EXHIBITORS' HEAD COMING TO BUTTE

President of Film Men of the U. S. A. to Visit Here March 15.

Lee A. Ochs, president of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of America, of New York, will make his first visit to Butte on March 15, according to a telegram received this morning by Philip Levy, manager of the Ansonia Amusement company and president of the Motion Picture Exhibitors' League of Montana, which is associated with the national organization.

In his telegram Mr. Ochs expressed the hope that a convention of the Montana exhibitors could be called. The state convention of the Montana exhibitors was held here Dec. 11, 12 and 13. Notwithstanding that fact, however, Mr. Levy today wrote to the exhibitors of the state advising them of the fact that Mr. Ochs would be in Butte on March 15 and inviting them to come here to meet him.

Mr. Ochs' telegram to Mr. Levy follows: "Will be pleased to attend personally a state convention on March 15 if you can arrange same."

Mr. Ochs is one of the leading men among the picture exhibitors of the United States and his visit to Butte will mark the first time that the national president has paid a visit to the metropolis of Montana. While definite plans have not yet been made and will not until Mr. Levy receives word from the other members of the state association, is is probable that a banquet will be given Mr. Ochs during his stay and that he will be shown all the courtesies and honors for which Mr. Levy and the other exhibitors have been noted.

SOUTH SIDE NOTES

Staple and fancy groceries; prompt delivery. Taylor Grocery, 1639 Harrison avenue. Phone 1031.—Adv.

The meeting of the South Side Boosters last night in Boulevard fire hall was one of the best attended of the year. Ernest Hardcastle addressed the members. After the transaction of the business a social session was held.

Nick Burkard has returned from a trip to Helena.

Mrs. Richard Goodman of South Colorado street, who has been ill at her home with the grip, is slowly improving.

The Ladies' Aid of the Welsh church was entertained yesterday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Carrick, 729½ South Colorado street. Mrs. J. P. Brew, 521 South Washington street, will act as hostess to the society at its next regular meeting two weeks from Thursday.

W. M. Paxson of Dillon was a guest at the Bennett hotel while stopping in Butte last night.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Stodden, 1819 Garrison avenue, delightfully entertained a large number of their friends Wednesday night at their home. The evening was happily spent in music and dancing, after which refreshments were served by Mrs. Stodden.

C. J. Ambrose, who has been living at 1011 Michigan avenue, has returned to his home in Canada.

Russell Morrison, whose face was scalded by steam four weeks ago, has entirely recovered and his friends claim he has a "new face."

Miss Opal La Martine, attending school at Livingston, has been visiting friends in Butte this week.

Mrs. A. W. McNeill is suffering from gall stones and will probably have to undergo an operation.

Maj. L. F. Wilson of the officers' reserve corps of New York, brother of Rev. L. A. Wilson of the People's Community church, visited his brother here the early part of the week.

Miss Marguerite Morris has been away from school during the week on account of ill health.

Miss Blossom Davies has been suffering from pleurisy.

Rev. G. J. Powell of Billings, state superintendent of the Congregational churches, has been visiting Rev. L. A. Wilson and is very enthusiastic over the rapid growth of the south side and the opportunity for community work in that section.

Mrs. May Hoon has been confined to her home for several days with a very severe cold.

Mrs. Andrews' sister-in-law, Miss Andrews of Glendive, who was in Helena with her brother, one of the representatives from Glendive at the legislature, visited Mrs. Andrews here during the week at her residence on Johns street.

Rev. L. A. Wilson's Sunday school class of high school students will hold a party tomorrow evening. Each member is requested to bring a friend. The committee on the party consists of Lorena Scanland, Fred Sarles and Marshall Parker.

Benetol

Rectal Suppositories

There is no better treatment for piles, hemorrhoids and rectal fistulae. Full directions in each carton. Try them—for sale at all druggists.

