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PHONE 71

The Rural Roundup

Items Sent in By The Courier's Special Corps of News Gatherers

BADGER

Fred Nycoff drove over to Opheim Tuesday.

Mrs. James Clark was an Opheim visitor last Saturday.

Mesdames Fulbrook and Kirkham drove over to Opheim Monday.

Mr. Miller of Willowbunches, Sask. passed through here last Thursday.

Mrs. Dr. Smith and children left for Glasgow last Monday to spend the winter. Dr. Smith will remain on the homestead in the north end of the valley all winter.

A crowd from this valley consisting of Misses Nora and Fay Lang, Miss Grace Ford, Peter Geis, Mrs. W. R. Kirkham and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Nycoff and children, drove over to the home of Mr. W. Porter in the Roanwood valley near Opheim to dinner last Sunday.

NORTH BENCH

C. A. Collins visited at the poor farm last Sunday.

Mrs. Fred Miles is visiting friends in Glasgow this week.

Mrs. J. L. Byer called upon Mrs. Stewart Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Israel Alterman visited in Glasgow one night last week.

Mr. F. C. Miles marketed two hogs and a veal calf in town this week.

The women folks are busy gathering in garden truck, making kraut, etc., while the men are trying to see who can get the most fall plowing done.

The ladies of this community are requested to meet at Mrs. J. L. Byer's next Tuesday for the purpose of organizing a Ladies Aid. Further particulars will appear next week.

The two threshing machines are pretty close together, but there is plenty of work for both of them, as the rainy weather caused so much delay. The people around here are very anxious to get their grain threshed.

WILLOW BEND

And the next day it rained. Martin Rogers was in town Tuesday with a load of wheat.

Sam Paulson had the banner yield of grain in the neighborhood.

A. L. Ebersole was home Friday and

Saturday and threshed out those stacks.

Dick Ebersole was home over Saturday and Sunday and the saddle horses got a good work out.

Nels Christinson has sold his wheat at Duluth and has a force of men and teams loading a car.

A couple of neighbors had some wods over threshing flax. No blood shed, but the fireworks were lively.

L. O. Carter, Will Lloyd and Lloyd Ebersole were in Glasgow Wednesday with wheat. Brought back lumber and coal.

Dr. Pease was visited again with the fire fiend. A spark from the engine blew in and burned up his straw stack just as they were threshing.

If you think nobody lives in this neck of the woods, you should have been out Saturday when two threshing outfits were working, one on each side of the road.

The farmer surely has lots of woes. Sometimes it rains and sometimes it snows. The flax isn't stacked and so it goes. The potatoes are not dug, they may get froze.

The winter is coming, he is most out of wood. He would have all things done if he only could.

There is ploughing to do for next year's crop.

There's sheds to be built to shelter the stock.

He has got to help his neighbors thresh.

It takes his time but he gets the cash.

The land is being fenced, he has no range.

But he lives in hope that things will change.

But if he hangs on and digs he will surely make it.

To bring good times "Vote the Republican Ticket."

COMPANY ORDER No. 9
Headquarters company 9, 2d Infantry, N. G. M., Glasgow, Montana, Oct. 9, 1915.

Company G., 2d Infantry, N. G. M., will assemble for drill at the armory on Monday, October 18, 1915, at 8 p. m. sharp. Members will bring with them all government property now in their possession.

E. N. Layton, 1st Lieutenant Commanding Company G., 2d Inf., N. G. M.

There is money in Johnson's ad if you want a farm loan. See page 3, 24-3t.

Railroad News

Special Correspondent

Thomas Kline is working as pipe man in place of Hal Fagan, who is on the "goat."

Pete Baret has been in town a few days the past week looking after the fold of the Continental.

Fireman Spoonmore ran the goat for one night last week on account of being short of engineers here.

Chas. H. Wohlford is able to stir around again after having been laid up for a few days with a bum leg.

Hal Fagan has his eye on the steam gauge of engine 534 at present, keep the switchmen busy at Glasgow yard.

J. L. Hyde has stowed himself away some where on a work train. The round house is running along fine, now.

Elmer Thompson, an old time round house rouser, who has been working at Havre the past four or five months, was in Glasgow last week renewing old acquaintances.

While Ernest Greenwald was in St. Paul, he arranged it so that Herb Hartzell would be enlisted as a regular engineer, so in the future he will be known as Engineer Hartzell.

