map. He says there is a good demand for Bitter Root apples in Chicago, but he says that the local product must be greatly improved before we get the best results.



A Scene from "The Squaw Man" at the Lucas Tuesday, January 3.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

ON the eve of the New Year we wish to thank you for your patronage during the past year and to assure you that we shall try even harder to please our patrons in 1911.

Regal Clothing Company

THIS SPECIAL Knit-Nok Coat

It is the most perfectly constructed and comfortable sheep-lined coat made. That is a pretty strong statement, but see how coat backs it up. It has the "Knit-Nok," which with the big fur collar protects the neck from any wind or cold; it has the patent wind-proof wrist protectors that defy any wind; then notice the flap that is marked Fig. 1, when the edge of the coat, marked Fig. 2, is tucked between that and Fig. 3, and the coat is buttoned, there isn't much chance for either wind or cold to reach you. Snap 1 and 2 together and it closes the same as an ordinary coat. Built "Summit" style for comfort, durability and satisfaction to the man who wears it.

We have your size, come in and try it on.

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We recommend "A. B. A." Travelers' Cheques for your next trip—abroad or at home. They prevent the annoyances often met with in attempting to cash checks and drafts. Self-identifying. Safer than money. Always good.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Miss Dorothy Roberts of Missoula is visiting Hamilton friends.

F. H. Reeser was a Helena visitor this week.

Mrs. Edward Dunn of Butte was a Hamilton visitor this week.

Mrs. Troy Shannon and daughter of Bonner are spending the week with Mr. and Mrs. S. Hamilton.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stewart and child of Red Lodge arrived yesterday. Mr. Stewart will enter the Northern Pacific hospital at Missoula, his wife the meanwhile visiting her aunt, Mrs. J. M. Applebury of Willow Creek.

Leo Davenport and family left Wednesday for Ronan. Mr. Davenport has leased 560 acres of an Indian. The ranch is six miles from Ronan. The lease runs for a period of five years and he expects to locate permanently in that promising locality.

Emma Ann Conley, tiny daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Conley, died Tuesday at the family home in Riverview. Pneumonia was the cause of death. The funeral was held Wednesday. Father Carr conducting the services. The child was one year and three months old.

Miss Edna Chapin, Miss Isabel Gilray, Miss Charlotte Glick, Miss Laura Goodrich, Miss Helen McCrackin, Miss Luverne Robertson, Miss Annabelle Robertson and Miss Lou Taylor, comprising the Hamilton Sewing club, will entertain at Burns' hall next Monday night. The patronesses of the affair are Mrs. F. D. Dudley, Mrs. F. E. Gage, Mrs. William Gilray, Mrs. George Glick, Mrs. W. W. McCrackin, Mrs. A. Robertson, Mrs. J. N. Taylor and Mrs. M. A. White.

Hindering the Process.
Doctor—Well, John, how are you today?
John—Verry bad; verry bad. I wisht Providence 'ud 'ave mussy on me an' take me.
Wife—Ow can you expect it to if you won't take the doctor's physic?—London Mail.

Hard Luck.
"Poor man, your life must be full of hardships!"
"Ow true yer words are, lidy! Only 'oother day I picked up a ticket for a ball an' couldn't use it cos I hadn't got a evenin' suit."—London Ideas.

JUDGE J. H. BATTEN.
President of the Hamilton Club of Chicago.



Ben Hicks' Mirth
By F. A. MITCHEL.

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"Howdy, Jim?"
"Howdy, Ben?"
"What y' been?"
"Down to the Corners fer to buy some goods for the store."
"Been away some time, haven't ye?"
"A matter o' four days."
"Who did y' leave in charge o' yer store?"
"Wilkins' boy."
"Y' find it kind o' lonesome cavortin' around here without any o' yer family, don't y'?"
"You bet. I been tryin' to make enough to bring my wife 'n boy out, but bad debts beat me."
"Hard times."
"I'm goin' to start out on a new principle. I'm not goin' to trust any one."
The other cast a melancholy look at Jim Murphy, but didn't say anything. Ben Hicks was a short, thickset man or, rather, boy. No one was quite sure whether he was man or boy. He wore a vest and a pair of trousers much too large for him and no coat. No one had ever seen him smile.
"Yer too late, Jim," he said at last.
"What d'ye mean?" asked Jim eagerly.
"Yer store's been entered."
"Entered?"
"Yes, the day after you left there was two o' 'em come down on Wilkins' boy, turned him out 'n tuk possession." Jim was heartbroken. He cursed the day he had come west to a country where there was neither law nor order; he lamented having separated from his wife and child, for fate seemed to decree that he should remain separated from them. Now, since robbers had come down on his stock of goods he could not get back to them nor bring them to him.
"Have they carted the stuff away?" he asked.
"Dunno; reckon not."
"Suppose they jist gutted it, carryin' off what they wanted and ruined the rest. That's the way these jayhawkers do."
Ben Hicks made no reply to this. He looked as if he was going to cry. Indeed, he seemed so melancholy that Jim didn't like to show any more dependency at the loss of his stock, it seemed to have so lugubrious an effect on his sympathetic friend.
"Oh, well," said Jim, "sich things can't be helped. What we have to do in this world when we get knocked down is to get up ag'in and go ahead 's if nuthin' had happened. Cheer up, Ben. I'll bring it all around right in time."
"What y' goin' to do with 'em?"
"With the robbers?"
"Yes."
"You don't mean they're there yit?"
"Yes, I do. They're makin' their selves at home."
"In my house, with my things?"
"Yes."
"And not a neighbor has raised a finger to turn 'em out?"
"Nary finger."
"Do you suppose you and I together could..."

