

Lodge and Society DIRECTORY

K. of F.
Lakeside No. 49. Meets every Thursday night in Matthews' hall. C. V. Coe, C. C.; George H. Blume, K. of R. and S.

W. O. W.
Mountain Camp No. 826, meets in Matthews' hall every second and fourth Wednesday nights. W. W. Robertson, C. C.; J. H. Crum, clerk.

Presbyterian Women's Society
Meets every second Thursday in each month. Mrs. C. R. Johnson, President; Miss Edna Knight, sec.

The Borromeo Club.
Meets in suite 24 Duncan-Sanson building. David Phelan, President; Rev. C. M. Van Aken, secretary.

Volunteer Fire Department.
Meets in town hall, second Thursday nights in each month. Geo. H. Blume, chief; C. F. Greiser, secretary.

Methodist Ladies' Aid Society
Meets second and fourth Wednesday afternoons. Mrs. W. F. Mason, President; Mrs. J. J. Johns, Secretary.

F. O. E.
Whitefish Aerie, No. 906. Meets every second and fourth Tuesday nights in Matthews' hall. Roy Young, President; N. S. Murphy, secretary.

O. R. C.
Meets in Masonic hall, first and third Sunday afternoons in each month. Ward McFadden, C. C.; L. A. Bruckhouser, secretary and treasurer.

Woman's Civic Club.
Meets first and third Fridays in the Whitefish Club rooms at 3 p. m. Mrs. H. A. Shoaf, President; Miss Edna Knight, Secretary.

Catholic Altar Society
Meets first Thursday afternoon in each month at the church, at 3 p. m. Mrs. Sol. Pickett, President; Mrs. Carl Walters, secretary.

A. F. and A. M.
Whitefish Lodge, No. 64. Meets second, fourth and fifth Tuesday nights, in Masonic hall. J. C. Little, W. M.; E. L. Geddes, secretary.

M. W. A.
Whitefish Lodge, No. 11,141. Meet in Masonic hall, second and fourth Thursday nights in each month. Wm Ferguson, Council; J. P. Wilde, clerk.

Loyal Order of Moose.
Whitefish Lodge, No. 642, meet in Masonic hall on second and fourth Friday evening of each month. B. F. Graves, dictator; B. E. Gibson, secretary.

O. E. S.
Vista Chapter, No. 44. Meets in Masonic hall, first and third Monday nights each month. Mrs. Percy F. Dodds, W. M.; Mrs. Geo. Page, secretary.

R. N. of A.
Friendship Camp. Meets in Masonic hall, first and third Wednesday nights each month. Mrs. Bertha Dodds, Oracle; Ella F. Thompson, Recorder.

B. of R. T.
Meets in Masonic hall, first and third Thursdays in each month. Chauncey Bryant, President, H. H. Armstrong, Secretary; Earl Warren, Treasurer. Meeting at 7:30 p. m.

B. of L. F. and E.
Stillwater Lodge, No. 482. Meets in Matthews' hall first and third Saturday afternoons in each month at 2 p. m. Clifford Hove, President; L. E. Clark, Secretary; O. O. Sletten, Legislative Representative.

Ladies' Society to B. of L. F. & E.
Glacier Lodge, No. 150. Meets in Masonic hall, first and third Saturday afternoons in each month. Mrs. Carrie Green, President; Mrs. Annie Pickett, secretary.

B. of L. E.
Van Cleve Lodge, No. 499. Meets in Masonic hall, second and fourth Sundays, at 2 p. m. in each month. H. T. Mayfield, Chief Engineer; R. S. Eberly, Secretary.

G. I. A. to B. of L. E.
Summit of the Rockies Lodge, No. 367. Meets in Masonic hall first and third Wednesday afternoons in each month. Mrs. C. H. VanDyke, President; Mrs. R. L. LaByer, secretary.

The Whitefish Club.
Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in club rooms in old bank building. Chas H. Jennings, President; H. C. Anderson, secretary.

