

19 Years

Agoo

Taken from the Files of the Valley County Gazette 19 Years Ago.

Buck Ellis was up from Culbertson on Monday.

Abe Goodkind paid Glasgow his monthly visit yesterday.

Havre is to have an electric light plant in the near future.

J. K. Bell, one of Saco's well-to-do sheepmen was a Glasgow visitor the first of the week.

H. A. Wilkinson and wife are enjoying a few days of ranch life with friends this week.

"Kentuck" the erstwhile brakey of the Great Northern, has left us for a more congenial climate.

C. E. Broadbrooks was initiated into the Odd Fellows' Lodge at this place Friday evening.

Dave Dinslow, formerly a resident of Glasgow, is renewing old acquaintances in town this week.

Harry Rudder was up from the Home Ranch last night to attend the meeting of the Odd Fellows.

Andrew Nelson, the bonanza sheepman of Vandalia, transacted business with Glasgow merchants Tuesday.

Geo. Heinline has resigned his position as brakeman on the G. N. and will leave for St. Paul in a few days.

As will be seen by a notice in another column, Mrs. S. A. Willis will shortly open the second millinery store in Glasgow.

Ernest McKinney will cook hash for Harry Rudder on the south side this summer. He joined the wagon at Pearmond Tuesday.

Mr. Nacey and wife returned to St. Paul on Sunday's passenger where he has secured a position in the offices of the Western Union.

A marriage license was issued by the clerk of the district court this week to Andrew J. Edwards and Clara C. Wilson both of Malta.

Armour Broome went to Pearmond Tuesday where he assumes the foremanship of a wagon for the Home Land & Cattle Co., this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Griffith arrived from Havre Sunday and will spend a few weeks in Glasgow. They may conclude to remain here permanently.

Owing to the wet condition of the ground the roundup outfits of Valley county, for the most part, will not commence work until about the 15th of April.

Geo. Young and Geo. Cameron, leave today for the N-N ranch near Hinsdale, where they will assist Los Blackman in the corralling of bronchs for the spring roundup.

McMillan and Beary have built a walk in front of the lots adjoining

Mac's saloon, all of which is a good improvement and an example which a few others should not be slow in imitating.

It is said that on April 1st a new time table will go into effect on the Great Northern. The eastbound passenger will arrive here about three hours later while the westbound will come in about 4 p. m.

Glasgow Lodge No. 51, I. O. O. F., is making extensive preparations for the celebrating of the 77th anniversary of Odd Fellowship. On the evening of the April 27th they will give a grand ball in the court house hall.

It is reported that Robt. Coburn, of Malta, has bought the SE bunch of cattle owned by Sanford & Evans, of Helena, one of the oldest outfits in the Chestnut Valley. The figures of the transaction cannot be learned.—River Press.

The Milk River at this point is still within its banks, although only lacking about a foot of overflowing. Should the gorge which it is said exists near Tampico, break away, some of our citizens may be afforded the expensive luxury of a ride down the river in a dwelling house.

Jim Harrah is expected to arrive from Asbury, West Virginia, where he has been spending the winter, in about a week. He will be accompanied by his two sisters who will spend the summer at the ranch in search of health afforded only by the bracing climate of northern Montana.

Chas. Mason left on Monday evening's passenger train for the west. After spending a fortnight on the coast he will take passage for the Alaskan gold fields on the Yukon river where it is said the yellow metal lies as thick as sage brush on a gumbo flat in Montana. Charles is an energetic and promising young man and that he will do well in that far off land is the wish of his many friends in Glasgow.

There was a small Johnstown flood on the north side of the track one day this week. The water came down the hills like the roar of Niagara and the combined efforts of all the able-bodied citizens in that immediate vicinity was all that saved the new cinder walk. Fortunately not a life was lost, although many thrilling stories of the escape of a victim from a watery grave have since been narrated. The washout left a gulch in the street several feet deep.

R. M. Lewis is in receipt of a letter from U. S. Minister Breckenridge at St. Petersburg Russia, in regard to the liberating of John Ginsberg at one time a resident of this place, but now held in bondage by the Russian government for leaving that country without permission. Among other things he says that nothing, as yet, has been done in Ginsberg's case and expresses a belief that a trial would culminate in conviction and his being exiled for life and would therefore suggest that further developments be awaited.

Paul Kellar, a sheepherder in the employ of Powell Bros., of Malta, was caught in the severe storm of Friday evening and had his feet so badly frozen that the right one will probably have to be amputated. Friday being a warm day Kellar allowed his flocks to remain out until sundown when a severe storm came up which the sheep could not be made to face and were allowed to drift some twelve miles with the storm where he was found in the morning frozen high unto death. He was brought to Glasgow Monday and placed under Dr. Hoyt's care.