ANNOUNCING ANOTHER GREAT DOLLAR SALE of Men's Shirts

Montana's Greatest Store

Store for Men

Beginning Tomorrow, Saturday Morning at Nine o'Clock Sharp

When We Will Offer Choice of

1500 New Spring Shirts

Not a Shirt Worth Less Than $1.50

Don't Miss This Sale

STORE FOR MEN

$1

Most of Them Would Sell in the Regular Way at $1.75, $2.00, $2.50 and More.

In Every Good Style and Coloring a Man Could Ask for in Complete Range of Sizes—All to go at

ONLY ONE DOLLAR EACH

$1

SALE BEGINS at 9 Tomorrow —MORNING—

SHIRTS ARE Arranged for Quick and Easy Selection, segregated as to sizes, and plenty of courteous salesman to wait on you promptly.

Without a question this is one of the best shirt offerings that will be made to the men of Butte this season, including as it does more than fifteen hundred brand-new spring shirts in all the most-asked-for patterns and colorings and every wanted style. Shirts with plain or plaited fronts, with laundered bands and cuffs or the soft roll, French cuff; also soft shirts with military or flat collars. These are manufacturers' sample lots and clearaways intended for selling regularly at $1.50, $1.75, $2, $2.50 and more, picked up at a price concession and offered in this great sale ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Hennessy's — MONTANA'S GREATEST STORE

See Hundreds of These Shirts In Main St. Window Today

Hennessy's — MONTANA'S GREATEST STORE

HOW IT FEELS TO GO DOWN IN A SUBMARINE

BY H. THOMPSON RICH.

(Managing Editor of the Forum Magazine.)

Well-Known Editor, One of the Few Civilians Ever Permitted on a Test Trip, Describes His First Exciting Submergence in the Newest War Machine, the Mighty David of Defense.

Provincetown, Mass., Mar. 2.—A dull, muffled roar, a rhythmic vibration through the echoing iron beneath my feet, a dense cloud of yellowish smoke shooting out from the exhaust holes astern, and the great underwater dreadnaught on whose deck I stood was tearing off at express speed toward the open sea!

H. T. RICH.

I was about to take a cruise, and a plunge, on a submarine battle cruiser! I was starting on an adventure that only a few civilians had ever before been allowed to experience.

On a huge American-made submarine, bigger and more powerful in every way than the German U-Boats just turned loose in the Atlantic, I was experiencing all the wonder and excitement that must thrill the crews of German divers as they set forth from their home ports on a commerce raid!

For I, too, was wondering whether I would ever return from this trip to land again on the Provincetown dock. This was a test cruise.

I remembered the long series of mishaps to American-made submarines. I recalled the F-4 disaster. Would something go wrong when we made our first plunge, and would my last experience in this life be a dramatic struggle with gas fumes while penned up with a score of suffocating men in a crushed iron hull on the Atlantic's bottom?

As we put out into a launch from the dock in Provincetown harbor, the semi-submerged dreadnaught swept gracefully shoreward to meet us. Her two periscopes flashed and sparkled like twin diamonds at their tapering points, and she glistened all over like a colossal fish.

As we clambered onto her rounded side, with a curious thrill I realized we were about to enter on an astounding adventure; our fortunes were in higher hands and we were pawns in a new order of things.

Suddenly a muffled roar sprang up from somewhere deep within, and the water foamed about the prow. We were off! I clutched a stanchion, fearing we might be about to dive.

But no! We were making a surface run now, testing out the great Diesel oil-burning engines. The speed amazed me. It was all the more impressive because we stood so close to the rushing water, which left and right rose in green, foamy columns.

Astern a great fan-tailed wake fell away, half hidden by the huge qualities of yellowish-white smoke pouring from the exhausts.

The roar of the engines had now become thunderous, and the submarine vibrated rhythmically as it sped onward!

The yellowish-white smoke had now almost entirely disappeared and from the exhaust-holes issued only a thin bluish haze, very hot and volatile.

Presently even this stopped and there was no sign that the engines were running save that steady rhythmic thunder, and our flying speed.

In the outer harbor we came to rest and made ready for the plunge. There was no time to be lost.