"And the other?"
"You kin manage 'oother, I reckon."
"What was they doin' when you left?"
"Reckon they war fightin'."
"Don't y' know?"
"No, I'd not quite a ways from 'em when I heerd a yell. I looked back an' the other man was a kickin' and a carryin' 'oother one was a hittin' 'em."
"What then?"
"I come away then."
Jim Speers carried on this dialog with his friend while he walked along

homeward, the other walking beside him. When they came in sight of the house Jim's eye lighted a little.
"At any rate," he remarked, "they've not burned it. What y' goin'?"
"Reckon you kin tackle 'em alone."
"Fraid?"
But Ben made no reply to this imputation on his courage. Jim went on. A three-year-old boy playing on the premises was all that appeared. A woman came out of the house and was about to take the boy in when she espied Jim. Shading her eyes with her hand, she gazed on him for a moment, then ran to meet him.
"Why, Mql, how did you git here?"
"Made the money sewin'."
"And the kid?"
"There he is."
She pointed to the boy before the house. Jim sprang away from her and, running to the boy, took him up in his arms and covered him with kisses. When the wife came up Jim turned to her, took both her arms, the boy in one embrace and said:
"By thunder, I never had such a change from trouble to happiness in my life. It was all that Ben Hicks' doin's. He tole me the store had been entered, the boy I left in charge fired and let me believe robbers had done it."
Later when the Speers family were celebrating their reunion with a good supper a neighbor came along.
"What's the matter with Ben Hicks, Jim?" he asked. "I seen him goin' along chucklin' about sumpin. No one ever saw him do that before. He's solemn as an owl. I asked him what he was chucklin' about, and he tole me I could find out from you."
Jim explained the source of Ben's mirth.

Law and Geography.
From the half timers' papers writer at a recent time, examination: "Some of the chief inventions of the last 150 years are having an act so that no person under fourteen years must go into the public house. Another act was so that no person under the age of sixteen years must smoke cigars, pipes and cigarettes, and no person under that age can be served with any. My brother Bill is now all right for this invention. He was sixteen last week." Here is a geography answer: "The river system of Canada is what you might call very good, but sometimes they shoot the rapids, and unless you are a red Indian this is very troublesome at times, especially when you get sucked under like Captain Webb."—Manchester Guardian.

Masculine Music.
The musical doctor stepped into the shop.
His hair stuck out like stiff straws, and his joy of life was under his arm; also two buttons on his waistcoat were undone. So there was no doubt about his being a genius.
"Aha, ahem, ahum!" purred the musical doctor. "E string for a violin, please."
The man behind the counter looked flustered. He went to the shelf, took off a small packet, examined it carefully, examined it again and then hesitatingly returned to the customer.
"I beg your pardon, sir," he began diffidently, "but this 'appens to be my first day in the shop, and yer might give me a little 'tip. The fact is these 'ere strings look all alike to me, an' I can't tell the 'es from the shes!"—London Ideas.

As an illustration of how closely everything is watched in Russia, take its system of registering firearms. When a weapon of any kind is purchased a permit must be secured from the local authorities. The name of the man who makes the purchase, with the number of the weapon, is recorded. If the purchaser ever wants to dispose of the weapon he must notify the authorities and cause the transfer to be recorded on the books of the firm which sold it.

Consider the Children.
Look well to the sort of road that goes by a farm before you determine to buy and make your home there. Consider the young folks. "What is land worth at the other end of this road as compared with that which lies six miles away in the other direction along a smooth road? Every grown farm boy should have a good horse and a good road upon which to drive if he is worthy of so noble an animal as the horse. When the young farmer starts himself he will do well to locate on a good road. There are always enough persons who are not thankful for advice, especially if it be in print, and who want the cheap land at the end of the hilly road."

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The Squaw Man

To enjoy the play you should read the book.

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