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At Cut Prices

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IKE L. FREUDENTHAL, Prop.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE LATEST.

HEIGHO!
 Eut weren't we a slow, Poky race
 When out on the chase
 After pleasure
 Once upon a time?
 No longer do we care
 For the county fair
 With its prize porkers,
 Premium ducks
 And the plethoric garden truck's
 Soul stirring appeal,
 The guaranteed patent meal
 And, in short,
 The whole array of that sort,
 Those simple joys
 Are ours no more,
 And, tell the truth,
 They make us sore.
 We have expanded,
 Gone up, one might say,
 For now we while the time away
 With a spectacular and neat
 Aviation meet.
 No town is too small
 To hear the call—
 The call of the skies—
 And to offer a grand prize
 For the first one to fly
 In its own private sky.
 And the aviator, haughty and proud,
 Takes a look and thinks out loud,
 And what does he say?
 "Call that enough pay
 For the chance of a broken neck
 And the wreck
 Of a \$10,000 machine?"
 He doesn't want to be mean,
 But if they'll double the prize
 He flies,
 And if not
 There's a lot
 Of towns that will,
 And they double it or he passes them
 by.
 The man bird comes high,
 But we must have him.

Extreme View.
 "They are engaged."
 "Are they?"
 "That is what is said."
 "I didn't suppose he was rich enough
 to ask a girl to marry him."
 "He isn't."
 "Then how does it happen? Has
 the girl money?"
 "Oh, no. But they are both so poor
 that they don't know anything about
 money."



Natural Inference.
 "I want you to
 meet my friend
 Mrs. Fetching."
 "A widow?"
 "Yes, of the
 grass variety."
 "Why do you
 particularly want
 me to meet her?"
 "Why, you are
 a vegetarian, you
 know."

Provided For.
 "You don't seem worried about the
 results."
 "I am not."
 "Don't you think there is any doubt
 about the outcome?"
 "Plenty of doubt."
 "You don't seem to have taken any
 precautions."
 "Oh, I'm married. My wife will
 take precautions and do all the wor-
 rying."

The Angler.
 "He is a record breaker."
 "That lazy fellow?"
 "Yes."
 "At fishing?"
 "Now."
 "What record does he break?"
 "Ananias."

Mixed Fruit.
 "His daughter is the apple of his
 eye."
 "I can hardly understand that."
 "Why not?"
 "Any one can see that she is a
 peach."

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

If we had to take the advice we give probably there would be a great revision in the matter handed out.

Be suspicious of the man who sees everything as you see it. It may be that he is getting close enough to make a touch.

The milk of human kindness should yield a rich cream of goodfellowship.

People who have castles in the air may soon be called upon to pay an air tax.

Many a gown fits the wife a great deal more satisfactorily than the bill for it fits her husband.

There may be quite a difference to a man between having a draft in his pocket and a draft on his pocket.

A tall man is often short after marriage.

The man who doesn't invest money in his own enterprises may have more charity for himself than faith in his business.

One reason why some people change their minds readily is undoubtedly because it is so little trouble.

Trouble is a tiresome thing, but some people seem greatly to enjoy taking it.

Belinda's Orphan

She Brought Happiness to a Lonely Home

By CLARISSA MACKIE
Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

"No, I don't want no orphan," said Miss Belinda, with a decisive shake of her head. "I've got my hands full now with chickens and young turkeys coming on and bees and currant bushes without bothering with a high flying youngster that'll scare the chicks and get stung by the bees, although they're warranted stingless, mind you, and to trample on my berry bushes. No, ma'am—no orphans for me!" This time Miss Belinda's lips clicked together with a little sound of finality.

"I'm sorry, Belinda, because the home is just about running over with 'em. I was telling the matron this morning that I knew there were plenty of folks in Little River who could give a good home to some of those youngsters if they wasn't so mean and stingy. Of course I don't mean you," added the local member of the visiting committee of the Riverview Orphans' home. "But sometimes when I think of all the spare beds, all made up clean and white, in the empty homes around here it makes my blood bile to look upon them poor orphans so crowded for room that Mrs. Hill says they'll have to sleep in rows crosswise of the beds pretty soon."

"I want to know!" ejaculated Belinda, with a startled glance at Emeline Brown. "I think you better stick to the truth, Emeline, and not exaggerate. Now, honest and true, how many orphans too many have they got up there?"

"Ten," replied Mrs. Brown flatly.

"Humph!" snorted Belinda.