With one glimpse of the blue sky—perhaps my last, I thought—I went to the circular hatch in the conning tower and climbed below on a small steel ladder, till my feet touched the solid iron flooring.

Wonderingly, with mingled feelings of awe and uneasiness, I looked about me. Everything was machinery. Never in my life had I seen such an exhibition of wheels and valves, of levers and rods and crossrods. Compasses and charts, electric contrivances of all kinds, dials, tanks, gauges and indicators met my eye in utterly bewildering array.

The hatches had been securely closed. All was in readiness. Electric lights glowed brilliantly. Excitement ran high. This was adventure! This was romance!

Suddenly the electric engines were switched on—and with a long, graceful dive, we submerged!

The sensations of that first plunge into the ocean depths are indescribable. There was a glorious feeling of motion, a thrill of wonder, of expectation.

When I had in some degree recovered from them, I made my way to the forward periscope and glued my eye to the lens.

At first I could discern nothing. We were completely submerged, traveling along blindly under water without even our periscopes showing above the surface.

Then suddenly came a glare of light, which resolved itself into a crystal clear view of the bay.

All this time, as we plowed through the seas, ducking and rising like a porpoise, the crew stood motionless at their posts. The engineers were in the motor and dynamo compartment, seeing that all went well. The mechanics were intent over their dials and levers. Only the officers moved about, peering through the periscopes, conferring and giving orders. And we awed civilians stood huddled together by the conning-tower ladder, talking in whispers. It was a dramatic half hour.

At last it became too thick outside for safety. We rose to the surface, the electric motors were stopped, the submarine came to rest and the hatches were opened.

Up the steel ladder we climbed and out again into the open air, still thrilled with the consciousness of an unforgettable adventure.

Had I not already been convinced, this brief but amazing experience would have proved to me that the submarine is the master marvel of a marvelous age—the mighty David of defense!

This picture shows a submarine in the act of submerging. Notice how the water ripples about her bow and upper works as the boat settles to the ocean's depths!

PERFECTLY SAFE.

"My dear, do you think it is right to let that young man spend so much money on you?" asked Mrs. Heary.

"Why not?" replied the daughter. "I have no intention of marrying him."

DEAD ON HIS FEET

GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules will bring new life and quickly relieve that stopped-up congested feeling. They will thoroughly cleanse and wash out the kidneys and bladder and gently carry off the ill effects of excesses of all kinds. The healing, soothing oil soaks right into the walls and lining of the kidneys and expels the poisons in your system. Keep your kidneys in good shape by daily use of GOLD MEDAL Haarlem Oil Capsules and you will have good health. Go to your druggist at once and secure a package of this time-honored, world-wide remedy. It is not a "patent medicine." It is passed upon by U. S. Government chemists and declared pure before coming into this country. GOLD MEDAL is the pure, original Haarlem Oil, imported direct from the ancient laboratories in Holland, where it is the National Household Remedy of the sturdy Dutch. Look for the name GOLD MEDAL on every box. Accept no substitute. Your druggist will gladly refund your money if not as represented.

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CASH

for Used Furniture, Heaters and Ranges. Phone us, 897. Will exchange New for Used and make liberal allowance or pay spot cash.

SPRING NEEDS such as Paints, Oils, Stains, Varnishes, Window Glass, Plumbing, Electrical Equipment, Etc.—Let US supply them for YOU!

LYRIC PHONOGRAPHS "DUOFOLD" DAVENETTES McDOUGAL KITCHEN CABINETS —Easy Terms—

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FURNITURE, HARDWARE, ELECTRIC SUPPLIES AND PLUMBING. 209-211-213 East Park St.

PHONE 897

ISSUE WARNING AGAINST STOLEN MONEY ORDERS

Warning was issued today to postmasters throughout the country of the theft of 200 money orders from the Wautseka (Ill.) postoffice on Feb. 2. The money orders stolen are numbered 98,401 to 98,600, inclusive, and postmasters are warned not to cash them. Similar warnings will probably be sent to the banks.