War, high cost of living and all the old fads were pushed off the mat last week at the roundhouse to give way to the world's series, which held out until the last game was played.

Engineer Carl Onberg was injured last week while running the switch engine. While the injuries are only slight, they will not allow him to work on an engine on account of the jar and motion.

Quite a lot of excitement was worked up around the round house last Tuesday, caused by the illness of Simeon Moore's pet cow. When Simeon went to dinner last Tuesday he found his pet cow lying on the ground evidently in great misery and at once sent for the doctor. The "doc" decided that they would have to take the cow to the hospital to save its life so went for a stretcher. While they were gone the cow awoke and rambled off and when they returned was peacefully grazing on the plains and switching it's tail. The round house was greatly elated at this turn in the affairs and shouted and threw their hats in the air. During the illness of the cow a bulletin was kept in the round house, showing the temperature every ten minutes. Simeon's helper was almost as anxious as Simeon himself over the condition of the cow.

YEAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

The Custom of Dating Proclamations by the President.

While the president of the United States dates official documents from the year of the Declaration of Independence, there is no law on the subject, and the custom is neither general nor binding, the form being used only in proclamations by the president. It originated before the adoption of the constitution during the days of the confederacy.

The original articles of confederation show they were signed by the delegates "at Philadelphia, in the state of Pennsylvania, the 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1778, and in the third year of the Independence of America." The signers dated "the Independence of America" from the Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776, although the war was still young and continued several years longer. The constitution shows it was signed "the 17th day of September A. D., 1787, and of the Independence of the United States of America the 12th."

The first proclamation issued by Washington as president was, "Given under my hand and the seal of the United States in the city of New York the 14th day of August A. D., 1790 and in the fifteenth year of the sovereignty and Independence of the United States." He used the phrase "sovereignty and Independence" in two proclamations and then dropped the word sovereignty.

All subsequent executive proclamations are dated from the year of Independence, as beginning July 4, 1776, although the Independence of the United States was not acknowledged till several years later. — Philadelphia Press.

KIT-CAT PORTRAITS.

Origin of the Term That Stands For Stupid Mediocrity.

Several years ago an eastern art critic waxed sarcastic concerning a collection of paintings on view at one of the leading New York clubs. In the course of a vitriolic tirade he relieved himself of the assertion that the exhibition consisted chiefly of kit-cat portraits. Those who went to the club-rooms expecting to see canvases adorned with felicitous compositions were condemned to disappointment. There was not a cat picture in the whole show.

"What is a kit-cat portrait?" was the burning question of the hour. Why, a stupid portrait, a commonplace piece of painting that reveals no glimmer of genius. At this stage of the explanation the inevitable interruption—"But why do you call it a kit-cat picture?" And not one critic out of a hundred had the remotest idea.

The term for stupid mediocrity had its origin in a collection of forty-two portraits of prominent men painted between 1703 and 1720 by Sir Godfrey Kneller, one of the best known British portrait painters. They were exactly the same size and were framed alike; hence the idea of monotony which led to the idea of mediocrity. The subjects of these portraits were members of a club that met in the tavern of a

celebrated pastry cook, Christopher Cat—called Kit for short—and among them were such men as Addison, Steele, Walpole and Marlborough. It was the influence of this club that placed George I. on the throne of England.—Exchange.

Mollified.

This really happened in New York the other day:

Displeased Parent—Molly, I find you have been buying three pairs of gloves without my permission. Why did you do it?

Miss Molly (aged twelve)—Why, daddy, I was obliged to have some gloves. I hadn't a pair to wear!

Displeased Parent—It was very wrong of you to buy the gloves without asking either your mother or me about it.

Miss Molly—Well, never mind, daddy, dear. They won't cost anything. I had them charged!—New York Post.

Her Conscience.

In spite of scoldings, Helen persisted in running away from home. One day, after a longer absence than usual, her mother asked:

"Helen, dear, does not your conscience trouble you when you are running away from mother?" explaining that her conscience was a little voice speaking within. Helen answered:

"Oh, yes, mamma; that little voice is always saying, 'Run faster, faster, Helen; your mother is after you!'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

FARMERS' DISTILLERIES.

For several years there has been in force a law that is supposed to favor the manufacture of denatured alcohol by farmers, yet we find no successful farmers' alcohol plants. In Germany, where this industry has developed, considerable encouragement has been given by the government; there has been long continued experimentation, and a system is in operation for the return of the mash from the alcohol distilleries for the farmers' use as feed for cattle.