In and out of the scarlet wool went her big wooden knitting needles as she rapidly constructed a shawl to comfort some shivering shoulders when the summer was over. Mrs. Brown watched her neighbor expectantly. With a family of seven sons and daughters under her own roof she was safe in the condemnation of the uncrowded homes of Little River. Here was Belinda Downs, now a handsome, well preserved splendor of forty-two, of independent means, possessing a snug home, a tiny income sufficient for her modest wants, a little shaggy pony and a rusty phaeton to carry her about the countryside. There was neither man, woman nor child to call upon Belinda for service, for she was without relatives, having outlived them all.

"I should think this was just the place for an orphan to be happy in," suggested Mrs. Brown, throwing an admiring glance around the small domain where orchard and garden were green and thrifty in spring bloom.

"I've got orphans enough as it is," snapped Belinda shortly.

Mrs. Brown smiled as she saw the fatherless and motherless strays which the lonely woman had gathered about her. There was a lame duck which Belinda had rescued after a hunter had brought it down with a glancing shot; a carrier pigeon which had dropped exhausted on her doorstep; a mongrel dog of many colors which had been faithfully scrubbed by Miss Belinda and was now much cleaner if not happier than in his soiled state; there was also a fine collection of homeless cats. Indeed, Miss Belinda's place might have been another orphanage, so thickly was it populated with waifs.

"Would you rather have a boy or a girl?" asked Mrs. Brown craftily. But Miss Belinda was not to be caught that way.

"I'd rather have a cat," she said. "You ought to be ashamed, Belinda Downs, the way you do talk! If you could see them poor young ones looking so wistful every time a visitor comes, hoping it's somebody to offer a home, you'd harness up Dolly this very instant and go and fetch one away."

"Might as well bring two while I was about it," remarked Miss Belinda ironically. "I've heard it said that it's cheaper for two to live than one. Ain't you heard that?"

"No, indeed. If that's the case, nine people ought to live for nothing, and I know we don't do that." Mrs. Brown jerked on her sunbonnet, shrugged her fat shoulders and without another word waddled down the path that led to the gate between the two places.

"Take an orphan, indeed!" sniffed Belinda for the hundredth time since the Riverview home had been erected. "Humph!" she ejaculated, also for the hundredth time.

Nevertheless, as soon as dinner was over Belinda did harness up shaggy little Dolly, and, climbing into the phaeton and holding the lines very high in her mittled hands, she drove through the pine woods down to the Riverview home.

"I'd like to look at some orphans," said Belinda to the matron when she was seated in the darkened parlor of the home. "What kind have you?" she added, just as if orphans were vegetables or fruit in the market.

Mrs. Hill smiled in spite of the summer heat that nearly overpowered her talk of such. "We have all kinds, even if we haven't got all colors," she said. Thereupon there ensued a period of trying orphans for tender hearted Belinda Downs.

Black hair and brown, red hair and tow, hazel and pure gold all passed in

review, and when it was all over there remained in the parlor a soft, round faced damsel of five years, with a soft mop of golden brown hair and a pair of eyes like brown velvet pussies lashed thickly with black. Belinda's heart was thumping rapidly while she interviewed the little girl for the last moment before giving her decision. The child was shy and gave timid, breathless little whispering answers, and Belinda loved her the more.

"Her name is Bessie Carson. Her mother died in the city hospital last March, and their records say that the child's father is dead. You can keep her for awhile, and if you are satisfied you can take out full papers of adoption if you wish to, Miss Brown."

"I guess I'll want to do that," said Miss Belinda as she arose to go. "When will Bessie be ready?" she asked, with a delightful sense of ownership in the dainty morsel of babyhood before her.

"This afternoon," said Mrs. Hill. "You won't find her much trouble. She's a quiet little thing and speaks of her mother and the little baby that died, and, strangely enough, she asks for her father. Where's your father Bessie, dear?" asked the matron, bending down.

"He'll be back in a little while," said Bessie, running to the window. "I guess I better look for him, hadn't I?"

"Quaint, isn't she?" whispered Mrs. Hill as she let Miss Belinda out.

"Very nice little girl," said Miss Belinda, trying to keep the happy sparkles out of her eyes, for it did not seem right to grasp so much happiness as was promised in the possession of little Bessie Carson. "I'll drive down after Bessie just before supper."

All the rest of the day she was very busy preparing for her orphan visitor. There was a small bed to drag down from the attic and place beside her own, and it had to be made up with all the miniature bedclothing which she had used as a child. There were old fashioned dolls and other toys to be resurrected from hair trunks and brushed and refurbished, and there was a batch of delicious ginger cookies to be made so that she might fashion a dozen gingerbread men and elephants with currant eyes for the delectation of little Bessie.