Great Northern TIME TABLE

West-Bound		
ARRIVE	LEAVE	
No. 1.....10:40 P.M.	10:50	
No. 3.....10:45 A.M.	10:55	
No. 43.....11:50 P.M.	12:05	
No. 27.....11:15 A.M.	11:30	
East-Bound		
ARRIVE	LEAVE	
No. 4.....10:35 A.M.	10:45	
No. 2.....6:10 P.M.	6:25	
No. 44.....12:05 A.M.	12:20	
No. 28.....10:50 P.M.	11:05	

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The CALL

It Occasions a Struggle Between Love and Duty

By CLARISSA MACKIE

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Sylvia Moore was visiting at her uncle's Texas ranch when she read the flaring headlines announcing that Timothy Robeson's regiment had been ordered to El Paso to take part in the maneuvers on the Mexican border. She stared at the newspaper until the members of the family made no secret of their alarm.

"What is the matter, Sylvia?" demanded Annie Lake curiously. "Has Timothy eloped with a pretty widow, or is he the victim of?"

"He might as well be dead and buried," cried Sylvia tragically as she tossed the paper across the table. "He's gone to war."

"War?" they repeated. "What war?"

"Why, the war with Mexico, of course. Hasn't the president ordered a large force to the border?"

Mr. Lake picked up the newspaper and read aloud the surprising intelligence that the war department had ordered a large body of men, arms and supplies to El Paso to take part in army maneuvers. He read that troops were already on the way and that within a few days at the latest a tented city would spring up beside the southwestern border.

Last of all he announced that the regiment of which Timothy Robeson was a lieutenant was on its way to Texas.

"On the strength of this report you are positive that Tim's going to be killed?" asked her uncle, with a quizzical smile at Sylvia.

"Yes," said Sylvia positively. "I had the queerest feeling when I said goodbye to him in New York. You know he's always joking, and when he said, 'Be sure to return in time to dance at your own wedding, Sylvia,' it came over me that I might never come back; that there might never be a wedding at all. But I never thought of Tim being the one." Tears came into Sylvia's forgotten eyes, and her cousin extended a sympathizing handkerchief.

"Pooh!" uttered Mr. Lake contemptuously. "You make me extremely weary, Sylvia. As an American girl I thought you had more pride of country than to weep because your young man is called to arms."

"A man's first duty cannot always be to his country. Oh, I know that's reasonable or something horrible, but I would not have thought so much about it if we had not gone over to El Paso the other day and witnessed all the fighting across the river in Juarez."

"We didn't see very much, just some puffs of smoke and lots of noise. It wasn't nearly as bloody as I anticipated," remarked Annie thoughtfully.

"I saw enough. I wouldn't go there again for anything in the world," declared Sylvia, rising from her chair and dropping a good night kiss on her aunt's unconscious brow.

"Then you won't ride into El Paso with me on Thursday and see the troops arrive?" suggested Mr. Lake, returning to his newspaper with an indifferent air. "Want to go, Ann?"

"Of course I do, dad. And you, Sylvia?" she questioned her cousin.

"I must go, too!" cried Sylvia eagerly. "Why, I might see Timothy there."

"You probably will, my dear, if he has arrived." And Mr. Lake buried himself in his newspaper, this time oblivious to everything save the good night kisses, to which he submitted with genuine pleasure.

The next morning Sylvia and Annie mounted their horses and rode to the farthest boundaries of the ranch. From here, on the highest ridge, they paused and looked under shading hands toward the southwest, where a cloud hung over the place where was the city of El Paso.

"Perhaps by tomorrow he will be there," said Sylvia aloud.

Annie nodded her black curls. "It may be that he will arrive today," she suggested, with a gleam of amusement in her dark eyes.

Sylvia's blue eyes turned to the eastern horizon, where against the pale gray blue of the sky there blurred a dark plume of smoke. "Perhaps that is his train now, Ann." She pointed with her whip at the smoke.

"It may be, honey. I think you're the luckiest girl in the world, Sylvia Moore. Tim's such a fine fellow. I wonder—" Annie stopped abruptly and fell to musing, with her black eyes fixed on the rolling alfalfa that rippled before her.

"What do you wonder?" asked Sylvia curiously, withdrawing from her own reverie.

"I was wondering if you really meant what you said about asking Tim to stay away from a battle if there is to be one," said Annie, her eyes now gravely fixed on her cousin.

"A man owes some duty to the girl he loves, and there are plenty of men who can fight for the country—men who have no friends or relatives or have no ties to bind them. How selfish I am, Annie, and yet somehow I can only seem to think of two things today. One is Timothy Robeson, and the other is myself."

"Let's talk about something else," said Annie. And so the conversation

turned to the beauty of the March day and thence to the absorbing topic of clothes.