SPRING AND HOPE

As children and adults, we look forward to the coming of Spring with renewed hope. Even though the Autumn means the gathering of harvests, the fulfillment of hopes, a something accomplished, it does not afford that renewed action and awakening to effort that the softening breezes, gentle showers and mild skies of Spring call to life. A great planting is in progress. In the South much of it has already been done, and like a vast wave is sweeping from Gulf to Lakes. Probably never in our history have so many acres been plowed and planted as this year, for we have not only ourselves but other lands to feed. We look and hope for an unprecedented yield. That's encouraging.

The railroads, having secured the rate increase so long withheld, are striving to float loans and secure the money necessary to repair their roads and rolling stock, long neglected. Already a total of \$40,000,000 to be spent in this way is announced and the result is car shops are opening their long-closed doors and many a small plant which has been idle for months is getting ready to resume and furnish the specialties they manufacture. That's hopeful.

The steel mills have sent out the welcome news, and thousands of workmen who have been idle all Winter now hasten each morning toward the goal of their dependence. Not all are needed yet, by any means, but the number is increasing every week. That helps.

The shelves of the country dealer are as nearly empty as possible; so are the storage rooms of the wholesaler and jobber. Yet they have been able to weather the gale, for the failures have been remarkably few in number; there is no inflation in merchandising, and once the tide turns, as it must inevitably do one of these days, the wires will almost melt with the frantic appeals to hurry up orders and shipments. The factories will be working night and day and the wheels of commerce will merrily turn again. All this is no dream, but the inevitable. Some unforeseen cog may slip and occasion some delay, but signs surely do point to a splendid resumption of business from now on. That's promising.

What's the matter with us, anyway? Big crops for two years and now war-time prices for grain and the money piling up in the banks. The deposits in Chicago banks alone increased \$90,000,000 the first six weeks of 1915. We are better off than we know, stronger than we realize. We have not lost our skill, nor initiative, nor vitality. We're scared. We are like a lot of people at a funeral; the service is over, it's time to start. The "buy it now," and the "build it now," and a lot of "do it nows" are all right. While our sympathies for others in distress naturally depress us, it is time to rise above our fears, and with firm hands and brave hearts march confidently out into our future and our destiny. And do things.—Popular Mechanics.

A STATEMENT FROM THE MINISTERIAL UNION

The impression seems to prevail in the minds of the some people of Glasgow, that the various churches and ministers of Glasgow intend to take an active part in the coming city election.

We, the undersigned ministers, wish to state that our churches are not in any sense endorsing any candidate for any office. We believe that our people are sufficiently intelligent to vote without any dictation from us. We believe further that it is outside the sphere of legitimate church work to engage in partisan politics.

Cordially,
Signed

- A. U. Baer
- A. Hendrickson
- B. F. Meredith
- J. Maurice Hupp
- Wm. E. Parks
- J. L. Wilkinson
- N. Sherman Hollis.

Lorimer Pleads Not Guilty.

Chicago, March 23.—William Lorimer and three other officials of the former La Salle Street National bank pleaded not guilty to federal indictments charging them with irregularities in the management of the bank. The others are Charles G. Fox, Thomas McDonald and Joseph H. Gallagher.

Send in for your subscription

She Admired Bravery

By F. A. MITCHEL

It was in the late autumn. Edith and I were walking in the woods kicking up the dead leaves, for there were only a few left on the trees. We were both young. I twenty-two, Edith eighteen. I was sweet on Edith, and when a man of that age is sweet on a girl the first idea that enters his head is that she can only love a heroic personage who combines every manly attribute. When a man of forty gets sweet on a woman he fears that she won't consider that he has money enough to make it worth her while to marry him.

While Edith and I were walking along to the pleasant sound of the kicked leaves I was thinking about how many virtues I must possess to win her. It was in wartime, and I naturally supposed that military glory would count for a good deal.

"We're getting quite a number of instances of bravery from this war in Europe," I remarked.

"Yes," she replied, "they're splendid. Just think of a young man not yet thirty years old, with the life of a nobleman before him, giving his life for his country."

"Would you like to be the widow of such a man?"

"I would grieve for him, but I would glory in having had such a husband."

"This was not encouraging for me, a man of peace. It was some time before I tried to find out any more of those traits I did not possess, the absence of which would induce Edith to turn me down."

"I read an account some time ago," I said, "of a Belgian soldier who was placed in front of a company of Germans who were attacking his countrymen. Seeing him, the Belgians lowered their rifles. 'Fire!' he cried. 'For heaven's sake, fire!' A volley swept the Belgian and the Germans away to gether."

"What a noble sacrifice!" exclaimed Edith fervently.

"Do you suppose," I said, "that if you had been that Belgian's wife and a witness of the scene and his countrymen had looked to you to approve his order to fire you could have made the sacrifice yourself?"

"This was a poser. Edith made no reply for quite awhile; then she said that she would have preferred to compromise by having them fire on her. I was not disposed to let her out in this way and persisted in having a direct answer, whereupon she said that she was afraid the test would be too much for her. She might be able to make the sacrifice and she might not. Of one thing she was certain. Her heart would be buried with that noble Belgian."

It was apparent to me that to win Edith I must do something heroic.