At last when all was in readiness and the little girl had been happily transferred to the phaeton and allowed to drive the gentle pony home there was never such unalloyed bliss as shone in the faces of Miss Belinda and her little orphan. The child loved Miss Belinda and clung to her with affection when she had a chance, and Miss Belinda was almost ashamed of the opportunities she afforded Bessie for showing her affection.

"It certainly can't harm anybody to enjoy being loved," protested Miss Belinda to her sterner self as she brushed away a tear.

"Is you crying, Miss Linda?" asked Bessie wistfully.

"Just a teeny bit, dear, because you love me so much," smiled Belinda, bending to kiss her charge.

"I smile when you love me," confided Bessie. "It makes me feel so good here." She placed a tiny hand on her heart. Miss Belinda kissed her again.

That happened after Bessie had been there three months. The adoption papers had all been made out and filed and Bessie Carson had become Bessie Downs when one afternoon the gate latch clicked sharply, and a tall man strode up the path and looked strangely down at little Bessie playing with her dolls at Miss Belinda's feet.

From her chair on the veranda Miss Belinda arose with a sinking feeling at her heart. This man was not from the home, although there was a strange familiarity in his tall, lean figure, his tanned cheeks, with the firm, beardless lips and chin. He did not look at Miss Belinda, but he pushed back his hat and held out his hands to little Bessie.

"Bess! Darling little Bess! Don't you know daddy?" he asked hoarsely.

With a startled cry the child looked at him earnestly and then ran straight to his arms with the unfeeling instinct of the child for its parent.

Then the man looked up and saw Miss Belinda standing, white and shaking, before him. "I'm sorry, ma'am, but it's my little girl, and—Mercy! Linda Downs, what are you doing here with my Bessie?"

In the long, cool twilight there was time to relate how James Stearns had married the girl he had been engaged to when Belinda Downs met him in the west so many years ago and they had both fallen in love in spite of his previous engagement, but he had been true to his promise and married the girl who had been Bessie's mother; how one of the devastating floods of the west had separated the little family for months, and at last the wife and child had gone east in the hope of finding some of Mrs. Stearns' relatives. She had been taken ill in New York, registered by mistake under the name of Carson, had died and left the homeless little Bessie to the care of stranger hands.

In the meantime the distracted father had been hunting high and low for his family. He had traced them to New York, had proof of his wife's death and now had come to Little River to find that an all wise Providence had brought his little daughter into the empty, longing arms of the one woman in the world who could be his wife now.

When Emeline Brown heard of it she chuckled audibly. "Don't never sniff at orphans again, Belinda Downs," she admonished the bride. "You're under a debt of gratitude to me for pressing of you to take one."

But Belinda and her orphan—orphans no longer—smiled contentedly at the man they both loved best in the world.

RESOLUTION NO. 13.

A Resolution Designating the Number of Special Improvement District Describing the Boundaries Thereof, Stating the Character of the Improvements Which Are to Be Made and the Approximate Estimate of the Costs Thereof, and the Time When the Council Will Hear Objections to Its Final Adoption.

Be it Resolved by the City Council of the City of Whitefish:

Section 1. That it is deemed necessary to create and there is hereby created a Special Improvement District within the said city of Whitefish, the boundaries of which are hereinafter set forth.

Section 2. That the number of said Special Improvement District is hereby designated as Number 8.

Section 3. That the boundaries of said Special Improvement District are hereby declared to be as follows: Commencing at the intersection of the alley running east and west in block 35 of the recorded plat of Whitefish with the center line of Spokane Avenue; thence running due south along the center line of Spokane Avenue to the intersection of Spokane Avenue with the center line of the alley running east and west in block 45; thence along said alley line to its intersection with the center line of the alley running north and south in said block 45; thence due north along said alley line to its intersection with the alley running east and west of block 35, thence due east to the place of beginning, containing therein lots 8 to 12 inclusive of block 45 and the streets, avenues and alleys therein.

Section 4. That the character of improvements to be made in said Special Improvement District is hereby declared to be as follows: The building of cement walks, curbs and crossings upon the streets and alleys within said district, of the standard width, specifications and sizes and in the manner set forth in the standard plans and specifications on file in the office of the City Clerk to which plans and specifications reference is hereby made for further details of such improvements. The cement walks to be built along both sides of Second street within said district.