It was not until two days after this conversation that the little party set forth to go to El Paso. They started just at daybreak.

All the way to El Paso Sylvia's ears were eagerly alert for the sound of warfare. She did not dare voice her fears, but they were very large fears and very agonizing ones too.

She had been proud indeed that her future husband should be an officer in a fine regiment. She thought the sight of Timothy in his uniform the dearest thing in the world, and the very thought of the military wedding that would mark her marriage to the handsome young man sent her into ecstasies of delight.

This was the other side of the war picture. Here was the beat of the drum calling to arms. Real powder and shot had been issued to the men, and real shot would be fired. In fancy she saw her beloved killed at the head of his column, always leading, always waving his sword and shouting encouragement to his weary men.

They came upon the new city, the tented one, all of a sudden and looked with awe upon the results of a deep thinking war department, a capable executive staff and a well trained army. A day or two ago and there had been a cactus plain; today there were a field of snowy tents and a multitude of orderly men awaiting the summons to—what?

To Sylvia Moore war meant desperate fighting, the sudden death of Timothy Robeson and for herself a lifelong separation from the man she loved.

When they were in the city and saw the flying flags and heard the outpouring of martial music the heart of Sylvia beat quickly, and she felt more like crying than ever. If she could only see Timothy for one moment she was sure she could persuade him to stay with her.

Presently through Mr. Lake's influence it was made possible for Sylvia to meet her lover, and in the first joyful moment the strangeness of the meeting was quite forgotten. At last Timothy pushed back his cap and said: "I'll bet you were surprised to hear I was on the way, eh, Sylvia?"

"Yes," said Sylvia, suddenly very quiet. Then, after a pause, she said in a low tone, "Timothy, I wonder if you care enough for me to do a big thing for me—a great thing—the greatest thing you ever did in your life."

"Of course," said Timothy promptly. "My life's yours, you know, dearest."

"Then stay with me. Do not go into active battle." Sylvia's voice was strained with anxiety, and her eyes were fixed eagerly on her lover's face. She saw the mask of reserve that dropped over his surprised face—a reserve that seemed to place her and her love upon some distant pinnacle of space, leaving him here in the active present with the duty that lay before him. She saw all this and realized what was passing through his mind, and yet, with a selfishness which had not yet been overcome by a nobler impulse, she set herself to exact from him a proof of his love for her.

"Shall I desert?" he asked, with a cold smile.

"Oh, no! Tell them you are ill. Perhaps I might explain. You know we are to be married in the fall, Timothy!"

"I know, dear," he said steadily, "that this is the hardest moment of your life. I'll think over what you said, and if at the end of another day you still feel the same way about it perhaps something can be done."

"Oh, Timothy, you are an angel—and I was so afraid you'd get killed!" half sobbed Sylvia.

Timothy Robeson smiled rather mysteriously and turned away. "Perhaps I'll see you later, dear, if Mr. Lake will come around after parade. Time's up now."

They spent the day in the city, and as the afternoon advanced they once more approached the parade ground, where they expected to meet Timothy Robeson again. Mr. Lake and Annie stopped to view some passing soldiery, and Sylvia had paused to find herself the onlooker at a curious little scene.

A handsome though rather disheveled looking young man in military khaki lounged against a tree talking to a very indignant young woman.

"Ah, what's the use?" he was muttering sullenly, when his companion interrupted him with blazing eyes and angry voice.

"Matt Mears, you're a coward, that's what you are!" she cried. "I wouldn't give a snap of my finger for a man that didn't put his country before the girl he loved."

"Oh, pshaw, Laura," began the young man weakly, when the girl suddenly walked away from him with her pretty chin in the air.

Her words rang in Sylvia's ears as they went to meet Timothy. Before her was the city of tents, busy with the hum of preparation, the flutter of myriads of flags—her own red, white and blue emblems—and a choking feeling came into her throat. She knew now that never, never would she have Timothy belong to anything except this glorious company, organized to protect her, her relatives, her friends—everybody in the country. There were great industries, vast enterprises, to be protected. Oh, her Timothy was of the noblest profession in the country—the protectors!

When Timothy's grave eyes questioned hers he was startled by the blue flash of patriotism that Sylvia's eyes declared.

"Timothy," she whispered eagerly and with emphasis laid on each word—"Timothy Robeson, don't you dare dream of not going into battle. If you don't go—why, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live!"

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