On American farms there is far less need for a method of using byproducts, and our farmers have not been forced to practice such close economies as have the Germans.

Co-operation in the ownership of distilleries is necessary, and they can be expected to succeed only in localities where large acreages of particular crops are grown—such as the potato belts of Maine and Minnesota, the fruit growing sections, and in certain other localities where there are large quantities of waste vegetables that should be conserved. The denatured alcohol boom appears to resemble some others that were based upon superficial observation in Europe. The attempt to graft these ideas on American agriculture has failed because of too little regard for our own conditions and requirements.—Country Gentleman.

Long Distance Firing.

Traveling swifter than a rifle ball, a shot fired at a range of twenty-one miles is nearly two minutes on its way. At 45 degrees elevation it rises more than two miles above the loftiest mountain, higher than man can mount in a balloon and live, before it begins to descend. The great guns of warships cannot be elevated more than 15 degrees. No warship could shell New York from a distance at sea equalling the range of land artillery.—New York World.

Not Quite.

"Young man," inquired her father sternly, "will you give her a home like the one she has been used to?"

"No," replied the truthful suitor, "for there will be no grumpy father to come home and make every one miserable by his kicking over trifles and swearing at matters in general. There will be no mother to scold her from morning to night for wasting time merely because she wants to be neat. There will be no big brother to abuse her for not doing half of his work and no little brother to make enough noise to drive her crazy when her head aches. There won't be any younger sister to insist on reading some trashy novel while she does all the work. She will not have with me a home like she has been used to, not if I can help it."—Boston Journal.

A Monstrous Tide.

The bay of Fundy forms a cul-de-sac at which the Atlantic ocean seems to have taken a special spite and at regular intervals pours into it an enormous amount of water. Take the harbor of St. John as an illustration of what this mighty tide must be. In most parts of the world a tide of ten feet is considered something abnormal, but at St. John it rises twenty to twenty-four feet in good weather. In stormy weather the monotony is varied by the high water mark being pushed up even ten or fifteen feet higher.

Drawing the Line.

Mrs. de Fashion—My dear, I have picked out a husband for you. Miss de Fashion—Very well, but I want to say right now, mother, that when it comes to buying the wedding dress I am going to select the materials myself, so there!—New York Weekly.

There Are Lots of Them.

Hokus—Old Gotrox is devoted to music. There is a clause in his will leaving \$25,000 to establish a home for poor singers. Hokus—How inadequate! Twenty-five millions wouldn't begin to house all the poor singers.—Life.

Good Reason.

"So you have written a book on cemented basements. But why did you choose such a subject?"

"Because I wanted it to be among the best sellers."—Baltimore American.

Knowledge is power, but it won't take the place of gasoline.—Kansas City Journal.

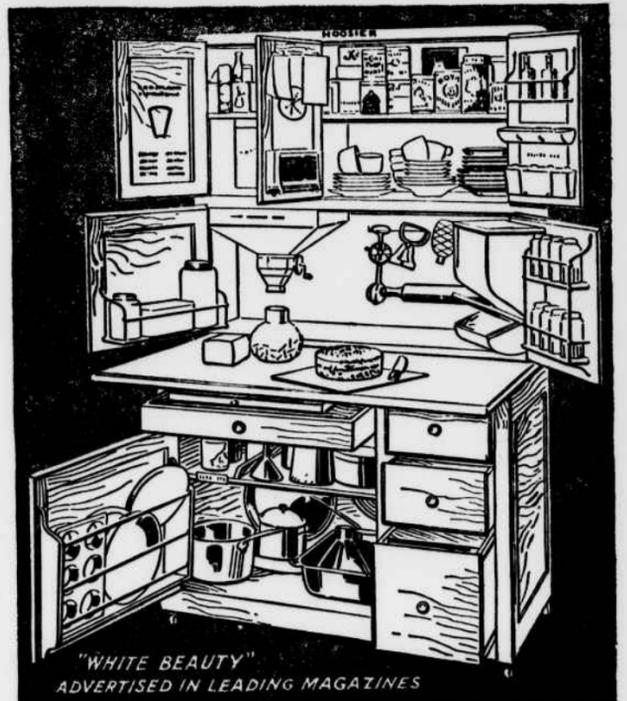
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