Section 5. That the approximate cost of constructing said improvement is \$800.

That the approximate costs of the engineering, inspection and all other expenses incurred in creating and completing said improvements is \$100.00.

Section 6. That the entire cost and expense of said improvements shall be paid the said improvement district. Each lot or parcel of land within said district to be assessed for that part of the whole cost which its area bears to the area of the entire district, exclusive of streets, alleys and public places.

Section 7. That said assessments shall be paid for in five annual installments, and are hereby extended over a period of five years. Said assessments shall constitute a fund to be known as "Special Improvement District Fund No. 8."

Section 8. That on Wednesday, the 11th day of October, 1911, at the City Hall in the City of Whitefish, Montana, at 8 o'clock p. m., the said Council will hear objections to the official adoption of this resolution, at which time any person or persons who are owners or agents of any lot or parcel of land within such Improvement District, shall have the right to appear at said meeting, in person or by counsel, and show cause, if any there be, why the improvements mentioned herein shall not be made.

Section 9. This resolution shall be published in the Whitefish Pilot, a newspaper published in said City of Whitefish, on the 5th day of October, 1911, the same being in a weekly paper and in one issue thereof.

The foregoing resolution is hereby adopted, provisional to statutory objection this 2nd day of October, 1911.

H. T. MAYFIELD, Mayor.
MERLE C. GROENE, City Clerk.

GIVES AID TO STRIKERS.

Sometimes liver, kidneys and bowels seem to go on a strike and refuse to work right. Then you need those pleasant little strike-breakers—Dr. King's New Life Pills—to give them natural aid and gently compel proper action. Excellent health soon follows. Try them. 25 cts at Dodds & Sharar, the Rexall Store.

Don't get into the habit of giving advice because you want to get rid of it.

Being in love is a delightful torture.

GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY PURE.

Best BEER

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KALISPELL MALTING AND BREWING CO.
KALISPELL, MONT.

WHITEFISH STEAM LAUNDRY

"EVERYTHING RETURNED BUT THE DIRT."

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF FAMILY WASHINGS, AND ROUGH DRY. SILKS AND WOOLS ALL WASHED BY HAND. PROMPT ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL RUSH ORDERS. WE WASH EVERYTHING.

C. H. RATCHYE, Prop. BAKER AVE.

A Medicinal Dinner.
 Bessie, a darky cook in Virginia, has been taught by her mistress to cook chickens en casserole—an accomplishment in which she takes great pride. It is always done on occasions of state, and Bessie hunts up company to show her prowess. Sunday morning recently she came in gleefully, with the remark:
 "Yonder come Mr. Clifford up de road to see Miss Judith. Hadn't I better cook de chicken in castor oil?"—Lippincott's.

A Dead of Daring.
 "Asked what was the bravest deed he had ever seen, Lord Roberts said he remembered that while he was on his way to Locknow his horse was stopped by a walled inclosure. A little soldier, a Punjabi Mohammedan, seeing the difficulty, endeavored to open the door which barred the way. When he tried first to draw the bolt one of his hands was cut off by one of the enemy; then he managed to unfasten the bolt with his other hand, which was subsequently nearly severed from the wrist.

Good Stuff.
 At a military drill the command was given to raise the left leg. One man, however, raised his right leg, and, perceiving this, the officer exclaimed, "Which foot has raised both his legs?"—London Mail.

Brides Who Perch in Trees.
 Among the Lolos of western China it is customary for the bride on the wedding morning to perch herself on the highest branch of a large tree while the elder female members of her family cluster on the lower limbs armed with sticks. When all are duly stationed the bridegroom clambers up the tree, assailed on all sides by blows, pushes and pinches from the dowagers, and it is not until he has broken through their fence and captured the bride that he is allowed to carry her off.

Dinner Time.
 Englishmen in Queen Elizabeth's time dined at 11 a. m., and Shakespeare rang up the curtain at the Globe theater at 1 p. m., the performance ending between 5 and 6 o'clock. By the time of Charles II. dinner had advanced to 1 o'clock, and the play began at 3 p. m., as Poggio records. A century later Horace Walpole complained of dinner being an late as 4 o'clock and evening not beginning until 6 o'clock. Up to the middle of the last century theaters opened at 6:30, dinner being proportionately earlier.

Unexpected Politeness.
 "I notice," said the young man's employer, "that you are always about the first in the office in the mornings."
 "Thank you, sir."
 "Why do you thank me?"
 "For noticing it."—Exchange.