"Do you know," I said, "I have concluded that this war is a struggle between reaction and progress. I consider it the duty of America to join in it on the side of progress."

"So do I," was the prompt reply.

"What is true of a nation is true of one of its individual citizens."

"What do you mean?"

"That it is my duty to fight for the world's progress. I'm going abroad to enlist."

Edith looked grave.

"Don't you think it my duty?"

"No; I don't."

"Why not? Haven't you agreed with me that it is our duty as a nation to fight on the side of progress, and what is the duty of a nation is the duty of its individual citizens?"

"Yes; I suppose so. But I think it would be very foolish for you to go all the way over there to get your self shot."

I looked down sideways at Edith. The idea of my making myself food for powder evidently troubled her.

"I'll call next week."

There was no comment on this for awhile. Presently Edith asked me in a faltering voice why I had said nothing of this before. I was some time framing my answer. When it came I spoke in a choked voice:

"Because I dread a parting."

"With whom?" She kept her eyes bent on the ground.

"You," I faltered.

I went on to tell her that I loved her, and she confessed that my love was returned.

"How hard for us to part," I said, "on the eve of our betrothal."

"We will not part," she said firmly.

"My duty calls."

"What duty?"

"To progress, civilization, the cause of freedom."

"Let it call."

"I might have an opportunity to die one of those noble deaths we have been talking about."

"You'll do no such thing. You'll stay at home."

"But think how proud you will be of your soldier lover."

"I don't want a soldier lover."

"Must I go unsupported by the knowledge that you are willing to sacrifice?"

"You'll not go at all."

We were sitting on a low horizontal limb of a tree. Edith threw her arms around me to hold me from going to fight for an idea which I had no idea of fighting for. I gave in at last and consented to remain at home.

After we were married one night we heard burglars below. My wife in order to prevent my going down to attack them locked the door and threw the key out from the window.

WE SHOULD SMILE

The thing that goes the farthest toward making life worth while That costs the least and does the most is just a pleasant smile— The smile that bubbles from the heart that loves its fellow man Will drive away the cloud of gloom and coax the sun again. It's full of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent; It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent. There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile. It always has the same good look—it's never out of style; It naves us on to try again when failure makes us blue— Such dimples of encouragement are good for me and you. So smile away, folks understand what by a smile is meant— It's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

"COUNTY CHAIRMAN"

Greatest American Comedy Henry W. Savage's intial film offering an affiliation with the Famous Players is Macklyn Arbuckle in his great comic-dramatic triumph. "The County Chairman," by the foremost American humorist, George Ade. For many years this production has been conceded to be the greatest stage contribution to American humor. The play is a brilliant comedy of love and politics, and in the cast are many of the players who created the original roles, including the star and Willis Sweatnam, in his excruciating impersonation of Sassafras Livingston. "The County Chairman" will be the attraction at the Orpheum, Thursday, April 1st.

ZEPPELINS MAKE ATTACK ON PARIS

Paris, March 22.—Zeppelin airships raided Paris and its suburbs and dropped half a hundred bombs, but the damage done was unimportant.

Seven or eight persons were injured, but only one seriously.

Four of the aircraft started for the capital, following the valley of the Oise, but only two reached their goal.

Missiles also were dropped at Compiègne, Ribecourt and Dreslincourt, but without serious result.

Paris remained calm while the aerial invasion was in progress. Inhabitants of the city exhibited more curiosity than fear of the results. Trumpets gave the signal that all lights must be extinguished when warning came of the aircraft's approach.

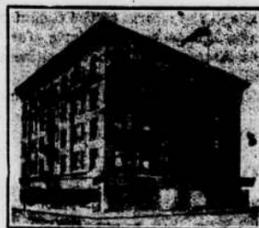
Searchlights were turned upon the clouds, anti-aircraft guns opened fire and aeroplanes rose to attack the Zeppelins, but their fire was handicapped by a heavy mist.

DUE TO MISTAKE IN SIGNALS

Shot Hits Vessel Leaving New York Harbor.

New York, March 23.—The American steamer Santa Clara, outward bound, was stopped by a shot fired across its bows in the lower harbor by the dispatch boat Dolphin, stationed there to watch outgoing steamers and preserve American neutrality at this port.

A mistake in the interpretation of signals and the failure of the Santa Clara to stop brought the Dolphin's guns to bear upon it. The craft was released promptly and proceeded.



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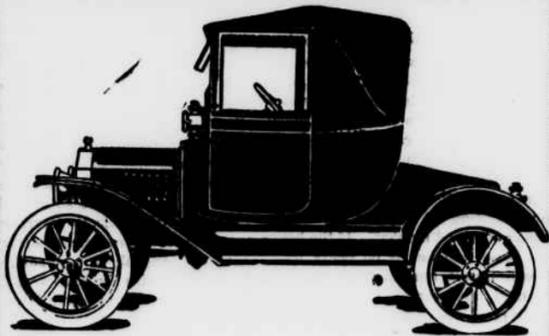
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